

METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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Charles W. Smith

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1916

BISHOP CHARLES W. SMITH, D.D., LL.D.

If the saying of a distinguished American writer be true, that in the training of the child the commencement must be made with the grandparents, then the Methodistic training of Charles W. Smith was rightly begun. In the days of John Wesley among those whom he called to his aid was a young Irishman named Smith, and to him was given a license to preach, and he became a helper in the work. Two of his sons came to this country, Wesley and William, and both became members of Annual Conferences. Wesley, the father of Bishop Smith, for fifty-five years was a member of an Annual Conference, the same number of years given by his more noted son to the ministry of the church. The father was a man of strong opinions and not afraid to defend his views. In the controversies of his day he took prominent part, and a little work on the scriptural mode of baptism passed through eleven or twelve editions. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was on the border line, and was one of the men who, with Pierpont, Willey, Battelle, and other Methodists, did much to keep the western part of Virginia in the Union, and to form the new State.

The Redstone region is noted not only for the matters connected with the pioneer days, when Washington penetrated its wilds and fought his first battle at Fort Necessity, for the failures and successes of the French-Indian wars, but as the beginning ground of Methodism west of the Alleghenies, as the hardy itinerants pushed across the mountains to tell the story of the cross. About 1772, Eli Shickle, a convert of Strawbridge's, accompanying an emigrant family from Maryland, gave exhortations and

held meetings. Later, by the advice of Asbury, Robert Wooster, who had been admitted into Conference about 1780, came as a herald of the cross. In 1784 the name of Redstone Circuit appears in the Conference appointments. Later living within the bounds of the original circuit was a layman named Hugh C. Ford, at whose home the itinerants stopped and rested and planned their work. Five daughters of this home married Methodist preachers, and one of the five was the wife of Wesley Smith and mother of the future Bishop. With this Methodistic training and born amid such historic surroundings, the Methodism of Charles W. Smith was deeply woven into every fiber of his being.

In this home, on January 30, 1840, he was born, and from this home, nineteen years later, in obedience to the commands of the church, he went forth to the little mountain circuit to which he had been assigned, as the place of test, to show whether he was fitted for the work of the ministry of the Church of God. It was remote from railroad, or centers of business activity, but among a people honest, industrious, seeking a livelihood from forest and field. On a horse furnished by his grandfather, with borrowed saddle and bridle, a pair of saddle bags that had belonged to the itinerant husband of one of his aunts, containing his little stock of sermons, and a few articles of clothing, the boy started on that career as a preacher which ended when in Washington he heard the call to cease from labor and enter upon rest.

For twenty-five years he continued in the pastorate, a little over three of them as a presiding elder. The Conference soon recognized his abilities and each appointment was an advance over the one that preceded it, with heavier work and wider influence, reaching men. His second appointment was as junior preacher, the Rev. I. P. Saddler being the preacher in charge. To Dr. Saddler was given the unique distinction, in the years when the "juniors" were fast disappearing in the Pittsburgh Conference, of having two men with him, at different times, as junior preacher who afterward were chosen by their brethren to the episcopal office, Bishops Smith and Luccock. In his pastorates in Canton, O., Mr. Smith formed a friendship for a young lawyer, William McKinley, a member of his church, that was not broken with the

passing years, but was maintained until the tragic end and triumphant death of the modest Christian President. In the pastorate he was successful in building up congregations and establishing and strengthening all that belongs to church life. In some of the churches he served in his earlier ministry, older people yet speak of the ministrations of the one whom they affectionately call "Charlie" Smith. While not a revivalist in the sense that the term is generally used, his pastorates were marked by special services that meant many entering the way of the Master, often the leading men of the community. While not seeking controversy, yet he hesitated not in the defense of the church when it was assailed, or was about to be injured by the spreading abroad of unsound teachings. While pastor at Uniontown, Pa., a Roman Catholic bishop, a Spaniard by birth, came into the community and lectured on the "Spanish Inquisition." The young pastor heard him, saw the weak points of his discourse, and prepared a reply, which, by request, was delivered before a meeting of all the Protestant churches of the town, and swept away by the force of his logic the elaborately built up address of the defender of the Romanist Church and its conduct in the Dark Ages.

He came to the presiding eldership of the Pittsburgh District, not by his own desire, but at the request of the pastors of the district. The district had the usual problems that face the church in a great city—congregations laboring under heavy burdens of debt, new places to be occupied without means to do so. He gave himself to the solving of these problems, called together the pastors of the district and organized "The Pittsburgh Church Union," one of the first organizations of this kind in the church, and successfully tackled the work of ridding the churches of debt and expanding the borders of the Kingdom. After more than thirty years the society still exists, doing a greater work, and along lines that were not thought of at the time of organization.

When the General Conference met in Philadelphia in 1884, he was elected editor of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, which position he filled until called to the Episcopacy in 1908. Thus the time given to the editorship was about the same as that given to the pastorate, twenty-four years. He came to the editor's chair

as to an untried work. He had written some, a few communications to the press, but it was not long until he showed that he was master of the situation, that the General Conference had made no mistake when he was chosen for the place. The Pittsburgh Advocate fills a position somewhat different from the other Advocates whose editors are chosen by the General Conference. It is under the patronage of four Conferences—Pittsburgh, Erie, West Virginia, and what was the East Ohio Conference. A committee of ministers and laymen of each Conference, yet chosen by the General Conference, have it under control, looking after its business, selecting the subordinate officials. In a measure it is a local paper, meant for the Conferences through which it most largely circulates. The new editor recognized these facts, yet his broad vision took in the whole church, the questions that pertained to the denomination, and the ability with which they were handled gained him recognition. Particularly was this true of those questions that were of a constitutional or legal character. Men felt that the last word had not been said until the views of Dr. Smith were known, and turned to the editorial pages of his paper to find his opinions, and were not disappointed. He was an editorial writer, not a paragrapher, striving after epigrammatic sentences, but a lucid treatment of the subject under discussion. Clearness and strength were the characteristics of his editorial work, and it is not surprising that he took a high place in the editorial fraternity and was honored of all denominations. Dr. G. B. Winton, of the Nashville Christian Advocate of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, upon the election of Dr. Smith as Bishop wrote: "Dr. Smith was one of the great editors of the Methodist world, not brilliant, not sensational, not exactly a stylist, yet essentially a great editor. His opinions were mature, his writing terse and limpid as a mountain brook, his attitude on public questions commanded instant respect, his spirit was eminently Christian and irenic, his outlook broad, his fund of information inexhaustible." Under his editorship the Advocate increased in subscriptions from 9,120 to 34,492, a gain of 275 per cent, while the gain of membership in the patronizing Conferences was a little over 80 per cent.

As a preacher he was in great demand. There was scarcely

a Sunday, while in the editorship, if health permitted, but that he was filling the pulpits of some of his brethren. Especially was he called upon to officiate at the dedication of churches. In the pulpit he commanded attention. Tall, dignified, his winning personality, the clearness and sweetness of his voice won his hearers, even before interest was aroused by the subject matter of the discourse. He did not resort to the tricks that win applause; to bring the truth to the minds of his hearers was his one aim, and at times he rose to a moving eloquence.

Eight times was he chosen as a member of the General Conference, and when first elected he was one of the youngest men sent by his Conference in that period. In the law-making body his personality was felt. The elements of strength seen in his pulpit and editorial work were manifested by him as a legislator. His taking the floor commanded attention and had much to do with the success of the cause he advocated. The speech he delivered in the General Conference of 1904, defining the powers of the General Conference over the episcopacy, was possibly the greatest speech delivered there, and ranks as one of the great addresses made before General Conference in all the years of its history. His abilities were recognized in his committee appointments. As the head of the Committee on Judiciary, practically the Supreme Court of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his judicial temperament, his familiarity with Methodist law and tradition, brought good service to the church. His great work was in connection with the codifying of the organic law of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was vice-chairman of the commission doing the work. Bishop Warren was chairman, and by virtue of his office as Bishop was prevented from presenting it on the floor of the General Conference of 1900, when the report was made, so Dr. Smith had it in charge. The thoroughness of the work done, his skill in presenting the report and defending it from the attacks of those opposed were such that the report when finally adopted showed very few changes. When in Baltimore in 1908 the centennial of the constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church was celebrated, it was in accordance with the fitness of things that he should be the first speaker. He also served the church as a member

of the commission that prepared the Hymnal now used by the two Episcopal Methodisms; as a member of the commission that had to do with the unifying of the Methodist forces in Japan and led to the formation of the Methodist Church of Japan. At the time of his death he was a member of the Federal Council of Methodism that was seeking to adjust the differences between the Northern and Southern branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In three Ecumenical Councils he represented his church, and in the active part he took well represented the body that sent him there.

His coming to the episcopacy was long delayed. For years men had thought and talked of him for this high position. He was recognized as having the qualifications needed by one in this exalted place, but circumstances prevented his choice, and when he was chosen it was at an age that made him the oldest man ever elected to the position. He came into the place as "one to the manner born." He was fully equipped and seemed from the very beginning as one who had always been there. His colleagues recognized him as one, not on trial, but equal to the oldest in office, and they turned to him for advice and help in the matters that came before them. His legal knowledge, his acquaintance with the constitution and laws brought to him from other members of the board the friendly title of "judge." At times when presiding over Conferences, and peculiarly difficult questions arose in regard to the administration of law, some of the younger Bishops would use the telegraph wire to have his decision upon the matter in question. In the General Conference of 1912 he was asked by his classmates of 1908 to sit beside them when each came to preside, to aid them in the parliamentary questions that came before them.

His presidency over a Conference won him friends. His appearance was in his favor. The dignified form, the expressive eyes, the kindly smile impressed one from the beginning. There was no hesitancy in deciding the questions that came before him, and the business did not drag when he was in the chair. In cabinet meetings he was careful and considerate, not using his arbitrary powers, but consulting with those of whom he spoke in his playful way as his "bosses." His long years in the pastorate, his service as presiding elder enabled him to see matters from the minister's

standpoint, the thousand and one things that belonged to the home life of the parsonage. His years of association with one congregation during his editorship, enabled him to see the laymen's view in reference to appointments, the standpoint of the local church, and both were considered when he sent the men to their work, and when the Conference closed there were few to complain.

His home life was ideal. To his children he was not only father but companion, who was interested in everything that pertained to their lives. The great sorrow of his life came a few years before his own calling, when the one who had walked with him from the early years of his ministry, his companion, his helper in all that belonged to life, slipped away to be with God. In the hour when he was chosen for the place that she with wifely devotion had hoped for him, and it was announced to the Conference, it is not a cause of wonder that the Bishop-elect bowed his head upon the pew before him as the tears ran down his cheeks, for she was not there to rejoice in the appreciation shown her husband.

Not only in ecclesiastical matters but in social and civic affairs was he sought. Men loved to be with him. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, an appreciation of a good story, he could tell one in a way that brought no sting, but a better enjoyment of the things of life. To those of his generation in the Conference, and those of the generation that preceded him his title was "Charlie," possibly first given to distinguish him from his father, but it was indicative of his brotherliness toward all.

The most of the years he was connected with the Pittsburgh Advocate he had his home in Wilkinsburg, a beautiful village adjoining Pittsburgh. When it took upon itself corporate powers, public opinion turned toward Dr. Smith as the one who should first preside over its destinies, and in the public election he was chosen as burgess, or mayor. Again when a new bank was being organized under national control, he was chosen as president.

A lover of nature, his great joy was to turn from the haunts of civilization and roam the woods, or sail upon the waters, so when, largely through his suggestion, a camping club was organized, he was chosen president, and continued in that office until his death, a period of more than thirty years. Among the greatest

pleasures of his life were the days spent upon the grounds of the club, located upon the Georgian Bay, Canada. Here he was a friend to all, not only the campers, but the guides, the Indians, and the cottagers on nearby islands. By all the "Bishop" was admired and loved. The summer before he died, an Indian boy died in a camp adjoining, and they asked Bishop Smith to officiate at his funeral, and accompanied by the writer he went, and in simple words he spoke of death and the comforts that come even in that hour—possibly the last time he ever officiated in that capacity.

Men everywhere were impressed with his sincerity and the beauty of his character. They said of him what one said of a prophet of old, "Behold now I perceive that this is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually." What a Japanese wrote of Phillips Brooks could be said of Bishop Smith, "After a draught of his elixir a wayfarer marches on for a week or two with songs on his lips." Dr. William Wirt King told of a young man who had known and loved the Bishop in the days of his youth, and had cut out of a paper a portrait of him. He was dying far from home, and he asked that the picture should be brought and placed on the table beside his bed, that a glimpse of his features might help him to meet death. An elevator boy in the apartment where he lived said to him one day, "When I look at you it makes me feel like straightening up morally and physically."

Looking at the closing weeks of his life, it seems as if Providence was controlling affairs, so there should be brought into his life the things he would have chosen for himself. The last Conference he held was the West Virginia, thus completing his presidency over the four which were practically his home Conferences, to which he had gone so often in the days of his editorship. This was the first Conference he had ever seen. His father, then a member of it, had taken him to it sixty-four years before, and, if we mistake not, in the same town. In view of this his words of greeting and farewell were sweet in their tenderness. Leaving his daughter in their Saint Louis home, he had gone to Akron, O., to preach on the Sunday preceding the meeting of the Bishops in Washington. Taking the train Monday morning, the porter, who knew him, told him his son, Dr. C. L. Smith, District Superin-

tendent of the Steubenville District, North-East Ohio Conference, was on the train, and for a time father and son journeyed together and talked of the things that belonged to their lives. Coming into a restaurant in Pittsburgh for luncheon, he accidentally met a number of his former associates in the Pittsburgh Conference, some of whom had come intimately in his life. That night he stayed at the home of his brother, Lee S. Smith, a prominent business man of Pittsburgh, and former president of the Chamber of Commerce. The evening was spent in conversation, largely reminiscent, growing out of the Bishop's visit to the scenes familiar to both of them in their boyhood days. In the city he saw his other son, an attorney, residing there. On Tuesday a considerable time was spent in the office of the Advocate, at the desk he had so long occupied, attending to the correspondence that followed him in his travels. Bidding them farewell, he went to Washington. There he stopped with his long-time friend, Justice Anderson. He joined with his colleagues in the deliberations and planning for the church he loved so dearly. Then came the summons. A few hours of pain, quietly he closed his eyes, and "was not, for God took him."

When in coming years historians estimate the characters of those who have filled places on the Episcopal Board of our church, and weigh their services to the church and humanity, no minor place will be given to Charles William Smith.

Charles W. Smith

RESTORE OUR EPISCOPACY—FINAL ARTICLE

IF it were a matter of mere debate I should make no further reply to Dr. Buckley, for I can safely rest the contention upon my previous articles. They have not been answered. The plain issue has been evaded and into it have been mixed things irrelevant and inconsequential. In his last article Dr. Buckley introduces the weakness of Asbury and Lee and the "passion and ill-will in debate" of old-time Conferences to prove that the fathers were as undignified as are the present-day dignitaries. What has such a questionable exhibit to do with the question? Nothing was said in my articles about undignified conduct or ill manners of Bishops, new or old. I spoke of the dignity of the *office*, which is quite a different thing; the dignity we have taken from it. I would admit that the dignified manners and courtliness of the great debaters of the past would compare favorably with those historic debates of the New York Preachers' Meeting of which my friend was a central figure, but that is not the question!

In the discussion of a question it is essential to keep on the main course and not tow the argument away into the fogs and shoals of uncharted seas. The latter practice is the refuge of a debater who must shift the premises to escape inevitable conclusions. My great opponent is an artist at befogging the issue. What have the rude manners of Asbury and Lee in personal ill-mannered discussion to do with the legal status of our present Bishops and the wisdom of retiring Bishops at seventy-one years of age? All that I can see in it is that Asbury should have "retired" for a season of prayer!

It may be valuable for our younger preachers to look further into Dr. Buckley's contention.

I contend that it is not true that we have the old time Episcopacy "substantially." Neither is it true that I said that these changes which we have made "alone made the old-time Episcopacy." That Episcopacy had other elements of course. What we removed were elements essential to the integrity of the old

Episcopacy, but they were not the only ones. Dr. Buckley says we have not an Episcopacy "that travels at large throughout the connection," and in almost the same paragraph he says that "the Discipline of 1808 requires the Bishops to travel throughout the connection at large." How can that be when the General Conference of 1912 assigns the limits within which at least four fifths of their work is to be done?

We have done away with the old-time Episcopacy in that it is different, and not abolished, just as we have done away with the old-time itinerancy by substituting practically a settled pastorate within the itinerancy. The Bishop is not "expected to itinerate among the churches, examining, instructing, and preaching," which are not of his Conference district, and they do not do this to any appreciable extent.

To say that we have made this change in our Episcopacy is no more to say we have robbed the office of spiritual "power of the earliest days" than to say that the removal of the itinerant time limit did so of the pastorate. I am glad to learn that Dr. Buckley has come to see that the removal of the time limit "has left our ministers with spirituality in the same proportion as in the earliest days"!

It is hardly necessary to recur to the tragedy of taking a man in his full powers out of the sacred work to which the Spirit of God called him. But we fail to see how it is lessened by serving notice on him for a definite period. The case of Bishop Andrews recorded by his biographer is in point. It was a "shock" from which he never recovered. He was "strong and vigorous." He was "able to do more than his share of the Episcopacy." But he conceded the right of the Church to retire him. He bore it with grace, but he suffered, and there are those who know the circumstances of his death who will believe with me that his retirement broke him and shortened his life. He was in my office on his way to his last appointment.

The retirement of a superannuate at his own request, with work finished, has no comparison with the suffering of a man taken out with powers at their full vigor, eager to go on to the completion.

That incident at Chicago was remarkable, if Dr. Buckley remembers all of it. It was referred to by me not as essential to the main question, but because I was rebuked for disclosing facts about our Church that might cause the wicked to mock! How it was more reprehensible than the exposure of the quarrel between Asbury and Lee I fail to see. But if it were only a discussion of episcopal privileges in dedicating churches, upon which we all agree, why did Dr. Buckley say to me that I "would have carried the Conference against him" if I had interposed my several objections? What was Dr. Buckley opposing? He was not defending the Bishops in all of his speech, nor in more than a small part of it. I was not objecting to Bishops receiving pay for lectures! The part I objected to was his criticism of men who could not answer back. Understand, this was a case in which I was challenged to produce an instance. I could produce several.

If there is any man in our Church who ought to know our law it is Dr. Buckley. Does he mean to go on record as he does in the fifth division of his "maze of difficulties" with regard to the retirement of superannuates or inefficient ministers? He says that "the district superintendent tells the brother that his powers have failed so that he can no longer do the work," etc., and "that it will be necessary for him to superannuate." "The cabinet reaches its conclusion, then tries to secure the reluctant consent of the brother; the Committee on Conference Relations hears the case and makes its report, and the Conference bases its action on the recommendation from the district superintendent and the committee"! "The brother, being a member of the Annual Conference, may speak on the question. Otherwise the analogy is complete—except that the elder retires on an allowance of from \$200 to \$500 and the Bishop on an allowance of \$2,500."

Passing over the surprising and unfortunate pieces of socialism of the last sentence, which is as unjust as it is unkind to retired Bishops, and which is calculated to stir class feeling in our Church over inequality of pensions, fixed by the General Conference and not sought by the Bishops, I would ask Dr. Buckley if he expects his statement of the retirement of ministers to be accepted as the *law of the Church* by the veriest tyro in our law

and book of Discipline? It is not our law, nor anything like our law. Dr. Buckley's paraphrase is strikingly like the star-chamber proceedings of the last General Conference in the retirement of Bishops which reconciled some of us, for the time being, to anything that would relieve the Church from the shame and cruelty of it.

The law is stated on page 183, ¶ 254, of the Discipline of 1912, the last published. "When it is alleged of a Member of an Annual Conference that he is so unacceptable or inefficient as to be no longer useful in his work . . . his case shall be referred to a Committee of five or more Members of his Conference . . . and if said Committee shall find the allegation sustained, and shall so recommend, the Conference *may request him* to locate. If he shall refuse, and the conditions complained of continue, the Conference, at its *next session*, after *formal trial and conviction*, may locate him without his consent. But he shall have the right of appeal to a Judicial Conference, which may restore him!!"

That is entirely different from Dr. Buckley's analogue, which never was, and is not now, the law of the Church.

Dr. Buckley's law is a pleasing allegory, but we have to follow the law of the Church. The minister is heard before a committee, and before the Conference, and can defer the action to another Conference. He must be given a year and a *formal trial* before he can be retired.

Everyone knows that our ministers are given the superannuate relation at their own request either in person or through a representative. And if the minister refuses to make the request when he should make it he cannot be forced out until he has received every kindly and legal consideration, even a formal trial, at which he may defend himself. Is this like the practice of retiring Bishops? Is "the analogy complete"? Are Bishops given, or have they been given, the same consideration? Is the only difference \$2,000!

Is it essential to the main question that I made a mistake in the age of our Chief Justice? The point illustrated was that the Justice occupied a life tenure at a time when we would send him to retirement by the almanac. It happens that it would have been

this year, when he shows every sign of vigorous age for many years.

Yes, "there are exceptions," and the case is often so vastly important that we ought to be wise enough to provide for it. The blind doge at Constantinople was an "exception" of supreme importance to Venice. Sometimes the exception is greater than the rule, and the rule does not apply. We ought to be able to save to the Church the "exception" and not tie ourselves up to an arbitrary rule with no possible exceptions. We have a rule now that covers the case. What we need is to work it rationally and Christianly.

Page 149, Discipline 1912: "A General Superintendent at any age, and for any reason, deemed sufficient by the General Conference, may be released by that body from obligation to travel through the Connection at large, and from residential supervision." Are we incapable of working this law?

Does Dr. Buckley think there is any argument in the sudden death of a "distinguished Methodist"—"a splendid man"—who dies on his seventieth birthday? What about that splendid Methodist who died instantly on his thirty-fourth birthday? Is it dangerous therefore to elect a Bishop at any time of life? No more than it is to leave him at his work at seventy.

Or what about that superb Methodist who on his seventieth birthday jumped up, snapped his heels together and said he never felt better, went to bed that night, rose in the morning and lived to be ninety-seven and died in a class meeting with hallelujahs on his lips!!

Neither case proves anything as an argument on this question. It may be our Bishops are a great "exhibition of intense and constrained feeling." It is not noticeable that it kills them. They average a good old age. The cases of early decay are not so numerous as to deter men from accepting the office or to cause Bishops to ask to be released from it! Insurance rates are not affected by it.

Dr. Buckley says that "superannuation is not appalling" as applied to our ministers. But that is not the superannuation of our Bishops. Let superannuation be forced upon our ministers

in full strength because of fear that they will give out before the average time of a pastorate, or at seventy for the same reason, and we venture that it would be appalling. The ministers would rise up and smite such legislation if it were made to apply to them. They would repeal it as soon as they could get their representatives into the General Conference.

Why select a single class and make the men of that class the victims of an arbitrary rule? Why not all classes, editors, secretaries, book agents, district superintendents, and pastors? Why not cut off all men at seventy-one? One of them might die in bed at seventy! Could there be a clearer *reductio ad absurdum*?

The climax argument of Dr. Buckley is that the present plan of sacrificing the best years of some of our men, if not of many of them, is that the plan would save the General Conference from the embarrassment of well-meaning brothers with more sympathy than judgment! Such a man might oppose the report of a committee. Well, if some judgments were tempered with more sympathy, better for the judge and the judged! As though the General Conference could not order action without debate at its pleasure if necessary! But, further, Dr. Buckley says it "places all the Bishops upon the same plane." Yes, it does, the strong and the weak; the old vigorous, with ten years of service in them—like Andrews and Warren, whose last years were their best—with the weak and clearly inefficient. "The same plane" is a dead level of unwisdom, to speak mildly. Really, do you think we have got where we must run men through the same machine to the same level because of incompetency and Christian inadeptness to act upon cases according to their individual merits?

What is this but a plea for the worst kind of inefficiency in the greatest body of the Church? It takes off all the responsibility and does the work for the General Conference for all time automatically, without regard to merit. It puts them on "the same plane." Look at them up there on the platform! They all are on "the same plane"! It is economical. It is an easy way of avoiding an unpleasant duty. But it includes too much and works injustice in some cases. It is impossible where so much turns upon individual and personal merit to fairly group the cases under

one general rule of action. The Church owes it to itself and the men to hear the case of each man.

But the Bishops are not on "the same plane," and they cannot be put there, and a great live, self-reliant, progressive, independent thinking, spiritual Church with a conscience in it, and the courage and tenderness of duty, will not indolently and cowardly leave them on "the same plane." To "leave them on the same plane" is not my magnificent old friend at his best. That is not Buckley. That is a debater looking around for any kind of props to hold up a poor cause. It takes the greatest debater in the Methodist Church to make the thing appear plausible. He cannot make it convincing.

Now, having come through "the maze of difficulties" into which my friend proposed to take me, and in which he expected me to "find myself" bewildered and confused by his side paths and tortuous ways, let us get into the main road. We will leave the first part of it, that there have been radical changes in our Episcopacy by which we scarcely recognize the Bishopric of our fathers. We have what we have. What are we to do with it? Are we going to shorten it up and terminate the service of it and discourage our best men from entering it? There always will be enough men who will seek it, and who would say that they were moved by the Holy Ghost to take it, but will they be the great men whom the Church must have for these tremendous times? Is what we did at the last General Conference likely to present the Episcopacy as offering a life work? Has it been left in shape for a man to finish his ministerial call in it without embarrassment? I believe not. Better put a time limit on it of six years, as we do on the district superintendency, than to leave it as it is.

An intimate friend of mine, who is one of the strongest men of the Church, wrote to me the other day: "The retirement provision is the best way to get rid of useless Bishops." But the trouble with that is that it gets rid of useful Bishops!

The general law, as we have quoted, if worked rationally, will enable us to get rid of a useless Bishop, if we ever have one, without disturbing the useful ones. The point at which we should protect ourselves against "useless Bishops" is at the election.

We have a great asset in our Episcopacy, the most apostolic

Episcopate since the apostles, given to us, against the wisdom and will of men, by Divine Providence, with no limitations of rubrics and with the world as its supervisory field. This mighty apostolic office had inspired feelings of veneration in our people and was the Divine source of administrative authority to them. It was the only administrative center sufficient to bind our ministers together in a new republic, in an extra-democratic atmosphere, into an evangelizing ecclesiasticism which has grown in strength and multiplied into a hundred effective forms through the generations since Wesley said, "The world is my parish."

We must not lose an ounce of the efficiency of this central office. It must not be made common. It must not be attacked except by judicial procedure in the General Conference. It must not fall a victim to place seekers. America has one court that stands preeminent with life tenure above all political changes, undisturbed by party politics. No one proposes to provide for the removal from that court of the oldest men because they may become, or have become, inefficient. No complaint comes from the court. No meddling is attempted from outside. It is an impressive spectacle, self-preserving, self-regulating, unimprovable. To tinker it would spoil it. It is a body that requires "greatest efforts of brain and mind."

We have a supreme body, partly judicial, partly administrative, wholly consecrated to service. For generations it was self-regulating so far as its members' terms of service were concerned. The Bishops made their wishes known and their wishes were carefully considered, with a strong tendency to keep them on the episcopal bench so long as they would consent to stay.

In a Church ever restless, and full of experimentation, is wanted a mighty center of centralized calm judgment and serene wisdom and justice and love and sympathy, uninfluenced by our unworthy ambitions and wilder passions that always travel along with the aspirations of place seekers.

Give us one body committed to the providence of God in which God can work out his plans for his great Church without the impertinent intermeddling of ecclesiastical architects.

We must take great care in the selection of our Bishops. We

must invest the office with dignity. It is a holy office. We must clothe it with a life commission that will appeal to the most sacred and reverent service and stir every element of great manhood.

We do not want the man of unfinished work, unplaced among us, wandering always for odd jobs. He becomes an apology and a humiliating accusation after a while. We do not want the little fellows, too little to be sought by the Church, with some adventitious claims, fussing around for episcopal promotion. The Church must keep a *great Episcopacy*, or it would better a thousand fold have none.

I may be told that I am contending for a return to the abhorrent practice of the last three General Conferences. No. I am confident that there will be wisdom enough in the next General Conference to provide for the use of the law we now have at page 149, ¶ 210, § 3.

That law never has been set in administrative form. It could not have been worse bungled than by the General Conferences that have tried to use it. There has been no proscription for the protection of the Bishop to be examined as to his efficiency. That was the first thing that should have been done. The American people are keenly sensitive to conditions of fair play, so much so that "square deal," etc., have been made taking political catch words.

Nothing should be permitted of the star-chamber character. There are different judicial, fair and Christian processes that will occur to thoughtful minds by which the extremely few cases can be managed without leaving embarrassment in the wake of the General Conference.

It ought not to be difficult to provide a strong committee of impartial ministers and laymen to execute the law of page 149 in a judicial, fair, and conspicuously brotherly way, or to select such a sub-committee from the Episcopal Committee to examine carefully and generously the efficiency of all the Bishops. This is in the line of our Annual Conference inquiry into the character of the brethren. If any appear too feeble for work, or are reported inefficient in administration, let them be heard, and heard fully and generously, before the committee, and if the committee decides

by a two thirds vote let them be reported to the whole committee for retirement. Let them be heard before the general committee and let the cases be decided by a two thirds vote, and if their retirement be recommended let the vote be taken by ballot without debate and decided by a two thirds majority, the vote that is required to elect. No one could complain justly.

The General Conference would have taken its responsibility as it did in their election. This would be a wholesome restraint on Episcopal administration. Now a Bishop may become objectionable and possibly useless, but not mal-administrative, and glide along until automatically retired by an age limit, for no one would want to make his a special case. There may be better methods of action than I have suggested. There could scarcely be one worse than the present plan.

The law on page 149 says "at any age and for any reason." It should be worked.

We cannot improve that law. The panic of our feelings made the present law. Are we wise enough to rescind it?

I shall never forget the form of our great Bishop F. D. Huntington, of the Episcopal Church, passing feebly but resolutely and triumphantly along the schedule of his duties beyond the four score years until he ceased to work and live. He left a great apostolic benediction upon the city and all central New York as the people remember him at his glorified work. The image is not that of an old man turned out to wander about for something to do. The picture is that of a venerated saint, clothed with authority, so gently leading the flock of Christ, so appealing to us all by his transfigured character, that we all called him our Bishop. He went out from us one day, leaving literally his benediction on some of our heads, and came not back, because "God took him," took him from his work. No one had been permitted to break his heart by tearing him from his great work. He had suffered no "shock" while he was "still in excellent health and strength." He was permitted to work on, up at the summit, even when his step was feeble with a cumulative power that made the days of his feebleness greater than the years of his youth and strength.

We have a great inheritance in our Episcopacy. It is a pity that it cannot be enshrined among the holy stabilities. It would lift the whole Church. It would add dignity and authority to the ministerial and pastoral offices. It would present a commanding leadership to our powerful laymen. It would inspire our young people with a reverence of the Church, a fundamental virtue.

We need to cultivate some permanencies. It is one of the great essentials of our Church. The power of the old great men at the work for which the Church chose them! Do not hurry them. Every year now is summit climbing. And if they can work but feebly let them have that whereunto they have attained. Leave them to do a little more on the summit. It is transfiguring them, and that is power. They are robbing no one. They are only taking the few hours of the gloaming. The stars will soon come out.

James R. Day

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

THE growth of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in non-American countries has raised a number of questions touching the administration of that work, its relation to the home Church, its alignment with the other evangelical forces at work in the several countries, and its proper place in the life of the nations where we are represented. The present world situation, while not creating the issue, has made it very prominent and urgently calls for a renewed study and a new adjustment.

Two different lines of development of the foreign work are possible. The one leads to the ultimate establishment of independent national Methodist Churches, the other keeps in view the maintenance of a universal organization, of which the churches in foreign countries remain integral parts. The history of Methodism shows that the British Wesleyans have followed the first line, while American Methodism has thus far adhered to the second policy. An exception, however, has been made in the case of the Methodist work in Japan.

It is evident that in order to attain to the highest usefulness, ecclesiastical organizations must be ready to adapt their forms of government to the broad currents of general historical development. The last half of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth century have been characterized by a marked growth of nationalism. The present war has brought this development to a climax, making national and racial feelings a tremendous force, especially in the nations of Europe. We may fully expect that after the war international relations will be resumed even between the hostile nations, but while foreign organizations will be tolerated, their influence will be limited. They will not occupy as important a place in the life of the nations as those agencies that are considered blood of the nation's blood, flesh of the nation's flesh, unless they can so adapt themselves to the spirit, the thought,

the ideals, the history, the institutions of the nation that they lose the foreign flavor and become thoroughly identified with the national life.

Several features in our polity stamp the Methodist Episcopal Church in the various countries as a distinctively foreign organization.

1. The leadership of the Church is not national. The bishop as the head of the Church is a foreigner. If he does not master the language of the country his public deliverances must be interpreted. He is debarred from representing the Church in national councils.

2. The Discipline contains whole sections that have no bearing whatever upon conditions in countries outside of America, as, for instance, the legislation referring to the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, to the Board of Freedmen's Aid, and much that refers to the Board of Education. This legislation is a dead letter as far as our church life in foreign countries is concerned, but it is contained in our Scandinavian and German editions of the Discipline. This fact parades our "foreign character"; it causes questions on the part not only of private individuals but of government officials, and creates the need of explanations, thus placing our people on the defensive.

3. Our church government is, in its structure and nomenclature, based upon American models, is in harmony with legal and parliamentary procedure in America, but varies from the forms and methods which prevail in deliberative, legislative, and judicial bodies in Continental Europe. Switzerland differs from Sweden, Germany from Italy, but in all countries alike our system, while its expediency is admitted, is nevertheless considered something foreign, partly owing to its nomenclature, partly on account of some structural peculiarities.

4. In some countries methods of administration have gradually been developed which are more in harmony with national usages. These features have as yet not been incorporated into the Discipline. Thus we meet the awkward situation that we have two different sets of church laws, the law of usage, which is not contained in the Discipline, but which actually is in vogue, and the

defined law of the book of Discipline, which is practically a dead letter.

5. The present relation of our foreign work to the Board of Foreign Missions is felt to militate against our highest usefulness, at least in the European countries. In the first place it is repugnant to the Protestant population of the Scandinavian and German countries to see their countries considered as "mission fields" and placed in the same relation to the missionary authorities of the home church as the Catholic, Mohammedan, and pagan fields. Moreover, the missionary activities of our people in these countries do not find proper recognition. The Edinburgh World Missionary Conference has caused some changes in the organized missionary work at home and abroad which we must reckon with. The missionary statistics published since that epochal conference emphasize not only the denominational but the national element. They show not only what the denominations are doing, but also how much the various countries contribute in men and money and equipment. The missionary activities of our European Methodists lose their identity. Their offerings go into the treasury of a foreign organization and a foreign country receives the credit. Furthermore, within the last few years the missionary societies of the various countries have formed unions and have perfected permanent organizations. They hold conferences and publish literature. Our Methodists are not represented in those national councils, simply because they have no mission fields, no treasury, no missionaries—in short, no organization of their own. From the published reports of those national missionary councils it might be inferred that the Methodists have no share whatever in the great cause of world missions. As a matter of fact some speakers have publicly asserted that the Methodists of a given country were not doing anything for foreign missions.

6. The financial dependence upon a foreign organization is in some countries a hindrance to our work. It accentuates, in the eyes of the people, our foreign character. Besides, it is fraught with the danger of not sufficiently developing financial responsibility among our own people. The questions, How much can we do in order to finance a needed enterprise? What new resources

can we develop to enlarge our work? are, at times, supplanted by the question: How can we make our appeal to the home Church strong enough to receive the necessary funds? I admit that in some countries our people, though liberal, are too poor to bear, unassisted, the financial burden; in others, they are not yet accustomed to the system of voluntary Church support. But the principle remains that as long as subsidies from abroad are considered a normal and permanent arrangement financial responsibility will not be sufficiently developed.

The present system of making the annual appropriations does not stimulate the laying of statesmanlike plans for the future. We are in danger of training the leaders of our foreign work to make their plans from year to year, instead of putting up far-reaching plans and aims to be realized in the years to come. To the writer it would seem highly desirable that a joint commission, representing the Board of Foreign Missions and each field, make on the spot a detailed and exhaustive study of the whole situation, taking in account the financial strength of our members, the earning capacity, living expenses, taxes, etc., and formulate a plan which within a fixed period of time will lead to a specified goal. Whatever the ultimate relation to the home Church of any given field will be, its financial independence must be consistently kept in view. But this cannot be achieved by a mere resolution of the General Committee to gradually reduce the appropriations. A constructive plan, based upon a clear understanding of all the issues involved, is needed for each field.

Should the Methodist Episcopal Church change its policy and aim to establish at the earliest date possible independent national churches? This might seem to be the logical result. I do not think so. A modification of our system is needed, but not a radical change. The establishment of national churches would not achieve the best results.

1. Compared with the established State churches the Methodist Episcopal Church in the European countries is small in number, in financial strength, in social influence. It needs for its own good as well as for its standing in the community the vital contact with a large, world-embracing organization. Cut off from

this tremendously stimulating and broadening influence it would be in danger of becoming clannish and narrow. It would lose its world outlook.

2. Even though to-day national feelings hold sway, and even though we must accommodate our administrative machinery to national ideals and usages, we must look ahead and sense the need of to-morrow. One of the most pressing needs of to-morrow and the day after will be the tying up of the broken cords between the nations, the weaving of bonds of brotherhood that are made of better fiber and are firmer than those that snapped asunder under the great strain. This is the time to emphasize the things that constitute the unity of the Spirit and that demonstrate the supernatural claims of the religion of Jesus Christ.

The task before Methodist statesmanship is to modify our present form of Church government in such manner that the essential unity of the world-wide organization be maintained, yet that our work in foreign countries be given liberty to adopt such forms of administration as will eliminate those features that stamp it a foreign importation and will, on the contrary, make it more of an indigenous and national factor. A difficult task, yes, but not an impossible one, and a task that must be taken in hand if Methodism in non-American countries is to fulfill its mission.

To the writer the subject seems of sufficient importance for the coming General Conference to appoint a commission which shall study it in all its bearings and submit a definite plan to the General Conference of 1920.

John L. Nielsen.

BOOK CONCERN DIVIDENDS FOR THE YOUNGER MINISTRY

CONCERNING the religious denomination, two facts would seem self-evident. First, while its future life, strength, and efficiency must depend upon many factors, yet by no single force will these conditions be so decided as by the ministry. Second, it would seem equally clear that by no single agency could the very future of the denomination itself be so secured as by a thoroughly equipped ministry.

Young men now in the first decade of their ministry, more than any other single force, will decide the strength or weakness of their denomination for a full generation to come. The denomination of to-day, if it is to thrive, must have a ministry that shall be familiarly at home with twentieth-century thought. A denomination so short sighted as to fail in providing for its coming ministry the best conditions of the intellectual life is self-doomed. It earns for itself a languishing and failing future.

Of the total number of effective members of Annual Conferences in the Methodist Episcopal Church more than one fourth, or about 4,500, are in the first ten years of their ministerial life. Including probationers, there are 3,278 men who are still in their undergraduate Conference studies. In the ordinary course of events, these thousands of men will put inevitably a controlling stamp upon the character and efficiency of Methodism for the next thirty years. Who are these men? How shall they be classified? So far as station is concerned, doubtless most of them are in the lesser appointments of their Conferences. The rule is that they are receiving a meager financial support. Educationally, less than fifty per cent of them all are graduates of the college or the theological seminary, one or both. As an outside figure not more than twenty-five per cent are graduated both from the college and the seminary. Of those who have graduated, it may be assumed that relatively many are more or less handicapped by debts

incurred in securing an education. A very large majority of all are men of families. At best, all of them, with few exceptions, are under the necessity of a calculating economy in order to maintain themselves and families in tolerable comfort. Large numbers are quite unable to buy books of a kind which ought to be the intellectual property, the very mental assimilation of an ideal minister.

With intense interest in what I conceive to be the grave issues involved in it all, and sincerely wishing my own views to be either reinforced or corrected by the judgment of others, I recently issued to about one third of the district superintendents of the Church the following questionnaire:

I. What is your impression of the average library of the traveling preachers of your district? Is this library well represented in modern and strong books? How near does it come to being an ideal library for the present-day minister?

II. What proportion of your younger ministers are from habit and taste diligent and intelligent students of modern world-thought, knowledge, and movements?

III. What is the average financial ability of these preachers to furnish themselves with new and desirable books?

IV. What, in your judgment, would be the value of a system which would make it possible for the younger ministers to buy books at a nominal, that is, at what would be to them an affordable, cost?

V. Kindly favor me with any suggestions or convictions of your own germane to the above queries.

In selecting persons to whom this questionnaire should be sent, I aimed to reach a representation covering the entire northern territory of the Church from ocean to ocean. The responses have been generous. In analyzing these responses allowance must of course be made for varying standards of judgment on the part of writers. But as a whole the statements must be regarded as carefully measured, and they are exceedingly suggestive.

I. In answer to this query, there is approximately unanimity of statement as to the meagerness and inadequacy of the average minister's library. It is only in exceptional cases that the minister owns a well-stocked and up-to-date equipment of books.

II. A considerable range of reply is elicited as to the relative number of young men who meet the requirements of this question. There are manifest reasons why differing answers would be given to this query. In Conference territories where the college and the theological school wield a large local influence there would naturally be a higher grade of scholarly habit and taste than in regions less favored. The question is answered in terms that range all the way from eighty per cent down to fifteen per cent. The total average, as indicated, falls decidedly below fifty per cent. In several instances the belief is expressed that many young men would gladly be students of great books if they had the ability to command such books for themselves.

III. The answer to this question is well-nigh unanimous as to the widespread inability among young Methodist preachers to purchase for themselves in needed quantity new and desirable books. In several cases it is suggested that if the minister himself had a keener intellectual appetite he would devise ways of securing the right books.

This suggestion should not pass without a special emphasis. It seems an unmeasured pity that not more men in the ministry have wrought into themselves an intellectual passion for great books. Real hunger for knowledge is one of the greatest acquirements of the human mind. There is no other greed that brings so exalting pleasures, so valuable treasures. The real booklover is familiarly at home in the elect circles of the world. He is the contemporary of every age. He is the privileged interviewer in the king's palace and at the prophet's shrine. Great scientists and inventors respectfully and painstakingly answer his questions. The world's geniuses, statesmen, warriors, philosophers, captains of industry, poets and artists, all wait to confer freely upon him the loftiest tributes of their talents and achievements. It is indeed true that when a man has begotten within him insatiate hunger for knowledge he will be inventive in securing books, and however exacting his daily duty he will find time for much profitable reading and reflection. To such a man companionship with books is an exhilaration, never a drudgery.

In the answers given, however, there is a disturbing unity

of conviction that large numbers of our young ministers are unable to own the tools absolutely needed for their largest intellectual and professional efficiency.

IV. This query is answered pretty much in one way. The conviction is generally expressed that it would be a God-send to great numbers of our younger ministers if some system could be devised through which they could possess the right books at costs which they could reasonably afford. The conviction is also very general that such a system could but result in great enlargement and blessing to the churches served.

V. In response to this query there was given a variety of interesting suggestions. I call especial attention to only three of these general answers.

(1) In many charges there is little encouragement to the minister to be a student because his congregations are so unintellectual. Whatever prompting to skepticism may arise in presence of such a statement, it would evidently be a most unworthy philosophy for the preacher, therefore, to content himself with colorless and platitudinous preaching. Horace Bushnell, one of the immortal preachers of New England, went on the principle that the preacher ought always to stand on the high levels of great truths.

(2) There is a general agreement of answers to the effect that those showing greatest interest in present-day problems, and who are the most discriminating and studious readers of standard books, are by far more numerous represented by graduates from our colleges and theological seminaries than by any other class. This fact in itself must stand as convincing testimony to the well-nigh indispensable necessity for a thorough professional training in the schools on the part of those who would enter the Christian ministry. It is also a striking confirmation of the conclusions critically reached by investigations on the part of our Educational Board as to the relative status in the ministry as between men professionally well trained and those who enter the ministry with insufficient preliminary schooling. That conclusion is that it is the exceptional case where the man without professional training comes into the ministry that he does not reach the dead-line at or

before fifty years of age, whereas the men of longest sustained service are more largely represented by those who have laid broad foundations by the most careful professional training.

(3) With ominous frequency it is suggested that we have many, not so much among the younger men, who are utterly traditional and unprogressive in their mental habits. One man who has had exceptional opportunities for knowing the entire denomination goes so far as to say that we have at least a thousand men who are not even candidates for further intellectual light or knowledge. These men, many of them, regard with distrust the work of our colleges and theological schools. It seems to be practically a view among them that God dictated the Bible to chosen amanuenses, that it is thus infallible, and therefore any attempt at historical or literary criticism of the Scriptures is wholly evil. Theology is regarded by them as a finished science. Why, therefore, should one vex himself with the study of new questions? It is difficult either to meet or to suggest a remedy for this state of mind. The bare assumption that theology is a finished science is as hopelessly crude as false. If theology is the science which is to unfold to us God in His relations to the universe and to man, then it can even now be only well in its beginnings. As long as the human mind shall have capacity for growth in knowledge, so long as the human spirit shall urge its search for the Infinite, so long must theology be a progressive science and at no time will it ever be complete.

One could greatly wish that this picture as given were overdrawn. But in just the measure in which it is true, whatever may be the conceded conscientiousness, the goodness, or even the usefulness of such men, they can have no intellectual message for the age. They must fail to command the intellectual respect of even the high school boys and girls of their own communities. Ministerial mind of this order is in this day increasingly egregious. It is an unhappy anachronism in the intellectual world. It is perfectly legitimate in assessing the assumed values of such a ministry to inquire also with all frankness as to the possible damage which it may be working in the churches. It is evident that in just the measure in which one man becomes a leader of

others, he will impose his own limitations upon those whom he leads. A man cannot impart to others that which he does not himself possess. If it be really true, as before cited, that some congregations are unintellectual, unappreciative of high themes, unresponsive to great ideas, who could have more effectively prepared for such conditions than a ministry so limited as to be out of all sympathetic touch with the dynamic movements of the age?

I have known a country preacher, his soul alive with poetic inspirations, his vision keen for the detection of possibilities in the young life around him. There arises before me now the picture of three country lads, in different communities, upon each of whom this man put his personal impress. He set great ideals before them. He inspired them with the purpose to seek a college training. These same lads, now in middle years, inspired to high purpose by the country preacher, are in positions of conspicuous and cultured leadership. The preacher has been translated, but these men live to sound his praise and to perpetuate his influence. No man lacking vision would have done the work of the country preacher with these boys. But does not the great Book say that "where there is no vision the people perish"?

So far as testimony is concerned—competent testimony—the case would seem conclusively made that the Methodist Episcopal Church owes to its own highest self-preservation and efficiency the devising of some method of getting vastly improved libraries into many thousands of its parsonages.

As one reasonable and entirely legitimate means for making possible such realization, I plead for the definite and sacred setting apart of some percentage of Book Concern dividends for this purpose. I know that this will not be, certainly at first thought, a popular suggestion. To some it will seem not unlike the touch of a profane hand upon the ark of the Lord. It has come to be so much the fashion to extol the paying of large dividends to the superannuates as to make it easy for many to believe that it is the chief function of the Book Concern to pay such dividends. The real fact, however, is that the dividend business played at most but a minor part in the thought of the godly and far-sighted

founders of the Book Concern. By an act of faith and of moral heroism worthy of any age in Christian history, our fathers made the great venture of founding a publishing house for the one and supreme purpose of providing a suitable and adequate literature for the young but rapidly growing Methodism. These men believed thoroughly in the wisdom of imbuing the mind of the laity with a love of devotional books. But they were especially solicitous to develop a stanch theological literature for the thorough furnishing and grounding of the itinerate ministry. Any policy obscuring or lowering this ideal of the fathers would be nothing less than a perversion of one of the most prophetic and holy ordinations of our denominational history.

In the meantime, let no one for a moment assume that I personally am in any measure indifferent or disloyal to the interests of our superannuated ministers. As a class they have earned the absolute right to claim from the Church conditions for their adequate support and comfort in old age. The Church is amply able to meet this claim. It is an imperative duty to respond to the demand. It would, on its merits, be the fitting and creditable thing for the Church to meet this duty independently, and not at the expense of the products of its literature. Happily, there is every indication that the denomination is being thoroughly stirred to a sense both of its duty and privilege in this field of obligation. It also should be emphasized that the proposition of this paper does not call for such diversion of Book Concern dividends from the superannuates as, the entire field over, to effect any very appreciable diminution in such dividends. I would judge that twenty per cent of the dividends now being paid to the Annual Conferences could be made to serve with high efficiency the purpose for which this appeal is made.

Books to be furnished under any plan should of course be subject to the most expert selection. It is not my purpose in this writing to assume to name the conditions by which benefits conferred should be regulated. These features, however important, may be reserved for future consideration.

The central plea of this article is for a book-reading ministry. Let it be emphasized finally, fully, and without question, that a

divine life in the soul is the supreme qualification for ministerial efficiency. It still remains true that God in the spiritual world works through agencies, through human instrumentalities, and, other things being equal, the best results will be achieved through the most finished instrument. It will always remain true that for needed educational, cultural preparation, the minister can find no substitute for a personal mastery and assimilation of soul-building books.

Let us be clearly understood as to the relation of the intellectual life to ministerial efficiency. Intellectual culture, alone considered, does not insure a good minister. It may not even make a man good. Intellectual resource, while always dynamic, may only serve to contribute to criminality. The most consummate intellectual skill is safe and valuable only when dominated by high moral character. An unspiritual minister, however intellectual, must prove at best a relative failure in the holiest of callings. But when a consecrating spirituality reigns in the heart, intellectual culture becomes an instrument of well-nigh immeasurable power and value.

A trained intellect for the ministerial vocation is indispensable and of increasing need in this age. I hesitate not to express the conviction that it ought to be the rarest exception for any young man, in this day, to enter our ministry without first having received a college or a theological seminary education—better both. In saying this, I am not unmindful of the financial and other difficulties which young men frequently face in urging their way through the professional schools. I believe, however, that any young man who has sufficient energy of character to make himself a success in the Christian ministry can, if he really sets himself to the task, discover both the means and the possibility of securing for himself a college and seminary preparation.

But with all this emphasis upon the necessity of present-day culture, I would be the last to forget that God in all ages has put his valid ordination for signal usefulness upon great numbers of humbly born and comparatively uneducated men. From the days of Amos, the rustic wool merchant of Tekoa, to the present the way is sentineled with men who have come up out of the

desert and the wilderness, unschooled save in first-hand communion with nature, yet into their hearts God has put his message, and they have gone forth to become prophets of the Kingdom. God in all ages has greatly glorified himself through inspirations by which he has given vision of soul, flame of heart, and eloquence of tongue to humble men. "Plowmen and herdsmen, tax collectors and tent-makers, sons of German miners, Huntingdonshire farmers, and Kentucky backwoodsmen, each in his time and order, have received the divine afflatus, and therewith the spiritual and moral leadership of mankind."

It is within living remembrance when in the ministry of American Methodism there was hardly a college graduate. Yet there must have been many moral giants among the preacher-builders of this great denomination. It is doubtless true at the present time that there are men who have never known a college who are far more effective preachers than are some who graduated with high honors. Nature has made some men on a larger pattern than others. The college may impart valuable discipline and strength to any normal student; but, even so, it must work under the limitations of nature's own plans and specifications.

There are many superb and admirable men in our ministry, non-college men, who in the use of pronounced native gifts, coupled with rare common sense, tactful knowledge of human nature, and consecrated energies, are making conspicuous records as approved ministers of Jesus Christ. All honor to such men. Still, it is due to say that nearly every such man has lived to regret that in early years he did not give himself to broader academic preparation for his life work.

The true aim of the minister must stand wedded to an imperious ideal, an ideal which calls for a sensitive and heroic response to the highest demands on life. Ideally, all true life, in whatever calling, must be responsive to the divine voice. The Christian minister, by virtue of his mission, is called upon to exemplify the highest ideals, and to minister in holiest things. He should achieve the art of being the most manly man in human society. But this man, in whatever company he moves, can never be less than habituated in the conviction that he is specially chosen

and ordained for God's work in the world. There are some things that can never be domesticated in the atmosphere of such a conviction. Self-ease and mental indolence can be rated as nothing else than grievous sins at the bar of such a life. Selfishness would be like a canker on the soul. For this man to be graspingly mercenary would be to degrade his birthright. In his personal character, socially, intellectually, morally, he should be, up to the human limit, a model. In some high measure, he ought with Saint Paul to be able to say: "Follow me as I follow Christ." The assumption that the minister is to deal directly and intimately with the things of God ought to be no fiction. The minister ought to be a born seer, a man of vision. But vision, spiritual vision, comes only from dwelling on high altitudes. The minister who on the heights of his own experience has not stood in some transfiguring light has yet to learn the supreme secret of power. When Moses descended from the mount of Law, though he wist it not, his face shone. He came to the people luminous with the imprint of a divine vision. So the man who has had a vision of God must descend to human levels to share the vision with his fellows. It is permitted to no spiritual worker to tabernacle himself either in ease or reverie on any mountain of transfiguration. The man most illuminated will prove himself most Christlike when he spends himself in service. Christ lived in cloudless communion with the Father, but he put himself habitually in closest contact with human needs. If the preacher would know how he may at once realize the highest spiritual life, and at the same time dwell in closest and most helpful brotherhood with his fellows, let him study Jesus Christ who was perfectly at home both with God and with men.

Vision and knowledge go hand in hand. For all reasons the Christian preacher should be rich in knowledge. He is a teacher. It is required of him that by his own psychic processes he shall make himself competent to teach. The human mind imperatively exacts reasons for required faith. The minister should be rich in ability to deal in rendered reasons. This ability must inhere in his own mental inventory. For this there can be no substitute. The heart never pulses with high enthusiasms until

the mind first grasps the inspiring motive. There can be no settlement of great problems, no forward movements for Christianity itself, until intelligence discovers the solution, and a knowing foresight pioneers the way. But who should be the prophet of progress, the knowing seer of moral and intellectual advancement, if not the ordained herald of heaven's revelation to men?

But reasons, reasons growing increasingly insistent, demanding high intelligence for the Christian ministry, have, almost within a generation, multiplied a hundred-fold. The present century, in its inventive genius, in its wealth of scientific knowledge, in its readjustment of ideas, in its march of social, industrial, and moral progress, is the most wonderful in history. It stands as the prophet of the ages at the open door of an apocalyptic future. The ministry that is safely, inspirationally, commandingly to guide the Church in this new age demands imperatively the best twentieth-century equipment.

The comparative recent emergence into human thought and knowledge of a few compelling sciences and philosophies has placed the twentieth century thinker in a new world. The indubitable facts of geology alone have rendered forever obsolete certain time-honored interpretations as to the origin of creation and the length of human habitation upon the earth. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborne, of the American Museum of Natural History, is only one of many expert authorities who furnish compelling testimony to man's existence upon the earth for even hundreds of thousands of years.

Evolution is the accepted philosophy, the well-nigh universal working hypothesis of the world's thinking. While Darwin was unquestionably the greatest modern prophet of evolution, yet to-day the evolutionary philosophy, vastly amplified and clarified, has an immeasurably broader application to both the organic and social worlds than anything perhaps of which Darwin ever dreamed. The enlightened theological mind has come to be quite at home in the conviction that evolution, so far from being atheistic, is furnishing to us a marvelous revelation of God's processes with his world. It is growingly recognized as richly translating to us God's immanent processes in creation.

In theological thought, so far as controlling and working conviction in the Church is concerned, there has only recently been rediscovered one of the most revolutionizing and creative revelations made by Jesus Christ—namely, the Fatherhood of God. For nearly all the centuries up to the very threshold of the present age the Augustinian and imperial view of the Divine Sovereignty has been so magnified in the thought of the Church as effectually to obscure the Divine Fatherhood. The fact of Fatherhood was central in Christ's revelation of God. It is assumed in the first sentence of the Lord's prayer; it has matchless artistic setting in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Good people who are in doubt about the persuasive effectiveness on the human mind of the Gospel of the Divine Fatherhood have not yet begun to measure the inexhaustible wealth of motive that lies ready for the Christian preacher in the great spaciousness of this doctrine.

With the re-emergence of the revelation of God's Fatherhood, its great corollary, the Divine Sonship and Brotherhood of Man, has come to conspicuous place in Christian thought. A new illumination of Christ's teachings concerning his kingdom has resulted in giving a great emphasis to its essentially sociological mission. A numerous school of inspired prophets has arisen summoning Christianity to a mission of social service, and to an unrelenting campaign for social righteousness. Throughout the Roman and mediæval periods the social emphasis of Jesus was practically submerged. Human emphasis through most of the Christian ages has been laid upon ecclesiasticism. But this was not Christ's emphasis. Throughout its history the teaching of the Church has been largely characterized by other-worldliness. The present has been branded as an evil world, and emphasis has been placed upon the necessity by the individual of finally escaping from its darkness and perils by insuring for himself a post-mortem salvation in the heavenly life. But the rereading of Christ's teachings in modern light has resulted in the widening and irresistible conviction that he intended a kingdom of righteousness for this world. "It is the function of the Christian Church to establish the Kingdom of God here and now on this earth, not to save men, few or many, from a world given over and abandoned

as a wreck and loss, but to save the world itself by transforming it, translating it, transfusing it with new life." The regenerated individual, the Christian Church itself, salvation for the life to come are not to be held in less value; but the great present mission of Christ's regenerated people is to work for the moral transformation of human society, for the Christianization of all the agencies that control education, business, the social organism, government. As much as it may be the mission of the Church to prepare men for heaven, it is not less its mission to prepare on the earth the foundations of that "Holy City" which shall come down from God out of heaven—the New Jerusalem.

These epochal factors—the findings of geology and kindred sciences, the evolutionary philosophy, the Fatherhood of God, the Divine Sonship and Brotherhood of Man, the Kingdom of Christ for this world—are mountain-range revelations which challenge all seeing modern thought. To the minister of Jesus Christ they furnish continental ranges for fruitful study and reflection. For a minister not to feel in his own thought the compelling touch of these great forces is conclusive proof of his own pitiable unfitness, of his sheer inability to hold any commanding place in the thought-world of the present age.

It is but a truism to say that the dominating quality of present world thought is scientific. Science, in a general sense, is very young. Even astronomy, historically among the oldest of the sciences, is really in its most important messages of to-day new. Indeed, all science is undergoing such rapid expansion, is ramifying itself into so many new departments, that nearly all books written in its interests twenty years ago are now antiquated. This is not because science twenty years ago was not in possession of immense fields of fact, but because within this period it has come into such wealth of advanced and related knowledge as to necessitate entire restatements. Science is establishing for itself an ever-widening and infallible authority over human thought. It is literally discovering to modern intelligence a whole universe of new, of hitherto unknown fact.

Science has given us a new infinity of time and space. It has imparted to the modern man an unprecedented mastery of

nature's laws. It has woven about the planet a sensitive network for the transmission of human intelligence, so that, day by day, every man may gain full knowledge of the events which make up the current history of mankind. It has multiplied the possibilities of human labor a hundred-fold. Science, in the very recent years, has divorced medicine from empiricism, thus making it a worthy member of the family of arts. In the same time it has given us a new, marvelous, and miracle-working surgery. It has given to civilization new sanitary codes, thus promoting for the human race health and longevity. It has given us new and vastly improved views of history and anthropology, has discovered to us a great wealth of archaeological treasure, enabling us in wonderful ways to photograph the very habits, laws, social and religious customs of peoples and civilizations which until recently have been regarded as mythical, or at least prehistoric. Science has given us a new psychology. The psychic nature of man was never so explored or understood as now. The better understanding of the child-mind has given us a new pedagogy. For both the preacher and the teacher modern psychic studies have furnished new methods of approach to the human soul.

The new scientific movement has begotten wide thirst for knowledge, truth-loving habits, and an intrepid spirit of investigation which insists that no field of truth is too sacred for its exploration. It has exorcised from nearly all respectable thinking the spirit of superstition, belief in witchcraft, in hobgoblins, and in humbugs generally. It conducts us discriminatingly to the sources and values of ancient records and literatures. It has studied at first-hand and has translated for our uses the domestic and social customs, the laws, usages, and religion of the diverse races of the earth. For the student, it has furnished rich records of comparative religions, records which have proved not only most informing, but which have compelled in Christian thought vast revisions of belief.

Science has largely revolutionized the methods of thought. It installs life and experience as the great interpreters. It displaces old *a priori* methods by inductive processes. It goes to nature's facts to learn what they have to say for themselves. The

modern method is biological, not mechanical. Civilization is a growth, a gradual emergence from the lower to the higher, and not a ready-made article. The human race, from rude, primitive beginnings, has come to its attainments in all that we call culture and character by clear processes of education, discipline, and inspiration.

I have indicated but a few features of the scientific era. To science there awaits an indefinite future for its enlightening and transforming mission. Its work will move resistlessly forward. To-day, in scientific laboratories, there are not less than ten thousand expert minds engaging in original research. As a prophecy of the unlimited wealth of knowledge and utility which science will yet yield to mankind such a fact is of unmeasured significance.

Now, I inquire, would it be reasonable to assume that this vast movement, bringing its untold wealth of knowledge, forcing vital revisions in the thought-processes of the age, is likely to leave untouched the historic religious beliefs? Are we to look upon religious thought as a finished product? Must we in the matter of creeds remain in the same *status quo* as held by the men of former generations? This, I submit, would not be a reasonable assumption.

As a matter of fact, science, by its processes of historic and literary criticism, is traversing all fields of the world's literature as with a lighted lamp. With a diligence and fidelity of enormous measure, processes of microscopic scrutiny, and prevalently conducted, I am glad to believe, by men of the most competent and reverent order, are being applied to the historic and literary fields of our sacred Scriptures. I do not purpose to speak here, pro or con, of the value or the lack of value of these processes as applied to the Bible. I do suggest that it is ill-becoming in any accredited minister of the gospel, standing before the community as a teacher and expounder of the Holy Scriptures, not himself, especially in this day, to be respectably informed as to what is going on in this wide field of investigation. An attitude, however pious its pose, of dogmatic denunciation against the working critic will have even a seeming value only for uninformed ears. The Church at large has often been more than meritedly humiliated by diatribes

against the "higher critic," and against science in general, as uttered by the well-meaning but ill-informed preacher. Expert ability to call opprobrious names is no substitute for either knowledge or argument. The man who really ought to have a theological mind, first and last, when venturing into the field of criticism has often come to humiliating grief from sheer "unpreparedness" for such a venture. Science moves along a path of verification. When in any field its demonstrations are reached, it speaks concerning that field with final authority. Concerning the particular truth demonstrated there is left absolutely no ground for controversy. In the final court of reason there can be found absolutely no motive for any sane Christian minister to put himself in the attitude of either neglect of, or of opposition to, the demonstrated conclusions of science. Science deals with God's world. In every translation which it makes of nature's secrets, in so far as it yields verified truth, it is giving us a new chapter in divine revelation. There is no truth in science which can finally be found in conflict with any truth of the Bible. Truth throughout the universe must stand finally in abiding harmony with itself.

With advancing enlightenment, there is the growing conviction that all truth is essentially sacred. If the ancient records of nature, richly transcribed with God's thought, yet under the dormant vision of mankind remaining through all the ages as unmeaning, shall now be scientifically translated into living knowledge, what can it all mean but that for the man of the future there shall be an infinite disclosure of Divine processes which have been shut away from all the men of the past? Surely, to the Christian preacher of this twentieth century there are open a thousand doors of knowledge the very existence of which to his predecessors was unknown.

But, and let all emphasis rest here, there can be no multiplication of, or expansion of opportunities of, knowledge which are not in themselves an imperative argument for the largest learning on the part of the Christian preacher. The very greatness of his mission gives him both the call and the right to rank intellectually among the greatest, the most knowing and most inspirational of men.

I am quite aware that I have suggested a spacious diagram for ministerial intellectual activity. I am not unaware of the well-nigh innumerable and exacting demands, not of an intellectual character, which fall into the minister's life. I am, however, profoundly impressed that this age, as no preceding age, puts a demand upon the Christian preacher not only for the richest furnishings, but for the mightiest toils. The ministry of Christ is, and will always remain, the loftiest calling in the world. It is ordained to deal with the largest, divinest question of duty and of destiny. Its work would seem to call for the super-man; it certainly does call for the best that is in any man. Jesus Christ was an enormous worker. Saint Paul, the greatest all-round preacher of the Christian ages, could declare that he was "more abundant in labors than they all." Judged by any ideal standard, a mentally indolent, a self-indulgent, an unspiritual and unconsecrated man is ill-starred and wholly out of place in the Christian ministry.

In presenting the ideals of this paper, I, of course, neither assume that the studious preacher should teach all he knows, nor that he shall literally know everything. I have sought to emphasize both the great opportunity and the imperative need for a high order of ministerial intelligence. A man of spiritual vision, and with richly stored mind, cannot fail to be a power in any Christian pulpit. From long and studious observation I am profoundly impressed that the really great preachers, the men of staying power, the preachers who command the attention and following of stalwart business men, preachers that show power to minister to the great human hunger—these themselves are enormous feeders at the sources of inspiring thought. If any may rightly covet, surely it is the right of the Christian preacher to covet earnestly the best gifts. And the measure of his desire will be best expressed by the price which he is personally willing to pay for his completest furnishing.

George P. Mains—

WAS IT ONLY A DREAM?

ELLEN MASSEY was not in a comfortable mood. A year had passed since she left home, and the memory of her mother's face, tear-stained yet radiant with love and good will, often tugged at Ellen's heart and never more than to-day. And what a year of disillusionment it had been! Twelve months ago South America was a dream and a passion. Imagination was alive with pictures of sunny skies and flowery breadths of glorious landscape, while the heart was tender to the eager young people that would press around the happy missionary whose joy it would be to share the deepest experiences of her life with these, the less-advantaged.

Alas! for the awakening. The land was gloriously beautiful—true!—but everything had been *so* different. The climate, food, manner of life, strange conventions, restrictions, but above all the failure of the people to respond at once to the self-sacrifice and superior development of the new arrival! Nor were the young people at all impressed, seemingly, nor clamorously desirous to be helped in any way. And the caution of the older missionaries lest offense be given to either social pretensions or religious prepossessions! It was all so different. But Ellen was of sturdy stock, and to-day, a bit reluctantly, but very determinedly, she was pressing up the steep road to the house beyond the plaza where lived Agatha di Pascual, the pretty but irresponsible daughter of a prominent family. Ellen Massey had been strangely drawn to the lively girl and regarded her with mingled solicitude and affection.

As she walked slowly she read from Bulletin No. 4 of the approaching Panama Congress these arresting words:

"The Spirit of the Congress Defined.

"Resolved, That this Conference strongly recommends that those who are making arrangements for the Panama Congress bear in mind that, if the best and most lasting results are to be obtained, while frankly facing moral and spiritual conditions which call for missionary work in Latin America, and while presenting the Gospel, which we hold as the only adequate solution of the problems which those conditions present, it shall be the purpose of the Panama Congress to recognize all the elements of truth and goodness in any form of religious faith. Our approach to the

people shall be neither critical nor antagonistic, but inspired by the teachings and example of Christ and that charity which thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth."

Something of her dissatisfied mood entered into her unspoken criticism of these words. What she did say was, "What's the use? All this roundabout way of trying to help cannot avail."

But the house was at hand. She reached the door and was shown by a servant into the patio, where, comfortably seated, she awaited the coming of Agatha and the others.

Looking through an open window over the far-stretching landscape, her mind filled with the disturbing thoughts of the morning, the view seemed to slowly fade away, and a strange feeling crept over Ellen when there appeared, quietly seated beside her, a sweet-faced, gray-haired lady of distinction who in kindest tones said, "The señora honors us with her presence on this the greatest day this land has ever seen." With surprise Ellen greeted her kind hostess and asked the meaning of her words. Her hostess replied, her voice vibrant with emotion, her aged face kindling into strange beauty: "Señora, this is a beautiful day of the great Convocation of the United States of South America."

"What does that mean?" asked Ellen in surprise.

The lady looked at her in perplexity. "O," said the hostess, with the faintest touch of pity in her voice, "perhaps you have just come from some remote part of Europe where they have not yet learned the marvel of the new century." And then, seeing the eager curiosity in her visitor's face, she added, "It is now a year since there was consummated the Union of all the republics of South America. A great festival was held a year ago in all our state capitals when the Union was solemnly ratified by the government of each republic with impressive ceremonies, in which the President and a selected Bishop spoke for the state and the church the deep gratitude that welled in all our hearts for the new sense of security and good-will and large possibilities of widened programs for prosperity and service to all mankind that we might now hope to render; and this day was appointed for the assembling of representatives from all the republics that together they may reaffirm their mutual covenants, may perfect their trade relations,

and above all that they may unite in glad thanksgiving to Almighty God, who has brought the whole double continent into terms of joyful inter-relation and cooperative comity."

As the old lady with high excitement poured out these words, her whole face beaming with pleasure and excitement, Ellen was filled with perplexity and wonder. "How can these things be?" she gasped. "Has all South America settled down to permanent peace? And have revolutions and wars entirely ceased?"

The flush on her hostess's face deepened as she said severely: "You are indeed a stranger to our history. Have you not heard that wars and rumors of wars are no longer known among us? That peace has come, because we have outgrown the old-time barbarisms and are all alike nationally the followers of the Prince of Peace? But there," she said, excitedly pointing through the open door, "there are the first arrivals. Let me hand you a field glass. We shall see everything from here; from the top of this hill the whole gala scene will be visible."

Armed with powerful glasses both Ellen and the old lady stepped out of the door into the sun-lit outdoors and saw what was indeed a stirring sight. From several directions there came into sight steadily and swiftly moving lines of great airships large enough to hold from sixty to two hundred passengers each. These moved with exact intervals between them. They were gayly decorated with pennants and banners and over each was the flag of its country. The finest bands that Ellen had ever heard, playing the appropriate national airs, greeted each group of airships as it arrived. In the midst of these stirring scenes her hostess pointed to a speck in the sky approaching rapidly from the north.

When Ellen's glass covered this object she almost screamed with excitement, saying, "O, are my people coming too?" Her companion turned a sharp look upon her and then said quietly, "You must have relatives in the United States."

As the speck grew nearer there became visible three magnificently appointed airships holding some two hundred passengers each, with the Stars and Stripes floating over all of them. A fanfare of trumpets sounded in the distance, all the bands struck up unitedly "The Star Spangled Banner," and the people filled the

air with their cheers. Ellen's eyes were blinded with tears as the three airships gracefully alighted in their appointed places and she saw stepping out from them men and women, evidently of the highest type, who, her companion eagerly told her, were the President and many of the leading men and women of the States.

In an hour the delegations formed an imposing body and marched in regular procession to the magnificent cathedral, built something after the old Spanish style, but of such majestic proportions and symmetry as Ellen had never before beheld.

Excitedly she asked, "Are they all going into the church?" "Yes," said her hostess, "and I have tickets for admission and, happily, an extra one for you." "But," said Ellen, "will they all worship together? Will it be a high mass, and will the service be of a Roman Catholic kind?" "O," said the old lady, "you talk strangely! It sounds like the days when I was a small girl. Do you not know that we are all of the Church of America, and that there are not any more among us what you call Roman Catholics?" "What do you mean?" said Ellen, scarcely believing her ears. "I mean," said the lady, "that those old differences between one form of Christian faith and another have melted away, and while we retain most of the beliefs of the older day we no longer allow anything to separate hearts that love Christ and wish to serve him."

"But are there not any more distinct Romanos who owe allegiance to a far-away Pope?" "O, yes. There are small groups of such here and there, but they are chiefly people who have come here from Europe recently and have not yet melted into our national life; and a few of our own people, too, are that way, but they, all of them, on public occasions yield their personal preferences and join with the rest of us."

"But," said Ellen with timid anxiety, "where is the Methodist Mission? Are not our school and church in that part of the city?"

Perplexed and inquiringly the old lady looked at her. "You puzzle me," she said. "When I was a very tiny girl there was what you indicate in that direction, but all that has passed away, and the Methodist Mission, and the other missions that came to us from North America, brought us kind people who opened to us that Word of God which has now become the common possession

of us all. But when the principles and teachings of that Word had largely penetrated our whole national life we turned away from divided counsels, and put aside the differences that separated our Christian people, and now we are all of 'the Church of America.' O, there are little groups that still hold to churches not of this land, but, my dear guest," and the old lady's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, "we can never repay the debt we owe to those who came among us, bore with our lethargy and indifference, and wooed us through long years of patient toil to look with them into that Word upon which now the church stands throughout all these broad lands. The Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Roman Catholics and the others, as such, are no more. Each has made its contribution. To-day there is only 'the Church of America.'"

Saying this the old lady arose, and was in the act of helping her guest to get ready to go with herself and the remainder of the family to where the great function was about to be held, when Ellen had a confused feeling and thought she heard the chatter of girlish voices. Things around her seemed again to melt way, and with a start she awakened to hear Agatha, with laughing voice, say to a younger child in her pretty Spanish way, "Do not make a noise. You will wake the señora and she is very tired."

It was a dream. The tired teacher had fallen asleep and in her sleep had seen the strange scenes described.

As she walked home she mused thoughtfully, saying to herself: "But was it a dream? or is it something that really is coming to pass in that slow but sure way in which God's Kingdom evolves, and have I been short-sighted and impatient for results, not remembering that God's days are often a long time coming, but they always come? And I wonder whether this Panama Congress that I have been reading about will not really lay the foundations of a program that, a hundred years from now, will make my dream not a fancy but a vision of reality!"

However that may be, Ellen Massey took new heart and hope, and was never again so discontented a woman as she had been.

M. F. Tolham

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER AND THE ENGLISH REFORMATION

THE often discussed and elusive English temperament is at bottom intensely realistic and has acquired a high regard for experimental values. It was pragmatist long before pragmatism; its first question about a hypothesis is, how does it work? its first test for a theory, practice. Edmund Burke voiced its leading idea in the maxim that nothing absolute could be affirmed in the speculative realm. The lucidity and consistency so dear to the French mind, as apotheosized in John Calvin, is submissive in Anglo-Saxon thinkers to utilitarian ends. Saints after the pattern of Lancelot Andrewes, George Herbert, Richard Hooker, and John Wesley avoided the snares of hectic emotionalism and overwrought fancy. They imposed tribute on religious ecstasies in behalf of large public benefits, economizing them to this end. Hence the English Reformation must be carefully distinguished from that of Continental Europe. It has been misapprehended by devotees of High Anglicanism and by some of their opponents because it strongly reflected national characteristics, and preferred the shorter road of compromise to gain its aims. Nor should this tendency be condemned until those aims are thoroughly understood. Anglican statesmen and divines were more or less aware of the separation and strife which sprang up in the wake of Luther's protest, in which at the last he made a sorry shift. They were averse to root and branch proposals, and endeavored to consolidate various historical elements and theological opinions into a unity which should promote the integrity of the realm, preserve the continuity of the Church, and maintain uniformity of worship. In a sect-ridden age, when recently released individualism was prone to push revolt against papal usurpations and exactions to the opposite extreme, it stands to the credit of certain English leaders that they refused to sacrifice the vital part of their inheritance from the past. They carried over into Protestantism the spirit of obedience and of discipline, the chief expression of which was

found in the episcopate and in the liturgical service which is to-day one of the endowments of universal Methodism.

Four fairly well defined stages of their work are discernible to the student. The first and best of these was an intellectual and ethical process, without legislative countenance. The second and worst was marked by political interventions, some of which present a depressing spectacle. The third was a sequence of the second, in that, because of the dissolution of the compact between the Crown and the Holy See concerning ecclesiastical supremacy, the rubrics and ordinances of the Church were revised to suit this momentous change. The fourth, brought about under Elizabeth, was mainly a settling and an ordering of the second and third phases.

Two interregnums interfered with the development as a whole. The first arose out of the sturdy Protestantism of Edward VI, the youthful hope of the ultra-Reformers and the idol of Low Churchmen. The second began and ended with the fiery interlude of his eldest sister and successor to the throne, Mary, under whose rule the burnings mainly due to Gardiner and Bonner kindled a fierce hate of Rome which still smolders in England and America. Such was the degradation of this epoch that heads of colleges became inquisitors of heresy, and bishops executioners of their martyred colleagues. It was as useless as it was abhorrent, and from the hour when Latimer exhorted Ridley to play the man, the candle lit at their funeral pyres has never been extinguished. Speaking generally, by the time the last of the Tudors was securely enthroned, the Anglican Church had shattered the fetters which bound her to the Curia, and the English nation had entered upon the titanic struggle with Spain which was to give our race the supremacy of the seas and a dominant weight in the New World.

While the alliance between the Papacy and the Church of England prevailed, a sort of internationalism thwarted the isolation of the island kingdom. But the gross abuses and conscienceless extortions of the Vatican had been keenly resented for four hundred years, and their consequences brought disaster upon the foes of nationalism. Ever intent on earthly principalities and prerogatives, the Popes made war upon the Holy Roman Empire,

which had been their partner and accomplice, and when that political structure fell, it crushed the authority of the Vatican and crippled its claims to the overlordship of Europe. This enfeebled condition partly explains the remonstrances, provisions, restraints, and legislative acts scattered throughout the English book of statutes from the days of Edward I. And they furnished Henry VIII with legal precedents which enabled him to demolish the monasteries and plunder clerical estates for the emolument of the Crown and nobility.

Cranmer was not conspicuous in the policy of his rapacious prince until the religious revolution, for such it became, was far advanced. When he appeared, it had passed out of its earlier humanistic tranquility and promise into a sordid scramble for the wealth of the church. The prominent actors in this proceeding, which created many economic grievances and accentuated others of ancient standing, were the king and his ill-fated minister, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. The Act of Supremacy of November, 1534, sanctioned the commission of January, 1535, which instituted a visitation of the clergy, monasteries, and churches, and placed all alike at the disposal of the State. Cromwell became the vicegerent of the realm, browbeating archbishops and peers with impunity, and bent on thoroughly cleansing the church from those evils which her nominal superiors had scandalously allowed to flourish. He quickly suppressed their murmurings, enforced the novel doctrine of kingly authority, and defeated the insurrection in the northern shires with ruthless impetuosity. Naturally enough, those who clung to older forms of faith detested the iconoclast and plotted to destroy him. This seemed well-nigh impossible, but finally it was done. On the 10th of June, 1540, just after he had been made lord chamberlain and Knight of the Garter, the Duke of Norfolk, premier earl of England, whose descendants still maintain the Catholic belief, accused Cromwell at the council table of high treason. Henry made no effort to save his minister; on the contrary, he flung him to his enemies without compunction; glad to protect himself from the remainder of their anger, while at the same time he appropriated the results of a spoliation entirely due to his own conception. On the 21st

of July in the same year Cromwell died on the scaffold at Tower Hill, affirming with his last breath his loyalty to Roman orthodoxy and to the king.

The next shifting of the scenes of this inglorious drama brought Cranmer to the center of the stage, where, despite his incurable vacillations, his ignoble retreats and forswearings, it was reserved for him to leave an impress upon Anglicanism surpassing those left by Cromwell, Wolsey, or even the king. The Church of England as by law established, purified in her teaching and formularies, transferred to the sole headship of the Crown, which is equivalent to that of the State, severed from European Catholicism, is the monument of Thomas Cranmer. His association with the Reformation as an international event was far less admirable or intimate than that of other great Protestants. The verve and directness of Luther, the metaphysical grandeur of Calvin, the discipline of Knox, the dauntless love of freedom of Zwingli, were not in Cranmer. They were creative and irresistible; he was imitative and deferential. The mediocrity of Tudor publicists of every grade was brought about by the overwhelming prestige of the monarchy, which reached an ominous elevation, dwarfed anything that savored of constitutionalism, trampled down resistance in blood, and bequeathed to the Stuart dynasty those absolutisms which ended at Naseby and Marston Moor. In such a malignant environment a counselor who knew how to be flexible rather than firm, and to give legal color to courses which were essentially lawless, was best fitted to make trial of his times. To this gift and to his undoubted conviction that Erastianism was the only righteous method of church governance, Cranmer's success and failure can be ascribed.

He drew his origin from widely different sources, and the forces he handled had been generated long before he cooperated with Henry to bring them to bear. Grosseteste, Bracton, Ockham, Bradwardine, Fitzralph, and Wycliffe, a lineage of illustrious forbears, with whom should be mentioned that unsurpassed prophet of a lingering dawn, Marsiglio of Padua, were a unity in their reasonable opposition to Papal assumptions. But it was not until the fifteenth century that the occasion ripened when their labors could

be made effective. Then the moral anarchy rampant in high places; the deformities of the commonalty; the distortions of Christian truth and character; the insatiable craving for preferment and filthy lucre passed all bounds, and bred a corresponding dearth and disgust. Learning had fallen into disrepute. Superstition, the worm which exudes from the grave of a buried faith, was deliberately fostered by the clergy as a fertile source of gain. The depth and virulency of the decadence can be gauged by the blasphemous elevation in 1492 of the libertine Rodrigo de Borgia to the Chair of Saint Peter. He assumed the title of Alexander VI, which he rendered forever infamous. One of the vilest members of the vilest family which polluted contemporary annals, this betrayer of the Pontificate and of Christendom made his court a fountain of corruption and lechery. His illegitimate son Caesar, who shrank from neither sacrilege nor murder, became a cardinal at the age of seventeen, and instigated the assassination of his elder brother that he might succeed him as Captain-General of the Church.

She was pale from loss of life and virtue, wounded in the house of her licentious dependents, ravaged by villains and apostates who openly boasted their skepticism. Small wonder was it that the popular appetite for betterment was sharpened in the region beyond the Alps which had accepted the Renaissance as a stupendous ethical obligation, and had paid regard to the evangel of Christ rather than to æstheticisms that mantled loathsome depravities. In Florence the philippics of Girolamo Savonarola aroused even Italy, but his impassioned entreaties could not prevail against the sensuous idolatries so dear to Latin Christianity. Ere he was silenced, however, his words had stirred the soul of John Colet, who visited Florence in or about 1494, and returned to Oxford in 1496 to begin those ever-memorable lectures on the Pauline Epistles which constituted a distinct departure from tradition. The university which had forsaken Wycliffe, and was afterward to spurn Wesley, and in turn to be spurned herself by Newman, has produced some sons of whom she was not always worthy. When Colet inaugurated his crusade, she was enamored of Aquinas and Duns Scotus. Their tenets circumscribed her thinking; her doctors were adepts in vain repetitions, and in a

logic which prospered in academic circles and withered in the open.

As Joseph Butler cleared the way for the itinerants of Methodism, so Colet's clarion call awoke the slumbering dons of his Alma Mater. Five years before Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door at Wittenberg, Colet had expounded the genius of the gospel in Oxford. Warham, Fisher, Gardiner, Latimer, Tunstall and Wolsey, afterward divided and embittered, were for a space a band of kindred spirits, ardent advocates of a religious interpretation of life that neither stultified the intelligence nor stained the moral sense. Christ Church College was founded to facilitate educational advantages as a necessary preliminary to spiritual revivification. The lesson our own age is slow to learn, that such sanctification of knowledge is a pillar of the household of God, is enforced by the perusal of these earlier efforts. They were consummated in 1498, when Erasmus, the most celebrated Humanist of his era, who made Popes and Cardinals the laughing-stock of Europe, visited England and formed an enduring friendship with Colet, Warham, and Sir Thomas More. The morning of their day was fresh and strong; the evening in whose lurid shades it was to close had not yet cast an inkling on its radiance. No more fascinating character than that of Erasmus emerged from among the debris of mediævalism. And although but for Colet the Greek Testament which the magnificent scholar edited and bestowed on the world probably would never have been written, island and continent alike bowed to the preeminence of Erasmus as they did not to any other teacher.

His influence permeated the scholars and reformers of Oxford and of Cambridge. A high standard of personal morality, a pacific toleration for divergences of opinion, a repudiation of grossly materialistic accretions, a healthy distaste for the logomachies of scholasticism, a desire to welcome and spread useful ideas, and a solicitude for public order and decency—such were the traits of these disciples of Rotterdam's chief citizen. Nor have they been forfeited in the subsequent and checkered history of Anglicanism. The strength of the Establishment has always lain in its love of learning, and in the fearless and constructive thinkers it has

nourished. But the persuasiveness and light of the English Humanists and their faith in the merits of discussion were eclipsed by the execrable designs of Henry. Furthermore, it is highly doubtful if they could have overcome the paganized Papacy that catered to every base passion and nefarious scheme. It should be emphasized that the Curia which had subdued Abailard, Savonarola, and Arnold of Brescia, was the chief instrument in the disruption of the church over which Catholics of all shades utter loud lamentations to-day.

Events now moved with startling rapidity. Once Henry obtained a free course, peaceful evolution was impossible. The movement, which began, as we have seen, with auspicious omens, with culture, lawfulness, and the hope of a serene to-morrow, was finally attached to the matrimonial adventures of a bestial monarch. The reader should not be wearied with a recital of these love affairs, if indeed love had any serious part in them. The chicaneries, the excesses, the accusations, the cold and deadly penalties with which they were rife, repel a gaze that need not be too fastidious. Henry had been dubbed "Defender of the Faith" by Leo X, but when his infatuation for Anne Boleyn, a maid of honor in the entourage of Queen Catherine, provoked his qualms about the validity of his marriage to his deceased brother's wife, he renounced the Papacy, quarreled with the Emperor Charles V, and thus ended Wolsey's expectations of the Chair of Saint Peter. The reigning Pope, Clement VII, was now in a quandary. He studiously avoided offending the emperor, who dictated the Vatican policy, and he strove to appease the English king, infuriated because he could not obtain ecclesiastical warranty for the dissolution of his marriage. Wolsey was made the scapegoat, and died just in time to be delivered from his master's further cruelties. Clement was flouted, derided, and defied. At this juncture Cranmer left his university solitude and began his tortuous pilgrimage to the stake.

A student of Jesus College, a fellow there, though with an interrupted fellowship, a doctor in theology, a devoted student of the Holy Scriptures, and an ordained priest, the future Primate now found an unsuspected opening for his talents. His suggestion

to Gardiner, Henry's Secretary of State, made in 1529, that should the canonists and the universities decide against the validity of the royal marriage, the ordinary ecclesiastical courts would be competent to declare it null and void, thus rendering an appeal to Rome superfluous, was seized upon with avidity. "This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear," said the gratified ruler. "Let him be sent for out of hand." Upon his coming, Henry made a brave and detailed display of his scruples and of the immaculate motives which agitated his breast. Cunning as a fox, with imposing frankness and the dazzling condescension of his unapproachable rank, he wrought upon the sentimental imagination of the timid and overawed student who had leaped into perilous favor, and beguiled him with his wretched sophistries.

Cranmer went out of the presence chamber seduced by the purposes of a vindictive nature, infinitely more magnetic than his own, to enter, on the king's astute suggestion, the London house of the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of Anne Boleyn, where he prepared the briefs Henry had demanded. The young girl, for she was little more, sedulously attended him and lavished her blandishments upon a cleric who was busy writing her credentials for a throne. Others were not so easily fooled, if fooled Cranmer was. More and Fisher suffered death rather than yield to the royal mandate touching supremacy. Stephen Gardiner was too perceptive to commit himself unreservedly to the tiger at Whitehall. Those who quietly nursed their own hopes and ambitions recalled Wolsey, his height and fall, and kept away from the palace. But Cranmer was not shrewd, nor was he overbearing. He was simply unheroic, pliable, without self-reliance, clay, however fine of quality, in the grasp of the potter. Unwilling to move against the express inhibitions of his better self, yet ever and anon doing it, he resembled the rower who looks in one direction and pulls in another.

His treatise was completed by the end of 1529, and he was dispatched to Rome to ventilate the vexed issue of the divorce. In September, 1530, he was again in England; the following year once more found him at the court of the Emperor Charles as special ambassador. At Nuremburg he met the eloquent preacher

and disputations theologian, Osiander, whose conversations intensified Cranmer's evangelical leanings. Both were anxious for reform in the Church, neither saw clearly whence it could be obtained. They were not alone in this; the wisest were befogged, and out of their perplexities arose the doctrinal divisions which saved the Papacy and checked the victorious onrush of Protestantism. The interest of Osiander's home was augmented by his comely niece, Margaret, whom Cranmer married in 1532, an occurrence which vindicated his avowal that he neither wanted nor expected the primacy, at that time restricted to celibates. Nevertheless, he was foredoomed to it, and on the death of Warham in the same year, Henry summoned him to the archiepiscopate. It was a promotion charged with the gravest risks, before which stouter hearts than that of the new archbishop might well have quailed. He had hitherto concealed his marriage, but could do so no longer. He delayed his return to England, but return was inevitable. The Pope consented to the nomination, giving the candidate the last pallium an Archbishop of Canterbury has received from Rome, and he was installed, probably with much fear and trembling, on March 30, 1533.

His oath of allegiance to the Papacy was qualified by his recorded statement that it was binding only so far as it did not run counter to his duty to the State. Under the contingent circumstances such attenuated allegiance, subject as it was to the whims and caprices of the king, was scarcely worth the breath it cost to utter it. The Pope was far away, the Curia not particularly estimable, while the monarch was nigh at hand and full of portents for Cranmer. Henry now had a servant on whom he could rely, whose mild objections could be tamed by a look, and whose skill and celerity hastened the divorce, and severed Canterbury from Rome. The Act in Restraint of Appeals was passed; by means of its articles Convocation released the king from his vows, and legitimized the secret marriage he had already contracted in the preceding January with Anne Boleyn. Rome's threats and retaliations were of no avail; the freedom from her yoke yearned for by the Wycliffians had been won, but through channels they would have scorned. Excellent in itself, it was steeped in unblush-

ing frauds and hampered by lasting injustice. For although the subordination of the English Church to the Vatican was ended, her dependence upon the king's will again enslaved her, and the last state was almost worse than the first. Temporalities and spiritualities alike were subjected to wholesale rapine and humiliation. Of all Protestant communions, if one may still dare to call it such, Anglicanism, so tenacious of its standing and exclusive in its attitude, has had the most ignominious history. Its changes were constitutional, structural, financial, political, but decidedly not religious. The revision of liturgical offices and of doctrines came after Henry's death. So far as he was concerned, apart from the question of royal supremacy, which he employed for ulterior purposes, though not a Papal Catholic, he was a bigoted Catholic, and ever clung to the dogma of the Mass, the keystone of the arch of sacerdotalism.

Further references to Anne Boleyn, or to her successors, can be omitted without loss. Everything that could be done to rehabilitate their husband has been done by James Anthony Froude, but without disturbing the consentient verdict of right-minded men upon his squalid career. It is a decided relief to pass from the atrocious outrages of this monarch to the services Cranmer rendered the English Bible, which under an order he procured in 1538 was placed in every church and kept in a convenient spot for its reading. Another order in 1541 prescribed that the version known as the "Great" or "Cranmer's Bible," a revision of Coverdale's version with a preface by the archbishop, should be substituted for the older one. In passing, it can be noted that the translation of the psalms in "Cranmer's Bible" is still retained in the Book of Common Prayer. Notwithstanding the fluctuations of Henry's brutalities and the fact that any liberties he allowed were usually followed by commensurate reactions, the love of the Scriptures generated Puritanism in England: the Puritanism which produced those magisterial spirits who pulverized the divinities which had hedged about a king.

Next in importance to the circulation of the sacred oracles was the compilation of the Anglican creed, the Articles of which were a recrudescence rather than in any sense original, and were

afterward expanded into the present form. The liturgy received much from Roman and Genevan sources, blended with a rare beauty of holiness and reverence. It occupied the middle ground between contending factions, and has conquered all alike by its incomparable excellence as a vehicle of worship.

The Primate was sufficiently Protestant to oppose, though unsuccessfully, the notorious "Six Articles" forced by Henry upon an obsequious Parliament in May, 1539, and which remained unrepealed until 1547. Yet he yielded to their provisions. He put away his wife, bowed to every storm that blew, forgave insult and calumny, and witnessed the most serious violations of ethical principle in order that he might finish by means of opportunism the religious side of the work in which he was engaged. Others who had turned their back in the day of battle, or, alarmed at the excesses of an unaccustomed liberalism, endeavored to resist its flowing tides, were his constant adversaries, and spared no pains to compass his ruin. Like Cromwell, he became the object of frequent intrigues and conspiracies. The almost too radical changes of the realm when Edward VI was king, inflamed their thirst for vengeance on the chieftain of Neo-Anglicanism, who had survived Henry's tender mercies. During this period the formularies and the liturgy were completed; the book of "Twelve Homilies" was composed; the Catechism of Justice Jonas was translated from the German; peripatetic friars were excluded from churches; the manifold and extended lists of treasons and felonies enacted by Henry were abolished; the laity were admitted to the Eucharist; the clergy were permitted to marry; and in 1549, the first Prayer Book of King Edward was published. Hooker, Ridley, and Latimer basked in an interval of royal sunshine and patronage; Cranmer was predominant. But at the death of Edward, on July 6, 1553, all this passed away in the twinkling of an eye. Bonner, Gardiner, and Tunstall emerged from beneath the shadow and were brought near the throne; Cranmer, Coverdale, Hooper, Latimer, and Ridley were imprisoned. The Mass was restored, the disallowances of the previous reign annulled, the royal supremacy discarded, the pardon of the Holy See for England's offenses implored, and worst of all, the arm of persecution

bared for its direful work. These measures were expedited by the conduct of the Duke of Northumberland, who broke faith and attempted to divert the Crown to his own house in the person of his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey. That innocent, lovely, and pathetic victim of the duke's lust for power suffered for his sins; the rebellion failed, and England sank to a low estate. Once Mary was triumphant, Cranmer lived solely by sufferance. He had violated his pledge to Henry that her succession should not be opposed by him, and most unforgivable of all, he had placed a stigma upon her unfortunate mother, the virtuous Princess of Aragon. He now met more than defeat, it was catastrophe. Everything seemed lost. Protestantism had gone down in the universal collapse; the archbishop's gigantic labors had vanished at a blow. In an age when men understood toleration only to despise it as a weakness, he was the first victim marked for death. Yet they hesitated until on November 25, 1555, he was pronounced contumacious by the Pope and solemnly excommunicated. If the archbishop who had been both blessed and banned at the Vatican was not to be spared, reprisals knew no clemency. He was degraded from his office in February, 1556, by a special deputation sent from Rome for the purpose. The civil authorities then took charge of him, and, face to face with the fire, he recanted in part, and again recanted wholly, repudiating his entire profession and every motive and principle which had prompted and determined his actions. The recreancy did not save him, and when his end drew near, he recovered his soul and valiantly played the man. What it cost one of his make-up to do this is beyond appraisal. Those who longed for a speedy dissolution of Protestantism were startled and chagrined by his unexpected resolution, and from that hour men predicted its revival.

On the 21st of March he was conducted to Saint Mary's Church, Oxford, the church of Newman, Pusey, Wilberforce, Manning, Mozley, and Liddon, there to repeat his recantation, and have his shame publicly branded upon him. On the contrary, his second nobler self rose up again in sublime scorn of consequence, and as one born out of due time, Cranmer boldly renounced his paltering with the faith, confessed his unalterable trust in the

reformed doctrines, and, like Saint Peter, repented bitterly and besought heaven's pardon on his sins and shortcomings. It was spring in the midst of winter for his scattered and hunted followers, the gleam and promise of another England, when Spain's fleets should lay sunken off her coasts, and Philip's vast empire totter and reel beneath the blows of the English seamen of the century. In speechless rage his foes hurried him to the stake, and there the venerable Primate thrust his right hand into the kindling flames, withdrawing it but once to wipe his brow. "This hand," said he, "hath offended." The fire blazed up; he neither spoke nor stirred again. Thus he died, and nothing became him in life so well as the way in which he left it.

In this manner passed Thomas Cranmer; "highest of all the Marian Martyrs in station, accounted lowest of all in honor," whose elegy sounds through the ages in the well-nigh perfect music of the English liturgy. His riddle is not hard to read. Beset by infirmity of moral purpose and too accommodating in nature, especially toward the Crown, of which he was nothing short of bewitched; a fearful spirit, who, like some with us now, preferred peace to righteousness; by these human traits he slipped into questionable devices, compromising paths, and inexcusable acquiescence with oppression and wrong. Nevertheless, his entire life and character should not be judged by these errors and frailties, and to make the most of them while ignoring his redeeming qualities would be a desecration rather than a just estimate. He has a great name arising out of greater darkness, and stands like a somber mountain veiled in mist on a receding shore, its apex illuminated by a single beam of splendor caught from the last ray of an expiring sun.

A. Parker Adams.

THOMAS HARDY AND THE ANCIENT ANGUISH OF
THE EARTH

ALL art is necessarily reactionary; all progress is movement away from that which is most beautiful in nature and most characteristic of man. Only by initiating some form of æsthetic extravaganza, like Decadence, Symbolism, or Futurism, can the æsthetic creator keep alive. As far back as 1796, when he wrote *On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry*, Schiller pointed out that with the passing of Classicism poetic art was in a precarious condition, due to the fact that man has turned away from nature. Thomas Hardy expresses this same æsthetic fear when he observes how "that old-fashioned reveling in the general situation" is becoming less and less possible as man subjects nature to an ever finer analysis. Now, it is the habitual tendency of Hardy to de-modernize his mind, and thus to revel in the naïve world-order, which makes the study of his work interesting if not imperative. Unfortunately for the sincerity of his intention, Hardy carries back to the primitive order much of the reflectiveness peculiar to modern life; hence the art which should be idyllic becomes satirical. Hence the reader who takes one of the author's tremendous works in hand must divide his artistic mood in such a manner as to revel in beautifully true pictures of nature and humanity and to reflect upon the thinker's arraignment of human life as now lived among things and men.

As a reflective artist who returns to the world and man as if by supreme effort, Hardy exhibits no systematic development from book to book, nor does he take pains to advise us concerning his motives; hence the reader must gather general impressions and weave them into consistent inferences. It can hardly be overlooked that the author of the Wessex stories is troubled about the contrast between nature and humanity, vexed by the antinomy set up between the individual and society, spiteful in his opposition of Paganism and Christianity, and in despair over man's relation to God. Between these contrasted pairs, Hardy seems

to slip down into the nought. Theoretically, "man is in a quandary"; in practice, he is found "doing nothing in particular." Perhaps Hardy is only a diagnostician; certainly he does not prescribe, and to his credit be it said that he is unwilling to avoid the life-problem simply because it is difficult, just as he is averse to prescribing some false panacea for human ills. The aim of the artist is to portray the world after the manner of a realism which is usually above reproach; in this naïve spirit, he seems to envy men like Moses and Homer, whom he styles "early exhibitors of life."

When an artist makes the pathetic discovery that everything in both man and the world is really nothing, we are quite curious to know just what use he will make of his finding. Such a nihilist may be in no position to do good, but he may be persuaded to do some harm. Schopenhauer turned his pessimism into channels of contemplation and compassion; Dostoevsky made his negations count for a tone of spiritual life almost evangelical; unlike other nihilists, Turgenieff suffered the fatal *nihil* to beautify his style and render his soul tender; Ibsen's "indignation pessimism" tended to make for reform; Strindberg felt his criticism of class-class and sex-sex to be pricks along the road he followed to Damascus; Huysmans gathered his shattered soul together under the groined arches of Chartres; Tolstoi's denials finally nailed him to the cross once occupied by the penitent thief; and even Nietzsche could not help suggesting that his was a salvation through suffering. Now, Hardy has always been noncommittal, and his reader is led to wonder whether his pastoral pessimism will ever lead him to any conclusion in either thought or deed.

Hardy can write a pretty story ("Under the Greenwood Tree") or tell a thrilling tale ("Desperate Remedies"); his pen knows the tangled paths of the plot ("The Trumpet Major"), its ink often drips with the tragic ("Far from the Madding Crowd"). But Hardy as artist-thinker reveals his ideas in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure," in "The Return of the Native" and "The Woodlanders." These last have the august setting with nature beneath, God above, and man with his humanity cast back and forth between them. In these epics, Hardy

is the artist *par excellence*, yet he cannot refrain from the modern temptation to tell a story marked by manners, moved onward by plot, and characterized by intrigues not to be expected in a seemingly age-old tale. The reader thinks first of Sophocles, then of some short-story writer, and the subtle mingling of antiquity and *fin-de-siècle* is somewhat disconcerting. This mixture of thoughtless nature and self-conscious art appears everywhere, but perhaps no more definitely than in "The Return of the Native," with its description of Eustacia. Into the features of this modern woman, Hardy seeks to read the features of Sappho; her essence is the "raw material of divinity," her possibilities of silence those of the Sphinx, her lip-curves are those of some forgotten marble, she becomes Athena or Hera. In her mentality, Eustacia leans upon William the Conqueror, Sisera, and Pontius Pilate; in heaven she shall sit between Heloise and Cleopatra. Unfortunately for the artist, Eustacia, who was fond of masquerading, shows no disposition to be transformed into the character of such august prototypes, and we behold in her a rather sentimental miss whose tendencies are exclusively modern. In trying to be a "splendid woman," Eustacia adopts the social standards of the day rather than the heroic ideals of antiquity; thus does the author suffer the painful fusion of past and present.

It is not too much to say that Hardy does the best that can be done to-day; in the midst of science and democracy, as these characterize modern physics and politics, he keeps up a strain of that genuine art which gazed so innocently at nature and humanity. The seriousness of such a literary undertaking can hardly be appreciated until one considers how a writer who has interest in the old situation, as this was reflected by the prophets of Israel and the tragic poets of Greece, contents himself with imitations which end in mere parodies, while one who affects to believe in the modern aspect of things and men disavows any connection with the old order. Hardy is pledged to both past and present; he believes in both the grand and the commonplace. Milton succeeded in uniting the primitive with the Puritanism of his own day, Goethe effected the fusion of our Romanticism with the old Classicism, while both Wagner and Ibsen read the

contemporary social situation into Scandinavian mythology. Hardy has the disadvantage of coming later than these artists, and then, since he employs prose and the novel as his medium, he is forced to do what was not incumbent upon these others; that is, create that illusion of reality whence the reader will believe that the thing actually took place. Russian realism can accomplish this miracle of turning water into old wine, since Slavonic life still rejoices in simplicity and is still innocent of modernness; but English realism seeks to reflect a scene of things in which the individual is decidedly self-conscious and self-willed, whence the extraordinary difficulty of Hardy's leading motive.

The attempt at grandeur which appears in the greatest of Hardy's works is no pretense on the part of the author, but a downright endeavor to survey life in its *largesse*; where another pensmith offering his products to the better magazines is content to tell a story which at best is only suburban, Hardy persists in keeping up the appearance of grand reality. In this attempt, his "failures" are more valuable and entertaining than the petty triumphs of the conventional author who, like Howells and Henry James, fancies that great fish may be caught in shallow waters, that big game can be found in the vicinity of summer resorts. Hardy moves out into the deeps and the jungles; if he bag but little, his adventure has a value in itself. That great thing which was done in the Pentateuch and Apocalypse, in the Rik Veda and Avesta Zend, where man and the world were grasped in their totality, is not so easily wrought in one of Hardy's novels, for modern wood-pulp cannot bear the weight of the grand message once writ on tough parchment. The stars will not cluster about us moderns or the earth-scroll unwrap before our feet as was the habit of earth and sky before man became the modern upstart.

In "Two on a Tower" Hardy attempts to survey human character and activity under the form of the blue. Upon the astronomer's tower, a dreamy youth with deathless interest in the skies and a delicious woman who has no definite desires upon earth meet at the moment when the sun is experiencing a cyclone. "Will it make any difference to us here?" timidly inquires Vivette Constantine of her destined lover. In the lives of the ill-starred

pair, there were to be catastrophes not unlike those under whose baneful influence the whole creation oft groaneth and travaileth in pain, but the artist fails to establish any stipulated astrological connection between disasters celestial and terrestrial, while the stars in their courses refuse to fight either for or against Swithin St. Cleeve. Above the fine heads of these moderns, the youthful man and experienced woman of the world, appear Sirius, Capella, and the Swan; beneath their feet the bones of paleolithic dead men; but the ideas and motives of these two living ones fail to draw from above and below for their inspiration. It is true that Swithin and Vivette do have at least one grand mood when their souls are drawn starward, it is undeniable that their astronomical enlightenment induces a sense of human infinitesimality, but instead of taking the hint from the heavens the pair behave much like other amorous moderns who enjoy no lingering connection with the remotest past. After Mme. Vivette has learned enough of the skies to feel their "dignity," which turns to "grandeur," then becomes "solemnity," only to pass on to "awfulness" and "ghastliness," she draws the youthful astronomer away from "macrocosmic magnitudes" to look after a microcosmic item—her husband, who seems to have imitated the planets in his mysterious movements from the jungles of Africa to the streets of London. The actual story cannot stand the ideal strain.

Just how Hardy, or any other author who takes the sublime as his point of departure, should make his people behave is not easy to imagine, since we have no principles of modern mythology; but the reader is quite conscious that the actual performances of the two who have learned their lesson from the skies are quite terrestrial. With all his unearthly interests, young Swithin knows how to court, and his perfect human love casts out celestial fear. Like Lucifer he falls from his one-time heights, but so sound is he that one must imagine his descent was from no great height after all. From the eternal and infinite silence of the spheres, the astronomer is disturbed by the rattle of an inexpensive coral bracelet which his beloved has so carelessly left upon his couch; equal to the mental task of explaining star-phenomena, Swithin is not so well equipped in moral matters, and he "who had soared

amid the remotest grandeurs of nature had been taken to task on a rudimentary question of morals, which had never been a question to him at all." Furthermore, after Swithin, in his trip to the southern hemisphere, had learned something more about poor earth, he is no mood to marry his sad Vivette, who avails herself of the usual device of fiction and dies.

The more earnest reader of Hardy's best books will naturally receive the shock which is ready for all those who lay their precious hands on "*Jude the Obscure*." Like Ibsen in "*Ghosts*," Hardy must have felt that it was due him to indite such an arraignment of things in general; the reader of such works accepts the general impression of strength which they convey, but is unable to pass the usual judgments of true-false, good-bad, beautiful-ugly. "*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*" is similarly intense, but then "*Tess*" is a beautiful story. Hardy is sure to win more and more readers for these commanding works. Of greater import are "*The Return of the Native*" and "*The Woodlanders*"; in the one is found the essential philosophy of the realist, in the other his art is most apparent. The four novels mentioned compose Hardy's great square; they are unified works in which God, man, and the world look from one to another and strive with one another. In other and lesser tales, like "*Two On a Tower*" and "*A Pair of Blue Eyes*," there is a touch of the cosmic with its astronomical and geological attributes, but it is only so much cosmic seasoning; in the novels of the great squares, humanity, heaven, and earth are seen at the vanishing-point of the artist's perspective.

"*Tess's*" story has oft been told in drawing-rooms and women's clubs and has elicited its due measure of sighs and tears; but has its implicit rationale received its merited attention? Although Hardy professes to believe in the past with its mythological and heraldic glory, he tells his *Tess* story in such a manner as to show that the inheritance of the past, whether by blood or memory, is necessarily blighting, for it was the change of name from the modern "*Derbyfield*" to the ancient "*D'Urbervilles*" that wrought havoc in the provincial household. Now, the discovery that the *Derbyfields* were of the past whence they had descended from nobility should have been the redemption and rehabilitation of

the decrepit domicile; not that Hardy has any aristocratic itch, but because he seems to love and believe in the life-intuition of those who once lived simply and nobly. The heavens are again pressed into the service of Hardy's pessimism. In the early morning ride to market, Tess's younger brother blinks at the sinking stars, and becomes anxious to establish some analogy between the far-off orbs and the all-too-obvious earth. To his question as to whether the stars are habitated worlds like our own, Tess replies, "I don't know, but I think so. They sometimes seem to be like apples on our stubborn tree. Most of them are splendid and sound—a few blighted." Then, of course, the question arises concerning the quality of earth; is it a splendid or a blighted star, and when Tess ventures the suggestion that it is among the few unsound orbs, she cannot bring her brother to see why, with so many to choose from, man should have been so thoughtless as to have hit upon a bad one. Later on in her career, when Tess adorns the pasture as a dairy-maid, she seems to her lover, Angel Clare, to fear lest the milk turn sour, when in reality her feeling is genuine *Weltschmerz* under whose influence she consents to the proposition, "This hobble of being alive is rather serious." It is the Spanish skepticism of Calderon over again—

Pues el delito mayor
Del hombre es haber nacido.

The great Bad consists in being born; or, as Hardy expresses it, "You shall be born." The Ganges and Guadalquivir and Volga know such moods, but do they hover over the busy Thames? Hardy constantly transcends British traditions, so why should he subscribe to British optimism? According to Hardy's æsthetic intuition, nature minus man were satisfactory, or simple nature as the habitat of naïve men might be endurable; but when over-scientific nature gathers itself around over-civilized man the great catastrophe is not far off.

The æsthetico-dialectical effect which Hardy produces in "The Return of the Native" is brought about most definitely when the artist indulges in descriptions of Egdon Heath, Egdon in contrast to Paris. The pen of the artist follows the traditions of

Rembrandt and later painters of the *genre*. The *qui vive* and versatility of Paris stand out in pathetic contrast to the monotony of the heath. When the native, who knew his Paris and would learn anew the meaning of his one-time Egdon, walked abroad upon the heath, it was as though the soul were in the world of the carboniferous period, wherein plants were few and fernlike; insects and reptiles were there, but no bud or blossom or bird. Monotonous and oppressive in its horizontality, the heath bore out the plan of that equality which knows neither superior nor inferior. When Clement Yeobright threatens his eyesight by the excessive study due to his desire to teach important things to plain people, he becomes one with the heath on which he follows the occupation of turf and furze cutter. If it be true that the master shows himself in the midst of limitation, Clement the native shows his mastery of life by means of the almost microscopic narrowness which made up the sphere of his activities. Bees hum about his ears, butterflies hover about his bended body and sport with the glimmering point of his pruning hook, grasshoppers tumble over his feet, while flies buzz about him not knowing that he is man. All creeping and flying things seem to "enroll him in their band"; blue and yellow snakes glide among the fernbrakes, and young rabbits sport upon the hillocks where the sun shone red through their thin ears. To regress from the highest point of modern European civilization to the simplest beginnings of life is the movement by which Hardy would place man in a world otherwise impossible.

Because of his aptitude for the naïve, Hardy turns his realistic lamp upon another place in his "Wessex," the quandom land of Lear; this is the Hintock of "The Woodlanders." In such a sequestered spot as this, there was more passivity than action, while the reasoning begotten of such meditateness proceeded from narrow premises to imaginative conclusions. In Hintock were enacted "dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein." Here a woman's face might wear a fullness of expression due to solitude, while man will pass from idea to act without following the tortuous path of calculating consciousness. Humanity is near nature, and man not far from

the kingdom of selfhood. Giles Winterborne, the hero, is a native who has not interpolated as a mean between the extremes of nature and civilization a residence in a great civic center; the trees know him and for him the tendrils will take root and flourish when other fingers fail. It is Grace Melbury, the heroine, who plays the part of the returned native, and, like young Yeobright, she is called upon to learn that consciousness and culture, manners and civilization really unfit one for actual life in the world. At the same time, Hintock, not to be outdone by the city, enjoys its own code of propriety, and it is "cruel propriety" which prevents the lover from seeking shelter in the cabin with the maid and forces him to endure the nocturnal storm. In the sophisticated Dr. Fitzpiers is found a devotee of Hardy's own doctrine that "everything is nothing." Taken together, "The Native" and "Woodlanders" are pieces of idealized reality which are without superior in the whole world of letters.

In "Jude the Obscure," nature, society, and Christianity come up for criticism, and as the Lamb is to be the Judge of all flesh so the sense of Pity is to pass upon arrangements of things and organizations of persons. At the outset, the reader who knows his Hardy is likely to entertain considerable suspicion as to the artist's ability to touch the note of tenderness; because, first of all, British pity is an expression in which the adjective seems to contradict the noun. Dickens is there with laughter and tears, but his art does not succeed in accomplishing anything like a classic *katharsis* of the soul. Were it the novel of Russian realism, and were the pen in the hand of Dostoiévsky, Turgenieff, or even Gorky, the success of the pathetic undertaking were promising if not assured. Indeed, in "Crime and Punishment," Dostoiévsky makes one of his most miserable characters assert that, in England, science has made pity a forbidden thing. Both Thomas Hardy and George Moore have sought to transcend the impassability of English art, but when the author of "Esther Waters" suggests that his novel was written less to show the evils of horse racing and more to prove that all human beings are deserving of pity, we feel that he is better in his pictures of the track and the condition of the racer than he is when he comes to describe life and its misery.

Hardy makes his own task more difficult when the quality of mercy which he will depict is to be Buddhistic in its combination of compassion and enlightenment. "Be kind to animals and birds, and read all you can"; such was the advice which Jude receives from the schoolmaster. Now, Wagner in "Parsival" was hardly convincing and moving when he took up the theme of enlightened sympathy.

Jude invites the rooks to feast upon the corn when he had been hired by the farmer to keep the birds from the harvest; in the temporary capacity as butcher, Jude kills the pig instantler instead of improving the pork by letting the creature bleed to death; and when it comes to parting with his household effects, that which causes the greatest wrench at his heart is the sale of his pet pigeons to the poulterer. Such susceptibility makes Jude somewhat critical in his contemplation of nature, where what seems "good for God's birds is bad for God's gardener." Hardy is eminently able to describe the cruelty which should evoke the strain of pity, but he cannot force his logic from its melancholy premises to its merciful conclusion. Furthermore, the pessimism of Hardy will not give place to that Paganism which he affects to exalt. Jude and Susanna, who have all but done with the church and who put away Jude's *Kainē Diathēkē* and bring forth Sue's Greek gods done in plaster, run the risk of Julian the Apostate when they attempt to make a religion of joy. Originally under the fond impression that nature gives man instincts that man may be joyful, at the sight of their oldest child, who, after hanging his brother and sister, takes his own life, they feel that "they were fools to take nature at her own word." Then the old British "First Cause," which is Hardy's only God, must likewise answer for this tragedy to the artist; The-Power-Not-Ourselves seems like a somnambulist whose eyes are closed to possibilities of suffering in the objects against which it stumbles. In the midst of the infinite pain, the organ of the college chapel plays the music of the anthem—"Truly God is good to Israel," but even this appeal, which is made much after the manner of the chorus in Greek tragedy, fails to impart the all-needed instruction.

The pessimism of "Jude" is disinterested and relentless;

society which man has made is no kinder to its subjects than the world of nature and nature's god. Because of his scientific and social skepticism, Hardy deserves to be read to-day, when science natural and social has become a fixed idea. As Jude takes the stand against nature, Susanna raises her voice against the social order, attitudes quite alien to men and women in general. Herself a negation of the social order, as many of Ibsen's women are, Sue leads Jude to see that there is something awry in social formulas, especially where the matrimonial contract is concerned. Hardy's spite against the social contract is great enough when he brings Jude and Sue together in defiance of matrimonial regulations, but he makes a bad matter worse when he changes the scene in such a manner as to return the woman to her lawful husband, the man to his equally lawful wife. Repentance is made to appear worse than sin, straight less obvious than crooked. To those who know Ibsen, this plausible turning the tables of stone will occasion no surprise; since the transmutation of values involved is only a symptom of that moral restlessness which we feel in an age of "social ethics" with its smug utilitarian sanctions.

In adopting the role of irreligionist, Hardy is not quite as advanced as those Continental writers who have turned away from traditional Christianity. Does one hear Ibsen and Nietzsche, Strindberg and Gorky using eighteenth century language or lisping agnosticism? Perhaps, after all, Hardy's pessimism is not as profound as its author wishes it to be; unwilling to credit God, he is loath to discredit reason. In this half-heartedness, Hardy makes Angel Clare repeat the worn-out tale of amateur atheism to the effect that the Sermon on the Mount is morally commendable, when in reality it is a tremendous program of free, enlightened spiritual life; at the same time he rings in decrepit Bayle and feeble Huxley as if they could help him establish his mild negations. On no such meat does rabid irreligion feed. Furthermore, Hardy is still fumbling with creeds; thus, when Tess and Angel Clare wander through the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey behind the mill, "the mill still worked on, food being a perennial necessity; the abbey had perished, creeds being transient." Hardy's æsthetic opposition to Christianity is much more trenchant. He lets Jude

incline toward ecclesiasticism, because the church suggests scholarship and Gothic architecture, but Sue comes upon the scene bearing in her arms nude statues of Apollo and Venus. When it comes to a tête-a-tête with her lover, Sue prefers the railway station to the cathedral, since the church has had its day, while she advises her architectural hero to turn from the Gothic to the Corinthian. To Jude, Susanna appears as a young woman one might meet in the Via Sacra talking with Octavia or watching Phidias chiseling away upon some Venus. The doom which hung over Sue's family suggests either the cloud over the house of Atreus or the fate of Jeroboam's. Hardy cannot quite decide which is the more suggestive; his style is colored by both mythology and revelation, and it is not the Pagan model which impresses him the more.

Without attempting to frame a conception of Godhead, Hardy inclines to view the Deity as more of a cosmic Demiurge toiling amidst the stubbornness of disobedient things. In this he is not far from the activistic views of James and Bergson, who appreciate the work of the Deity militant without being cheered by any vision of the Deity triumphant. "Human beings," says Hardy, "in their generous endeavor to construct a hypothesis that shall not degrade a first cause, have always hesitated to conceive a dominant power of lower moral quality than their own." But does Hardy thus hesitate? Does he not rather abandon all wistful transcendentalism, and suffer his thought to frame the idea of Godhead more like the "sommambulist" than the "sage"? When Tess was on the very edge of her life's crisis, the pessimist puts forth the query, "Where was the providence of her simple faith? Perhaps, like that other god of whom the ironical Tishbite spoke, he was talking, or he was pursuing, or he was on a journey, or peradventure he was sleeping and was not to be awakened." The special form which this Deity assumes is that of fate upon which Hardy places the responsibility for all the minutiae of an ordinary individual's most ordinary acts. This device, so well known to a tragic poet like Sophocles, is fairly plausible when the artist is thinking of a grand personality like Oedipus performing some major work in an august, classic world; less convincing does it appear when fate is expected to play the part of a democratic Deity and thus provide

junctures like the closing of a door in a thatched cottage whence a most humble individual receives the false impression which is her ultimate undoing. A Christian Providence, with its concern for ravens and sparrows, might be expected to descend to such trifles, but a classic fate with its aristocratic prejudices is not so easily enlisted. Furthermore, modern fate shows its perpetual interest in the type, while the specimen of the species seems never to elicit its attention, so that we are always puzzled to make out just how Hardy as an individualistic modern writer is able to make his fated plots plausible.

But the worst flaw in the art of this writer, who has gone into things more deeply and described the world more beautifully than is the case with the usual modern novelist, is a pessimism which has no pity about it. Let the writer proceed optimistically and he is responsible for no sense of sympathy, he does not need even to rejoice with those who rejoice; but when he turns pessimist, it is incumbent upon him to weep with those who weep. Like Dostoevsky, although not in the same degree of pathos and bathos, Hardy is able to portray a tragic situation; but, unlike the Russian realist, he is not acquainted with grief, whence he can only stand at a distance, behold and describe that which is racking his hero or heroine. Russian realism leaves not its sufferer solitary, but the writer takes his place beside the afflicted one, who does not tread the wine-press alone. Lack of sympathy is also lack of insight, whence it may be concluded that Hardy, with all the metaphysical merits of his art, has not wholly succeeded in touching the human soul in its paradoxical and painful exhibition of life on earth.

Charles Gay Shaw

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE—WHAT IT WAS, IS, AND SHOULD BE

THE Conference idea in Methodism was inaugurated by the Reverend John Wesley. Soon after he started his evangelistic movement, and had gathered around and under him a body of ministers and preachers, he realized the importance of bringing them together for the purpose of consultation in regard to the work in which they were mutually engaged. So he called them together to confer with him, and coming together for this purpose they constituted the Conference. He did not invite them to meet him in a body to direct him or to make laws for the growing societies, but merely to confer. They heard him, and gave their views, but he, as the recognized head of the movement, made the decisions. They were merely a Conference without legislative power, and as many as came together became the Conference, and those present became the quorum. Thus was established a principle, which has held ever since in Methodist Conferences; namely, that the quorum was not a fixed number, but that as many as came together to confer constituted the quorum, a principle that has persisted in all Conferences in American Methodism with a single exception.

The original Wesleyan idea of the Conference was carried across the Atlantic and incorporated into the practice of Wesley's American followers, and the American preachers conferred in their Conferences, but the deciding was done by Mr. Wesley or his agent, called the Assistant, or General Assistant, and for the most of the time by Francis Asbury as the representative of Wesley. A radical change, however, took place in the year 1784. Then the Reverend Thomas Coke, D.C.L., had come to America with the plan for the reorganization of the work in the United States of America, which plan included Wesley's designation of Doctor Coke and Francis Asbury as the superintendents of the new organization. Mr. Asbury, however, declined to take that high office at the will of Mr. Wesley, but proposed that the preach-

ers be called together and then, if they selected him, he would serve in that capacity. The Conference was summoned and met in the Christmas season of 1784 in the city of Baltimore, elected Doctor Coke and Francis Asbury to be their superintendents, or bishops, and organized the Methodist Episcopal Church. The decision of Asbury and the action of the assembled preachers did two things: First, they modified the absolute power of Mr. Wesley in America; and, second, they established legislative power over the Church in the Conference of the preachers. This organizing body of 1784 was composed of the preachers generally and in this sense was a general Conference, and may be called the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

In contradistinction to this general assembly, there were yearly gatherings of the preachers at designated points, which places were selected because of local convenience, for the sake of economy of time as well as of money, and to prevent long absences of the preachers from their fields of labor, and these yearly gatherings crystallized into Annual Conferences. These were divisions for territorial convenience but the body of the ministry was a unit, and, hence, the determining power as to a proposition was not in a single ministerial group, but was vested in the whole body or mass of the ministry, and it was the vote of the ministry in general that decided and ruled, and that combined expression was the voice of the Church. This action might be taken by passing the proposition around from one yearly gathering to another until all were consulted, but the preachers generally could come together in one place, and this combined gathering was a General Conference.

Soon, however, there developed a conflict of policies in the young Church. Bishop Asbury believed in a highly concentrated authority, and devised a plan for centering power in the Bishop and the Presiding Elders, the Bishop's appointees, and this body was called The Council. Bishop Coke, being more democratic, favored the diffusion of power among the mass of the ministry, and this the preachers generally wanted. An appeal was made to Bishop Coke, and it was through his great influence that there was estab-

lished a General Conference that would meet at regular intervals. The General Conference idea existed before, but to Bishop Coke is due the credit of giving the Church the quadrennial General Conference fixed by law in the economy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this way it came about that a General Conference met in 1792, and it was agreed that one would meet thereafter regularly once in a quadrennium.

This quadrennial General Conference was composed of all the regular ministers in the Annual Conferences. No one required an election to a particular General Conference. The fact that the individual was in the Annual Conference gave him membership in the General Conference, so that the body of the ministry still possessed the sovereign power though they exercised it through the quadrennial General Conference, and the primary or sovereign power continued in the ministerial eldership in the Annual Conferences for many years.

This kind of a quadrennial General Conference went on down to, and included, the General Conference of 1808. Then the General Conference of that year, which contained the body of the ministry and, hence, possessed the sovereign power, and, therefore, could act for the Church according to its own judgment and pleasure, made a most radical change in the composition and power of future General Conferences.

In the new kind of General Conference the members still had to be ministers in the membership of Annual Conferences, but the individual member had to be elected or selected by his own Annual Conference before he was entitled to a seat in the quadrennial body. This representation was to be proportionate to the number of electors in each Annual Conference, and, so, instead of being the general body it had been, it became the delegated quadrennial General Conference.

The ministry in the Annual Conferences, however, did not give up its final sovereign power. The body of the ministry still retained the sovereignty, but it gave to its representatives composing the delegated General Conference certain delegated but limited powers. It never gave supreme power to the delegated General Conference, but gave only a small portion of the power

that had belonged to the former General Conference. It gave the new General Conference the right to make the statute laws under the head of "rules and regulations," but placed all its power, and its very existence, under certain "restrictions and limitations."

That there might be no misunderstanding, all these things were specified in a formal document drawn up and adopted by the body of the ministry assembled in the General Conference of 1808. This document was the written constitution of the General Conference and also a part of the constitution of the whole Church.

The delegated General Conference then created did not make the constitution but was made by it, and of itself could not unmake it. The General Conference, therefore, could not change or go contrary to this constitution. It had no right to do what in the restrictions it was forbidden to do, and it could not do what it was not empowered to do. In other words, the delegated General Conference had only limited powers while the ultimate authority remained with the body of the ministry in the Annual Conferences. So the delegated General Conference provided for in 1808 was a very different kind of a body from the older and the original General Conference.

The restrictions protected the representation, the doctrines of the Church, the Episcopacy, the General Rules, the right of formal trial and appeal, the use of the profits of the publishing house, and the income from the Chartered Fund, for the traveling, supernumerary, superannuated, and worn-out preachers, and their wives, widows, and children, and, of course, the process for amending the constitution of the Church, and these limitations involved many details.

After 1808 changes of more or less importance were constitutionally made in the constitution. In 1856 there was proposed in the General Conference, and later agreed to in the Annual Conferences, the only change ever made in the restriction protecting the episcopacy. This was an amendment permitting the General Conference to elect a Missionary Bishop for a foreign mission to which his episcopal jurisdiction was limited.

In 1872 a radical change was made in the composition of

the General Conference by the admission of a minority representation from the laity. In 1900 laymen were admitted in numbers equal to the ministerial delegates from the Annual Conferences. The constitution did not provide for this, but the Lay Electoral Conferences elected delegates in addition to the constitutionally authorized number and called them provisional delegates. There was no law providing for the election of such a class of delegates, and the constitution gave no permission to the General Conference to admit any parties not recognized by, or provided for, by the constitution of the Church. It was, therefore, plainly an unconstitutional act.

Subsequently, however, under the new constitution, agreed to by the General Conference of 1900, and adopted by the Annual Conferences, it was thereafter made constitutional to have as many lay delegates as there were ministerial delegates from each Annual Conference.

Under the constitution of 1900, which is the present constitution of the Church, the General Conference has no more power than the General Conferences under the constitution of 1808, as amended from time to time, and which was in force down to and including the General Conference of 1900. It remained, and still is, the delegated quadrennial General Conference, and though a share of the sovereign power was given to the Lay Electoral Conferences, the General Conference continued under the restraint of the same limitations.

The rights of the Church as to doctrines, episcopacy, trial, and appeal, the use of specified funds, and other particulars, were protected against action by the General Conference under the new as they were under the older constitution.

Under the present constitution, the General Conference, of and by itself, cannot change the doctrines or the formularies of doctrine as they existed in 1808. It cannot change in any way the episcopacy as it was in 1808, and amended by the act of 1856, directly or indirectly, or adopt anything that is different from, or modifies, the plan of the itinerant general superintendency as it was in 1808. It cannot, therefore, make the bishops local rather than general, or settled rather than itinerant, or restricted

to a limited section rather than for the whole United States of America.

The General Conference cannot of and by itself interfere with the episcopacy, though it may deal with an individual bishop, but only under and according to the constitution and the constitutional law of the Church, and with a full recognition of all his legal and equitable rights as a bishop, a minister, and a man, and not otherwise.

It may deal with him as an individual Bishop for going contrary to the law relating to the constitutional episcopate, but it cannot deal with him for acting according to the constitutional episcopacy, for to do so with individual Bishops, or Bishops individually, would be to interfere with the plan of the episcopacy, and to destroy the constitutional episcopacy in whole or part, which, under the restriction of the constitution, the General Conference has no right to do.

The General Conference cannot of and by itself change or interfere with the restrictive protection of the right of trial and appeal, and it has no right to formally or informally try or permit to be tried one against whom there are no legal charges, but it must maintain the right of trial and appeal where there are formal allegations against a party in the church, and must guarantee to the one complained of the right to hear the complaint, to face his accuser, and also to hear all that is said in the case, and nothing must be permitted to go before the court and jury without the accused hearing, seeing, and knowing it, and being given the right and opportunity to answer and make defense, and, in addition, the General Conference must maintain the right of appeal with all the protection of the forms of law and the principles of equity, and must not permit anyone to be deprived of any of these safeguards because of the assertion that the proceeding is not a legal trial though the party is actually or practically accused of some error or wrong-doing, and the General Conference must not permit anyone to suffer from the infliction of anything in the nature of a penalty or any deprivation where due process of law has not been observed.

But, it may be asked, who shall judge as to the constitution-

ality of a proposition before the General Conference, or of an act passed by that body? Is the General Conference the judge, and the only judge, as to the constitutionality of its acts? Can it do as it pleases, even to the violation and the breaking down of the constitution? These are vital questions.

In the first place it must seem incredible that, under a constitutional government, a body which owes its very existence to the constitution could do violence to and destroy that constitution, and that if the attempt was made there was no possible check upon that destructive force.

Certainly any delegate may challenge the constitutionality of any proposition presented to the General Conference. It is equally plain that the intelligence of the General Conference should be invoked to construe the constitution accurately. It would seem reasonable also that the bishops, who are the presiding officers of the body and the permanent law-officers of the Church, have a right to raise a question as to the constitutionality of a proposed measure presented to the General Conference or acted upon by that body. It is the duty of the bishop in the chair to pass upon points of parliamentary procedure and it would seem still more important that he should call attention to the unconstitutionality of a proposition.

If, however, the General Conference does an unconstitutional thing, is there no way of correcting the error? Should it happen that a General Conference has done violence to the organic law and so to a greater or less extent has shaken the very foundations of the Church, and, perchance, infringed upon the rights of individuals and subjected them to injury or loss in some particular, is that the end? Must everybody submit without any effort being made to right the wrong?

The General Conference is not supreme. It is not above the constitution but is the creature of the constitution. The constitution is above the General Conference, and the Church is above both, for it was the Church's sovereign power that made both. At the same time the Church through its sovereign power has put both the General Conference and itself under the constitution.

The General Conference is not supreme and has no right to

do as it pleases by a majority, a two thirds, or a unanimous vote, unless it pleases to do that which is in conformity with the constitution and laws of the Church.

Superficial thinkers have said that the General Conference is the sole judge of the constitutionality of its own acts, but saying that does not make it so. The whole Church is above the General Conference and under some circumstances, and in some way, it might pronounce judgment even on an act of a General Conference.

In 1820 an action in regard to electing presiding elders was challenged by Joshua Soule, a bishop-elect. The Board of Bishops pronounced the act unconstitutional and the senior, Bishop McKendree, announced the judgment to the General Conference, whereupon it suspended the action. Then Bishop McKendree submitted the question to the Annual Conferences and they held that the act was unconstitutional, whereupon the following General Conference receded from the former position.

This might have been done, if there had been further occasion, any time after that down to the adoption of the present constitution and to the present day. Had there been an unconstitutional or illegal act by a General Conference an appeal could have been taken to the Annual Conferences, the source of power, or the Annual Conferences themselves could have taken the initiative and in effect suspended or nullified the unconstitutional or illegal act of the General Conference, partly on the ground that the General Conference in violating the constitution had not fulfilled its trust and had not kept its contract with the body of the ministry in the Annual Conferences, the original seat of the sovereign power in the Church. Under the present constitution of the Church the same principle would apply, only that now it would have to be extended to the Lay Electoral Conferences.

The General Conference is not the Church but the servant of the Church, and there must be some way by which the Church can consider, nullify, or reverse an unconstitutional act by the General Conference. Otherwise the constitutionally limited General Conference might by revolutionary action usurp the powers of the whole Church, which legally is incredible.

The appeal here suggested is not the only course under the stated circumstances. Thus an individual who believed himself to have been illegally injured or unconstitutionally wronged by a General Conference could carry his case into the civil courts and the civil court would hear his appeal or complaint. If the General Conference had acted in violation of the constitution or the statute law of the Church, and that were shown, the court would intervene and right the wrong, for while the courts may not interfere where a Church acts according to its law, the court will not permit an ecclesiastical body to do as it pleases regardless of its own law, and, particularly, it will not permit it to work an injury to an individual member contrary to the Church law.

A case having been presented, the court will consider the facts and right the wrong. Thus where a member has been deprived of membership, some position, or other right, by illegal process, against the law of the Church, the court will reinstate the individual and restore the right. In this way where a member has been illegally deprived of membership the court has reinstated the party.

To resort to these methods some may think should be regretted, but it is not to be regretted so much as the acts which make such recourse necessary. The thing to be regretted would be that there was any occasion for an appeal to the whole Church or to the civil courts.

If it should happen that a General Conference did violate the constitution or did illegally wrong an individual, those would be the things to be regretted and not the attempt to protect the Church and right the illegal injury done the member. It is to be hoped that unconstitutional acts will not be done by any General Conference, but, if they are done, then the rights of the whole Church must be asserted and protected, and the wrong done the individual must be righted, even if an appeal must be taken to the sovereign power of the Church, or to the courts of the land. Justice and equity and the good name of the denomination demand it. Of course a General Conference may right its errors or those of a preceding General Conference.

In these latter years there is, on the part of not a few, a grow-

ing tendency to imagine that the General Conference can, on an impulse and by a majority vote, do as it pleases even to overriding the constitution, or refusing to recognize the existence of any constitution whatever, or by disregarding the rights of individuals.

This notion needs to be corrected without delay, and all should be taught to remember that there is over the General Conference a constitution which greatly limits it, so that it is restrained in more than it has permission to do. It can make "rules and regulations," but, in doing so, it is regulated by "restrictions and limitations" which have a very broad scope, so that, far from being omnipotent, the General Conference is an exceedingly limited body.

The General Conference of the present time, notwithstanding its marked limitations, is a great and widely representative body, but it is not more powerful than the General Conferences that met under the constitution of 1808, and nothing like as powerful as the General Conferences that met before 1812. Then the General Conference was unlimited, but now it is a delegated body, only empowered to act under certain authorizations, qualified by certain comprehensive and binding restrictions.

In its composition it is made up of clerical delegates, with an equal number of lay delegates, having equal rights in speaking, voting, and presenting propositions, and the delegates reveal a great variety of characteristics, varying in ability, skill, and experience, but making an average which has been regarded as quite high.

As compared with the older General Conferences, the average to-day, in some particulars, is not quite equal to the General Conferences of earlier times. Even if the average individual may in a general sense be equal, or superior, to the average delegate of former days, nevertheless in the matter of technical training for the work of such a body and knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs, the average is not as high as in the older General Conferences, and, so, in the Church generally there is on the average much less knowledge of the history and the polity of the Church, and even of its doctrines, than in former generations, though there may be no discount in the matter of general intelligence, and that lack

is likely to show itself, and does show itself in the lower average technical preparation of the representatives.

There is not as much real debating as was the case in the older General Conferences. Remarks are made, assertions are uttered, and favorable or antagonistic tones are used, but this is not debating, for there is little analysis, little comparison of views, little proof and as little disproof, which elements are necessary in argument. This disappearance of debate is one of the alarming facts connected with the Conferences, for it suggests a lack of scrutiny which raises a suspicion of indifference or a failure to realize responsibility, and lack of discussion is more dangerous than excessive loquacity.

The recent General Conferences have often ceased to be deliberative. With the lack of debate there has been a lack of consideration. Decisions are made in haste and the body has been rushed to conclusions with little or no time to think calmly and carefully. The rush that prevents reflection defeats the essential purposes of the body, so that it ceases to be deliberate, and when it ceases to be a deliberative and debating body it ceases to be a true Conference. This pressure has sometimes gone so far as to prevent debate upon reports and to force their adoption without their being read to the body, and this tendency has been intensified by the too frequent use of the previous question and by the improper use of the motion to lay on the table as an intended finality.

The great size of the body has something to do with such conditions. The General Conference has at last become numerically too large and it is rapidly increasing in size. The body is too large even for a good sized Church, and that has led to the selection of very large rooms with immense galleries, and so halls, armories, opera houses, and similar buildings have been utilized to accommodate the Conference. This is also done for spectacular and financial reasons.

Then the large size of the body and the immense size of the room make speaking and hearing difficult, interfere with the ease and effectiveness of the work, and are provocative of excitement and confusion. Plainly, when one third of the body cannot hear

distinctly or participate with ease, the body is at least one third too large. Then when the great mass deters the individual of average modesty from speaking on the floor, the body is practically put under the control of a few persons, who may sweep the house along according to their own sweet will, the body being practically helpless because of its bulkiness.

What the General Conference should be is partly foreshadowed in what already has been stated.

In the first place the General Conference should be made up of carefully selected and well-qualified delegates, chosen because of their general fitness and their special preparation for the work of such a body. They should have a general fitness through their Christian character, their high intelligence, and their ability and skill in a deliberative body, and they should have a special preparation by their broad and accurate knowledge of the history, the established traditions and usages, and the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and by their knowledge of its polity, its constitution, and its statute law, and they themselves should be not only law-knowing but also law-abiding.

In the operations of a body like the General Conference much depends upon the work of its committees. Care, therefore, must be taken in their organization, and the members of a committee should be on their guard against the shrewd manager who seeks to put "his man" in the chairmanship, for if he succeeds he might have practical control of the committee through the chairman he has made.

One should be elected chairman because of his impartiality and his known ability in presiding, and not because of mere popularity. Further, the same man should not be elected chairman of the same committee Conference after Conference, for that might develop a dictator, which would be dangerous to the body, and not fair treatment of equally able or perhaps superior men who might otherwise be chosen.

For a similar reason, the same men should not from time to time be put on the same sub-committees, because it gives them an unfair opportunity to dominate the sub-committees, perpetuate personal policies, and, perchance, determine the destinies of indi-

viduals. So there is need of rotation in the chairmanships and in the composition of sub-committees.

The attendance on the committees should be less fluctuating. Now it is possible for the smaller delegations to be represented on a number of the great committees meeting at the same time, and, as they cannot attend them all on the same day, it is possible for them to delay the work of a committee by absenting themselves, and then, coming in on another day, to overturn what the committee had done in their absence. Some way should be found to prevent these fluctuations and yet preserve the rights of the smaller Conferences.

The General Conference should always be a deliberative body, not rushing business hastily, but taking sufficient time while not wasting time. It should never be rushed to immature decisions, but should always most carefully weigh matters relating to the denomination or which involve the rights and destinies of individuals.

Rules might be formulated to prevent or check inconsiderate action. Thus it might be made imperative that important propositions lie over for a day or for some other fixed period, or recourse might be had to the parliamentary practice of subjecting a measure to first, second, and third readings on succeeding days, or something of a similar nature might be devised.

The Conference should be made deliberative by deliberating, and that the body cannot be without being deliberate. To be a deliberative body the General Conference must also be a debating body. Deliberation implies discussion, for debate compels a consideration of all sides of a question. Therefore debate should not be discouraged but encouraged, and strangling motions, such as the previous question, should seldom be employed, and the use of the motion to lay on the table as a finality and as a killing measure should never be tolerated.

Too often members spring to the floor and demand the previous question, or move to lay on the table, as a gag motion, while others regard it as a joke and greet it with a general laugh, or the mover is regarded as a sort of public benefactor, and even as a sort of momentary hero. Debate, however, in a deliberative

body is necessary, and the cutting off of debate for the sake of killing discussion should be deprecated.

Another thing that interferes with debate and deliberation is the bad habit of tolerating impolite and illegal exclamations, ejaculations, and responses by members from their seats. This is worse than addressing the house out of order, for there is no way to answer these explosive observations, and, therefore, these improprieties should be suppressed. A member speaks publicly after he has been duly recognized by the chair and at no other time, the house expresses its opinion by vote and in no other way, and the individual member has no right to speak except when he has the floor and is legally entitled to speak.

To have a deliberative and debating General Conference it should be made a smaller body. It should be manageable not only by the presiding officer but manageable also by the members themselves. When the body is sufficiently small it can handle itself, and the individual members can comfortably hear and be heard, and, consequently, business can be easily and efficiently transacted.

One way to reduce the size of the General Conference is to change the ratio of representation so as to require a larger number of electors to elect a delegate, or, in other words, to have a smaller proportion of delegates, but care should be taken to ensure a fairly representative body.

The reduction of the proportion of representatives, however, is only one way of securing a smaller Conference. There are other ways of bringing about the reduction. If through loss of ministers by death or otherwise the ministry in the Annual Conferences became one half what it now is, there would be a corresponding diminution in the General Conference, and the delegates would number one half what they now do, but this is an undesirable way, and an improbable way of diminishing the great bulk of the General Conference.

Another possible way of reducing the number of delegates would be the withdrawal of delegates who come from countries outside the domain of the United States. This has occurred in the history of the Church and it is possible that it may occur again. When Canada withdrew and became an independent

church its delegates disappeared from the General Conference and made that body just so much smaller. So, when the Japanese Conference became an independent church in Japan, the delegates which it would otherwise have sent ceased to come to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that body was correspondingly so much less. As these missions in foreign countries became independent churches, so other Conferences or missions in foreign countries may likewise become independent and thus diminish the size of the General Conference by their number of delegates. If all the missions in foreign lands became independent, no foreign delegates would appear in the General Conference in the United States, and this would mean a considerable reduction in the bulk of that body and in the expense of bringing from, entertaining, and returning these representatives to their distant lands. Such withdrawals are possible and the international complications of present times may make some of them necessary, and, perhaps, compulsory in the near future, or other reasons may arise.

It never was intended that the Methodist Episcopal Church should be a world-wide church. It never was intended that the Methodist Episcopal Church should govern the whole world or that the wide world should govern it.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. That is its full legal title and in the very early days that title was put into its legal documents, and is now in the trust clause of its deeds to church property. It is essentially an American church, primarily in and for the United States of America, but to-day with missions in Europe, Asia, Africa, Mexico, and South America, but, no matter where it may minister, it still is the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, and if all its Conferences and missions in foreign countries became independent it still would remain the same.

If on the other hand its missions were planted in the whole world, and the Conferences in all foreign lands sent delegates to the General Conference, there would be the possibility of its being controlled by people of the foreign lands; in other words, instead

of controlling the world, the outside world would dominate the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

It is desirable that a body shall be homogeneous, and it is plain that, if foreign bodies planted and fostered by Methodist Episcopal agencies withdraw and become independent churches, they would not only thus far reduce the bulk of the General Conference in the United States of America, but, by the same act, they would help the homogeneity of the American General Conference, which is a church that must be an American church, in and of the United States of America, though it extends its missionary aid to many foreign lands.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is not an ecumenical church and should not aim at the ecclesiastical government of the whole world, or place itself in possible subjection to the domination of the world with its diverse perceptions, conceptions, and training.

It cannot be ecumenical without becoming less and less representative by the necessary diminution in the proportion of delegates until the General Conference would not be fairly representative at all, and such a world-government would become highly concentrated, like that of the cardinals and the papacy of Rome.

On the other hand it is also probable that many of the foreign missions will not desire to be ruled by the Americans, or by people of any country other than their own, and sooner or later will proclaim their independence.

Again, even if the Americans could retain the control, it does not follow that the Church in the United States of America should continue to dominate people under other national governments. It has never done so where the Methodist Episcopalians in other lands have expressed a desire to be independent. Evidently it was not intended that its control in a foreign country should be permanent as in the United States, and so it has regarded the status of the foreign work as different from the territory in the United States of America.

That it is not ecumenical, but a church in, of, and for the United States, is shown by various facts. Thus no General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has ever been held

outside of the United States of America, and it cannot be held in any other country. Further, it has made its work in some foreign countries independent while it has denied that it had any right, or possessed any power, to set off any territory within the United States of America. So under the law the Church elects bishops for the United States, and, to make it possible to have bishops who could be resident in foreign countries, it changed its constitution so that it might elect missionary bishops who would be for and in foreign lands.

If missions in foreign countries did become independent that would not prohibit aid from the home church in America, for the Methodist Episcopal Church continues to aid the Independent Church of Japan. The independent church would be recognized as a church of its nation and so avoid possible friction and suspicion on the part of their government or their countrymen. Its independence would tend to self-development, it would diminish the bulk of the General Conference in America and also its expense, while it would tend to make and keep the General Conference homogeneous by keeping the ideals of the American Conference American. At the same time the independent church in a foreign country would bear a peculiarly close relation to the mother church in the United States of America, which could continue its Christian interest and its loving care.

From time to time there have been intimations that the colored people might go out of the Methodist Episcopal Church and form an independent church of their own. If they did so, of course that would reduce the size of the General Conference perhaps about, or a little less than, one hundred. There has also been talk of their forming a body of colored episcopal Methodists by themselves but having a relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church, while as a third proposition is the suggestion that all the colored Methodists having an episcopal form of government unite in one large colored Methodist Episcopal Church. In the Methodist Episcopal Church it is estimated that there are three hundred thousand to three hundred and twenty-five thousand colored members out of the ten millions of colored people in the United States, while there are more than five times as many colored episcopal

Methodists outside, and independent of, the Methodist Episcopal Church, so that if all these colored Methodists would combine they would make a colored episcopal Methodist Church of about or more than two millions. These things have been suggested by both white and colored persons. What the colored people in the Methodist Episcopal Church will do is not certain, but if they did any one of the things which have been suggested the result would be a considerable reduction in the bulk of the General Conference. Now and then some of the colored people urge that some special concession be made, some special legislation be enacted, or that some official be elected in a special way for them because they are of a different race. This makes some think that, if they want and need something other than that which is provided for the general church, they would be happier under their own laws and their own government, while they could have financial aid and would have the affectionate regard of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and they further say that the colored people would have all they now have except that they would not be controlled by white votes, but would have their own General Conference, in which they could elect their own bishops and other officers by their own votes. However, we make no forecast.

Many other suggestions might be made, but limited space prevents their presentation. With such modifications as have been suggested the General Conference will be greatly improved in its composition, made more efficient in its methods, and even more judicious in its actions, and will stand out as one of the world's greatest deliberative bodies.

Thomas B. Veely.

WHY IS A COLLEGE?

A FEW years ago the humorists of the country began propounding such idiotic conundrums as these: "Why is a crow?" "Why is a frog?" "Why is a lobster?" "Why is a dachshund?" We don't know that anybody ever guessed the answers, and we're inclined to think that no answers really existed. An air of impenetrable mystery seemed to surround the riddles. To-day some folks are beginning to ask in their puzzlement, "Why is a college?" At first blush one wouldn't think this would be very hard to answer, and he might reply, in some surprise, "Why? What do you mean? Everybody knows what a college is and what it's for. If you're in any doubt you can go to your dictionary and read the definition there: 'A college is a school for instruction in the liberal arts, having a course of study, either fixed or partly fixed and partly elective, commonly requiring four years for completion. The regular course of the typical college consists of the English, Latin, and Greek languages, mathematics, the moral and mental sciences, physics and other departments of natural science, and in recent years French or German, or both.'" "And," some interrogator might continue, "young men go to college, I suppose, to take advantage of these courses; to sit under the teaching of experts in these branches of knowledge and to give themselves for four years to hard application in order to master them and become learned?" But if the one he was questioning happened to be an undergraduate of to-day he might look at him with no little amazement at his lack of information and up-to-dateness.

Last summer there appeared a contribution in the Outlook—"The Confessions of an Undergraduate"—which made rather remarkable reading. It was exceedingly well written for a young fellow—if so he was—but its revelations made the average man gasp. He told how many of the professors had no enthusiasm in teaching their classes, being chiefly interested in doing original investigating work. Others were dry-as-dust and succeeded in eliminating all vitality from the literature, classic or modern,

which they were expounding. Consequently the students themselves lost all interest in the subjects, and instead of study gave themselves up to out-door sports—tennis, golf, baseball, “swims,” canoeing, cross-country runs—according to taste or the season, or they managed periodicals and dramatic clubs of their own. They contrived somehow to kill time by playing bridge, or by endless talking, and reading magazines and novels—anything but studying. Of course they had to attend lectures, but there was no obligation to listen closely or remember. They could cram afterward, just before examination. An hour, a half hour, or even ten minutes a day of study might suffice to “get through” and “pass up.” A few, but only a few, kept the lamp of scholarship burning, but there was little demand upon them to do it. It was a great change from the requirements and habits of the high school, where real work had to be done. After a time the mind and will and moral power became weakened and flabby. A man’s status was determined not at all by his scholarly attainments and standing, but by the Club for which he seemed to be bound. He must fall in with the college customs, ready-made ideas and ways of talking; not to do it meant social damnation. “Sophomores do not like a man to study very hard or to be seriously in earnest about anything intellectual.” If he can converse intelligently about quarterbacks, league pitchers, makes of automobiles or the girls of the variety theaters, he will have the stamp of approval put upon him. His days of idleness may be spent most pleasantly. There are, the writer admitted, possible exceptions; occasionally a professor is found who is a real teacher and who inspires the students in spite of their nonchalance and idle ways. “And then one cannot live for four years in unceasing contact with a body of miscellaneous men from all parts of the country and all walks of life without learning much on all sorts of subjects.” But the undergraduate “confessor” votes the college, as a whole, a failure, when judged by the lack of thorough mental discipline which it ought to enforce. It is not to be wondered at that the editor of the *Outlook* asked: “Was the trouble with this undergraduate in himself, or in the college system, or in the social environment? Is his view of college life exaggerated, or pessimistic, or simply

incomplete? Does his 'confession' suggest practical means of improvement and phases that ought to have more consideration?"

Naturally some discussion was called out. A father wrote the Outlook in these words: "Many parents who think they are giving their sons an opportunity and building a foundation for the future in sending them to college are simply sending them on a vacation of idleness that may spoil them for the rest of their lives." And a mother in her turn: "When my two sons went to college, two years apart, the one and only advice given them by post-graduates was to go easy on work, to make friends, to take the course requiring the minimum of work, to try and 'make' certain desirable clubs. And when I protested that I thought some study and some ambition to stand high, or work for special honors, were valuable, I was severely told that my sons went to college to learn to know life [whatever that may mean], not to grub among books." Another undergraduate describes himself as "only one of thousands in the same side-show of inefficiency rubbed to a fine polish." And he adds: "One does not have to go to college long to learn that the real student is a doubtful quantity, a dim figure in the far background of college life, who gets little respect from his professors and none whatever from his so-called fellow students."

A critic in the New York Sun designates the "Confessions" as "horrible" and the "confessor" as one of the "sad old men of twenty who know all about it." It will hardly accept the communication as an honest one, but believes that the Outlook was imposed upon by some graduate literary hack of a dozen years' standing and a taste for faultfinding; it winds up by expressing a faith quite the opposite of his: "The American college boy is a fine fellow. The American college professor knows his business. The American college is the healthiest and ought to be the happiest microcosm in the wide, wide universe." From our own investigation we would say that the situation depicted by the "Confession" is far from general and applies only to a few "big," "popular," and "fashionable" universities, East and West, that might be easily named. Once, remembering how he used to have to pore late at night over Andrews's Latin or Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon in order to translate a page or two of the hard text,

a certain gentleman asked a scion of his house, who seemed to live a *dolce far niente* existence, absolutely released from all such drudgery, how he prepared his lessons. Did he possess any sort of dictionary? "No." Did he have some word-list in the last pages of the book? "No." Did he own a "pony," a "trot," a "horse"? "No." "Well—the mystery grows deeper. How on earth, then, do you prepare for your recitations?" "O, fifteen or twenty of us congregate in a room and some one with a literal translation reads aloud while the rest of us follow in the text. The professor knows all about it and gives us large portions accordingly. If he is a tutor and a recent 'grad' he probably did the same himself. Besides, one gets the swing of the writer's thought in that way—gets a knowledge of the literature, even though he may have little syntax drills." This latter representation we are somewhat inclined to admit.

This above-mentioned gentleman was once confidentially owning his deep disappointment about said scion's college standing to one of the young man's classmates, but he received only an expression of amazement at the dissatisfaction. "Reflect," he said, "Jim was high up in athletics and on the 'squad'; he had a room in — Hall; he made a Junior Society; he was on the editorial boards of the —, the —, and the — [naming the three representative college periodicals]; he was class poet, and he was one of the most popular men in college. What more could you ask, or expect?" And when the father, later, told this to a prominent college professor, to his surprise, instead of siding with him, he replied that the young man, he thought, make a good defense, and that no one could go through college and come into contact with the life and the men there without being in some sense educated. And the fond parent, since then, is obliged to confess that the scion has done pretty well in his after-life and has made, and is still making, quite a notable record in literary work. The youth stoutly contends that he did actually learn something, and is not altogether ignorant, and "Pater" cannot conscientiously deny it entirely or refute it. His brother, however, was of an entirely different turn of mind and a close student—a scholar by temperament—but with difficulty was he kept in college after

the Sophomore year. He roomed in his "Frat" house. There, as he told it, he heard nothing from morn till dewy eve but talk about athletic prowess—about the center-rush or the first-base man, or the coming Junior "Prom." The man who paid much attention to his books was not "in it"; was regarded as a freak, a curiosity, hard to understand, a "grind"—or, worse, a "greasy grind," and was held in no particular esteem. All reputation and honor went to the man of brawn and not to the man of brain. The drift was quite entirely away from appreciation of scholarship in itself, and there was no encouragement for or appreciative recognition of it. (His sister found the same standard set in the fashionable sororities in her university.) Afterwards, when himself a college instructor, he became so disgusted and out of patience with the careless and unstudious habits of the Freshmen and Sophomores that he resigned his place. But, to prove that not all colleges are so affected, to his gratification he finds himself at present in a university where hard work is expected and done, and where the students take themselves seriously. We believe this is not the exceptional case, particularly in coeducational schools, where the girls, having fewer distractions, set the pace in study, standing, and honors. They are winning most of the prizes and Phi Beta Kappa keys. We have noted, too, the earnest spirit in the scornfully styled "Freshwater" colleges in the agricultural regions of the West. Young men come to those halls from the farms. They have little money. They are forced to "work their way through." They arrive with "blood in the eye." They have little or no time or money to throw away. They mean business, and care little for "the social whirl," or for four years spent merely in having a good time before going out into the serious business of life. College means for them a preparation for that life, and they take it so. And, for the most part, they are the men who later will be found in the forefront of the country's activities—commercial, social, civic, reformatory, religious.

Once when revisiting his Alma Mater—a famous Methodist institution—a clergyman of our communion was invited to preach in the representative church of the town. He gladly embraced the opportunity of speaking, according to his anticipations, before a

body of fine, ardent, thoughtful young men that he fondly imagined would throng the galleries as he recalled they did, in his own student days, not once but twice on Sunday during term-time. But what was his crest-fallen state of mind when he looked about and could discover only his own son present and his chum—who doubtless felt compelled by courtesy to attend—and one or two of the elderly professors. When he afterward interviewed his son, asking where his fellow collegians were, he was informed that they were either asleep yet in bed, or chatting and smoking in the "Frat" house, or out for strolls or cross-country runs. The minister was constrained to make, with others, such a reiterated public protest to the college authorities and trustees that he is glad now to report a different state of things, the college pulpit being occupied each Sunday afternoon by some distinguished divine from outside, while some pressure is brought to bear upon the student body to gather to the service.

In a remarkably suggestive volume—"The College Course and the Preparation for Life"—a compilation of talks on familiar undergraduate problems by Albert Parker Fitch, now president of the faculty of Andover Theological Seminary, but formerly on the teaching corps of Williams College, we lit upon some most meaningful sentences apropos of this discussion: "The four undergraduate years present an extraordinary mixture of initiative and timidity, courage and cowardice, sublime confidence, profound and real despair, upon the student's part." "Amazing though it sound, and is, there are, as a matter of fact, few places in the Anglo-Saxon world where this naïve dislike of learning, this provincial distrust of intelligence, more clearly displays itself than in the American college. It is one of the many humorous elements in our undergraduate life that the question 'Is learning essential?' can be asked in all good faith, and may be quite seriously debated. It is certain that many of the students in our colleges quite frankly and innocently regard scholarship as purely incidental to an undergraduate career. When we remember that our New England institutions were founded to produce scholars in general and a learned ministry in particular, and that, indeed, a lad is still supposed to go to school primarily to get schooling, it really gives us

pause to contemplate the low average of intelligence and the limited intellectual power of the typical undergraduate. This may seem to be a harsh indictment; but the trouble is not that it is harsh, but that it is true. A scholar is a disciple of learning—one who has begun to love knowledge for its own gracious and liberating sake, and who has acquired enough of it in his four academic years to begin to be a cultivated man. But am I wrong in saying that there are not many undergraduates who answer to that definition? There are certainly some men in every college class who already love learning for its own sake, and their number is steadily increasing. . . . The minimum of intellectual labor which a student must perform to maintain his undergraduate standing is much larger than it used to be, and it is steadily increasing." And speaking of the all-absorbing topic of athletic activity he says: "Certainly it should always come second in a normal undergraduate career, as a part of the relaxation from real intellectual pursuits. But as a matter of fact it often comes first, and students must get what they can of the time and energy which are left. Hence so many men crowd into the easier courses; hence it is fashionable to depreciate learning and not good form to be a cultivated person. . . . But when the tumult and the shouting die the solemn pity of it all remains, that many a youth comes of age and is graduated from college with a man's body and a boy's mind." And, speaking to the students with forcible directness, Dr. Fitch said: "You owe it to your college, as the most necessary element of your loyalty to her, that you address yourself to acquiring that knowledge of the arts and sciences which shall make you a well-informed and clearly thinking being. You owe it no less to yourself and to the Nation to accept the austere delights and the fine satisfactions of the disciplined mind and cultivated spirit." And he boldly declares that there must be a movement for reform, such a reform as Amherst some few years ago advertised she was about to begin—and which had already been begun in Old Wesleyan—in bidding for a student-body, not so numerically large, but, though fewer, coming with a purpose to show themselves real students. Dr. Fitch in conclusion makes himself clearly understood in words quoted from an article in the

Century that the present writer would fully indorse: "We see how specious are the arguments which have led us to tolerate the college idler so long. Clinging to the remote hope of his regeneration, we have permitted him to contaminate hundreds with the virus of intellectual listlessness. The time for tolerance is past. War measures are now necessary. The first and crying need of the American college to-day is the ejection, the ruthless ejection, of the man with the idle mind. He is the leper of the college society." When this discrete policy of expurgation has been accomplished our colleges will then become what they were meant to be—what their founders had in mind for them at the start—and not simply pleasant loafing-places for four years, where, because it is "the thing," a young man is sent by his family so that he may enjoy some elegant leisure in delightful surroundings, "get in the swim," have "a good time" before taking up life in earnest, get acquainted with a coterie of wealthy chaps high up in the ultra-fashionable social stratum, who may be able to "boost" him in the future, and come out with the *éclat* of being an alumnus of — or —. "The elegant mendicant, the academic beggar, the hanger-on to the fringes of undergraduate life," must be severely eliminated.

We venture to quote Dr. Fitch once more in his straightforward talk to undergraduates. "For four years you are nonproducers here. The State and Nation subsidize your institution, demanding no taxes from it, and the community supports you. It is not done to give you four more long vacations. It is not done in order to make you an expert in either social or athletic activities. It is not done that you may have a winter watering-place which is just touched with an academic flavor. It is done because the Nation needs the services of a trained intelligence and a mature mind and is willing to support you for a while for the express purpose that you may gain these things and issue from the college mental and moral leaders in your community. Expert service, to be rendered on the basis of the training of these four years, is the only justification of any of our colleges. This Republic is facing social and industrial problems, economic, moral, and religious questions, which are graver and more pressing than any which

it has ever faced before in its history. . . . The Nation looks to its young, educated men to lead it out of the wilderness. It looks to you to be prime factors in the creation of what is our greatest social need to-day—a sober and responsible public opinion. The very stress of present circumstances is making America demand that a college man shall be what he purports to be—a person of trained intelligence and some expert knowledge, who is able to bring to bear, at any time, on any given problem, the concentration and continued power of a well-furnished and disciplined mind.”

The president of a large university is quoted as saying: “The university is not responsible for the character, for the morals, the vices, or anything else of the community, or of its graduates.” But Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody, professor of Christian morals in Harvard University, in his *Religion of an Educated Man*, has put down these strong words: “The end of education is not information, but inspiration; not facts, rules, tables, but insight, initiative, grasp, growth, character, power.” And Pastor Wagner—the distinguished Parisian preacher and author of *The Simple Life*—states the question explicitly when he observes: “The quality of a civilization depends on the quality of its aspirations, and on the elevation of its sentiments. It becomes more and more necessary for us to comprehend the life of the spirit. All our progress in material things, however fine it may appear, will be only in deeds of darkness, of disintegration, if we do not succeed in maintaining the soul in its place of honor.”

Levi Gilbert

SERMONS AND SERMONETTES

THERE has been a marked and significant change in the character of much of the preaching of to-day when compared with that heard in some former days. Let a man stand in the presence of the average congregation of our time and present the Christian doctrines as they were presented half or even a quarter of a century ago and he would doubtless soon find that he was not in popular favor. He who should stamp his sermons with the impress of that antiquated style would be relegated to the things of a by-gone day; he would be accounted as what Bishop Foster once called "a belated mind"; he would be reckoned a "back number," as one not "up to date" in his profession. In what special particulars the preachers and the sermons of the two periods are different it is not the purpose of this paper to point out. It is rather of one peculiar feature of the modern popular sermon, and of the demand imposed on the preacher to produce it, that we would now speak. That feature is brevity; the sermon must be short and the preacher must exercise care not to exceed a certain prescribed limit. He must give what is known as a sermonette rather than a sermon. But what do these clamorous advocates of the short sermon really mean by that term? When, in their judgment, is the sermon short and when is it long? Their ideal limit seems to be fixed somewhere between twenty and thirty minutes. Rarely should the sermon exceed that length; never, except under unusual circumstances. It may fall below it; that is easily pardonable, but to exceed it is next to unpardonable. This cry for the short sermon comes not only from the pew, but from the press and other prominent sources. One man in particular, whose opinions seem to be regarded as of some consequence, is quoted as saying that "the limit of the sermon should be fifteen minutes—with a leaning to mercy." The editor of one of our leading church periodicals said in his paper recently that "no preacher in this hurrying age should expect to hold the attention of his hearers more than thirty minutes."

We infer that, in the opinion of the persons who call for this kind of a sermon, all those ends for which the sermon is employed can be better secured in this way than in any other. We know what those ends are, and that concerning them there is quite general agreement. The sermon is regarded as among the most important of all the messages that come to the ears of men or make appeal to their minds and hearts. It relates to what most vitally concerns men in the world temporal and the world eternal. It is among the foremost of the human agencies ordained for the instruction and salvation of the world. And such indeed it must be if it is anything. It is not necessary to dwell here on the prominence given to it in the Scriptures. There can be little danger of overestimating the importance of such a message. Evidently, then, whatever contributes in any manner to make the sermon effective for its purposes is of much consequence. It seems to be assumed by the advocates of the short sermon that it will be more acceptable to the hearer; he will be more willing to hear it and will be more affected by it than if it were lengthy. If this be true its advocates certainly have a good case in court and their claim merits careful attention. But is it true? We confess to some misgivings. This demand for the sermonette is an omen not altogether of good. We could offer several reasons for holding such a view, but confine ourselves to the most important one. We regard it as another indication of a disposition already too much in evidence in these days to place light estimate on not only the sermon, but all other forms of religious worship. That such a disposition is abroad anyone must discover who can read the signs of the times, and some regard them as not a little alarming. What means this widespread neglect of the house of God on the Sabbath day? What mean these jeremiads of complaint mingled with notes of discouragement which come to us from every quarter—in which not only ministers and churches join, but also the religious press finds occasion for words of regret and admonition? Are they not all alarmingly significant of the fact that sermons and services are by many not regarded as things of special importance, having no strong claim on the attention of the people, none that may not be neglected by them at their pleasure? We see not how such signs can

be otherwise interpreted. And in the face of them may we not fitly inquire whether this demand for the short sermon may not be taken as an indication of the same tendency, a token of waning regard for the sermon as a part of divine worship and of a lessened desire to hear it? But probably the advocate of the sermonette looks for other results. To him that form of sermon would be in some degree a remedy for the evils of which we have spoken. That would make the Sabbath service more attractive; that would call back to the church the feet that now wander from it; that would enlist anew the sympathy and interest of that large number of church members whose presence at Sabbath services is not noted as often as could be desired. With such a sermon that considerable class of worshippers known as "oncners"—those who attend service but once on the Sabbath, many of them among the most prominent and influential of the body—would manifest renewed interest by coming at least occasionally twice, and so giving the preacher another hearing as he pleads his great cause. Such results would be indeed desirable, but are we sure they would follow the general adoption of the sermonette? Were it the general rule that sermons should occupy not more than twenty or thirty minutes, would the preacher see before him not a mere handful of hearers and a ghastly array of empty benches, but instead a full house and vacant seats the exception? Is our pleader for the sermonette as sanguine as that? If so, we must acknowledge our utter inability to share his roseate views. Men do not begrudge time or attention for that which is to them a thing of any marked value. They are not reluctant to grant an hour or more to addresses on many other themes—on politics, business, science, art, the drama and the opera—but when they go forth to listen to the sermon, in theory, at least, the most weighty and important of all addresses, the exacting motto is brevity: "Let not the sermon detain us more than thirty minutes at most, and—'with a leaning to mercy.'"

The sermonette can hardly be taken as an encouraging token of the spiritual condition of those churches where it prevails, or a sign that sermon and worship hold a specially exalted place in the esteem of the people. But in proportion as we deprive them of such a place so do we divest the gospel of its power to win and save

men. And to the category of the many influences now leading that way we are obliged to assign the sermonette.

But here arises another question, and on the answer we give to it turns much of this discussion. Precisely what is to determine the length of a sermon? When is it long and when is it short? Is it always to be measured by the number of minutes taken in its delivery or are some other factors to enter into the case? The persons who plead for brevity in the sermon appear to have in thought only a brevity in the matter of the time occupied in its delivery. But we object to subjecting the sermon to any such inadequate measurement. Not that we object altogether to a time limit. By no means do we. Let it be here understood that we hold no brief for long sermons. We do not consider them as in themselves a means of grace and in our own ministry have never preached them. But we have our own thought as to what constitutes a long sermon, and in this way of thinking we believe we are by no means alone:

1. It is not necessarily long because it fails to command the attention and elicit the interest of all in the congregation. And this for the reason that in all such gatherings there are some persons who cannot properly be considered as competent judges of either the quantity or the quality of a sermon. Among these are the thoughtless and superficial ones, those who are not largely endowed with intellectual gifts at best, and what they have has not been much improved by culture in any way. We could hardly expect such to be greatly interested in or to appreciate the sermon freighted to any extent with thought and study; the sermon of the scholarly man who goes below the surface of things and searches among the depths for what he offers to the people. Such a preacher, however forceful, earnest, and spiritual he might be, would hardly fail to be regarded by this lightweight class of hearers as more or less dull and heavy, an unattractive and uninteresting speaker. It may not be the fault of these hearers that they so judge, but that fact does not entitle their judgment to very respectful consideration. We recall an hour or more which we once spent in listening to one of Bishop Foster's great sermons—and it was great, for the preacher was at his best. Passing

from the church at the close of the service, we overheard a remark from one who had been in the audience: "What a long sermon! I thought he would never get through. I am so tired." We submit that people of this class are not the only ones who are to be considered in deciding what is a long sermon. Another class of hearers found in all churches are those who are not noted for their spiritual tastes and appetites. The spiritually minded preacher, whose sermons have a strong coloring of the devoutly religious element, would not be likely to be much in favor with these people.

2. Furthermore, we urge the claim that a sermon is not long which consumes a reasonable amount of time in developing in an effective and satisfactory way the thoughts which the speaker wishes to present. This cannot always be done in the space of fifteen or twenty minutes, or even in thirty. To be sure, a man can say something in that length of time, and sometimes can say much. Some men can say more than others. But the preacher may want to say more than can be crowded into that narrow limit. If he aims to give a sermon of unusual excellence he will be compelled to say more. Not many great sermons have been preached in half an hour, still fewer in less time. Sermonettes are not usually adapted to the highest style of preaching. The man who from choice, or in obedience to what others require of him, confines himself to the half-hour or twenty-minute limit, will rarely make a great or strong preacher. The bird which attempts nothing but short flights will never gather much strength of wing or rise high toward the clouds. Preachers should feel at liberty to attempt loftier flights than can be reached in twenty or thirty minutes. It was the contention of Dr. Jefferson Hascall, one of the prominent men in New England Methodism and one of its ablest preachers, that we are spoiling the young men in our Methodist ministry by insisting that they study brevity in their pulpit efforts. The result of so doing, he said, is that many of them are making their sermons very short, and shortness is their chief merit. And surely that grand old man was a shining example of the doctrine he thus set forth—the doctrine that the strong sermon requires a liberal allowance of time. His sermons were seldom less than an hour in length. We have heard him on a camp ground when he

held the audience spellbound for upward of an hour, and few apparently thought his sermon long. Who that heard Bishop Simpson would wish curtailment of the time occupied in his sermon? And he seldom preached less than an hour, frequently exceeding that limit. The bishops of our Methodist Church are supposed to be superior preachers, and we naturally look for sermons of an uncommon order of excellence when they preach. Generally they measure up to our expectations, some of them nearly always, and rarely have we known one whose sermon was less than an hour in length. People did not desire or expect it to be less than that. We do not recall an instance when a bishop could have met the general demand with a sermon of twenty minutes, or even of half an hour.

To all this some one will say: "Are you holding up such instances as examples for our young men? You would not have them trained to preach sermons an hour long?" No; we plead for no such training. But we do plead that we never can have a body of strong preachers, whose sermons will command attention and do great work, while they are taught that brevity is an essential if not an indispensable element in their pulpit work. We mean, of course, that unreasonable brevity against which we are uttering our protest. What we would plead for is that, when a man's soul is on fire with some great theme which he would present in a sermon, he shall not feel compelled to restrain himself by the thought that he must not pass the narrow limit which this modern standard has set up. Rather, if he feels that he must have forty minutes, or fifty minutes, or, in exceptional instances, even an hour in which to set forth what has been revealed to him, he is not committing an unpardonable offense when he uses that amount of time. If he is a sensible man, and generally he is, he will not unduly trespass on the patience of his hearers either by a too frequent use of this larger liberty or by extending it at any time beyond proper bounds. With the feeling that the liberty is allowed he will be stimulated to a larger effort in the making of his sermons. Knowing that the general expectation has fixed for him the briefer period, he will not, because he cannot, plan or execute on so large a scale as he might otherwise do.

Thus far we have endeavored to indicate some of the circum-

stances under which a sermon should not be considered long, but there are occasions when it may be fairly so designated.

1. When it is not adapted to the audience to which it is delivered. We do not mean by this an adaptation to all the hearers of the sermon. This can rarely be expected. Our thought is that regard should be had to the character of the audience in general and the sermon suited as far as possible to the majority of those composing it. The sermon that would meet with ready welcome and be much appreciated in one place, and by a certain class of hearers, might quite utterly fail to be welcomed and to command attention in another place and before another congregation. Of this fact most preachers are ready witnesses.

2. The same result of wearisome length is sometimes reached when the preacher is not duly mindful of himself, of those human limitations fixed by his own bodily or mental condition at the time of the sermon's delivery. These, of course, vary and have much to do with the sermon as with many other things. The preacher knows them well; he knows that in one condition and mood he cannot acquit himself as he might in another, and if he is wise he will give heed to this fact and not attempt the impossible. There are times when the human machine is in splendid condition for action. The man is like a steed of fine mettle, with head erect and quivering nerve panting for the race. Physically and mentally he is in trim for work and he is eager for the fray. Preaching is then a joy; he has what he calls liberty; what Dr. J. O. Peck was accustomed to speak of as "a rattling good time." Then he is a magnetic man; his words and his manner impress and thrill his hearers and he and they are quite unconscious of the flight of time. Then it will be quite safe for him to extend his time beyond that claimed on other occasions. He may then preach forty, fifty minutes, or, on rare occasions, even an hour, and few, if any, will accuse him of prolixity or complain that he wearies them. We once heard Dr. Erastus Wentworth, a preacher of no common ability, say, "When my boat has been out fifteen minutes and I have not struck a favoring gale I turn about and paddle for land." Generally the preacher can discern within that length of time whether he has struck the favoring gale, whether his mood is

such that he can successfully hold the attention of the people for the ordinary or for an extraordinary period. But when the man in the pew begins to wriggle about and at somewhat frequent intervals to consult his watch, and the woman in the pew begins to look tired and to fan herself with increasing vigor, the preacher may safely take these acts as tokens that the gale is not favorable, and turn about his craft to paddle for land. And sometimes the sooner he reaches land the better.

The preaching of the gospel is surely the greatest work that God has ever committed to man. Hence among the greatest of questions must be as to what will in any way contribute to make that work what it was meant to be, "the power of God unto salvation." Happy is the preacher, called to this work, wise enough to appreciate its greatness and strong enough to meet its demands, and happy the people who receive this man as what he really is, an "ambassador for Christ," and his sermon as a message from Him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords."

Geo. A. Chadbourne

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A PASTOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS FLOCK

Robert McIntyre's Parting Address to First Church, Los Angeles, June 21, 1908, after his election to the Episcopal Office.¹

Acts 20. 25, 26, and 27: "*And now behold, I know that you all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God shall behold my face no more, wherefore, I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all of the counsel of God.*"

ANY man who is fit to be a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a person of deep feeling; he must have sentiment in himself and sympathy for other people, or he will be a conspicuous failure. The Scotch folks, knowing that sometimes a man answers another man's call to the ministry, have a phrase descriptive of his inadequacy and they call him a "stickit" minister. In our utterance that would be a "stick," a wooden man, a figure head, an unfeeling, repulsive thing, a ghastly and preposterous mistake. The backwoods Americans have done it even better than the Scotch and the old circuit riders nicknamed such a character a "wet log." That is the finest descriptive phrase I ever hear in connection with that theme—a "wet log." What is more beautiful than a dry, glowing, crackling, blazing log in an old-fashioned fireplace when the golden circles leap up the throat of the chimney like golden flies? And how comforting is the warmth diffused through the family circle as they sit around it, and the babe romps on the floor before the open fire and the color fills the whole room. But

¹The gospel ministry is the amplest sphere on earth for the free and splendid play of all high human faculties, and the true minister experiences many "a crowded hour of glorious life." No other life is so fascinating and satisfying. The enthusiasms of that life were incandescent in Robert McIntyre. A radiant figure he appears at the culmination of his pastoral life. In the sermon here presented we see and hear an impassioned man of God pouring out his heart to the people of his love, upon whom he had lavished himself self-forgetfully for six years. Within eight years McIntyre's hair had whitened; face had whitened and thinned; soul had whitened; till the man grown spiritual was like a pure flame burning on God's altar. Look on that glowing figure in the Los Angeles pulpit. Turn aside and see that burning bush afire with God; that gifted and consecrated preacher aflame with pastoral love. Well for us if we, too, catch the glorious contagion, the holy fire.

what is more discouraging than a wet log? It cannot glow; it cannot burn; it cannot shine, no sparks leap from it, no color burns from it, no warmth proceeds from it. It can only smoke and fizzle and splutter and die out. Poor, preposterous, despised, ineffective failure. That is what Cartwright called an unequipped and unfeeling preacher—a "wet log." Therefore, I repeat that the man who will make a success in the ministry of any evangelical church must have profound feeling and emotion and a great capacity for loving, and that means a great capacity for suffering, for whoever loves much suffers much. This is God's ordinance.

Paul was such a man. He says that in parting with this Ephesian Church, their tears nearly break his heart. I am coming to that place in my career where I break the pastoral tie with this glorious church, and not only break the pastoral tie with this church, but I break it forever. I will never again have a church, never again have a people to pray for me and follow me with their petitions sent to the skies, never again be the leader of a flock, never again go in and out among the homes of my own people, never again be the leader or guide, the father and the friend of a church of active Christian people. If Paul was ready to faint under the pressure of his farewell, what do you think are my feelings at this hour, for Paul never had such a church as I have? Paul never saw such a church as this; he never dreamed of a church as good as this; he only had a handful of raw heathens in the dark, pagan days, like a little flock of sheep amid a world of wolves. No culture, no education, no social standing, no influence, no power, no anything. They only had the love of God in their hearts and gratitude to him, but he was a true pastor, the man of stout heart, of level head, of clear seeing and the sanctified soul burning with emotion, flaming with zeal, and so after three years he leaves them, and it is a very melting scene, one of the most beautiful pictures in the whole world. I ask you to look at it and study it with me this morning, for it typifies what is in my breast this hour, and what I would fain believe is in the heart of a thousand people here.

You understand that when I compare myself with Paul, I am glad to say that my church is greater than his, but I, myself, am far smaller. I, of course, think of myself as a little rill hidden in the shadows of the primeval forest, flowing between the roots of the grass, scarcely seen, and he is the mighty Mississippi, rolling down through many States and watering half a continent, and floating navies on its breast, and mirroring the clouds by day and the stars by night, yet

I know that the water in the brook and the water in the river are just the same, and the feeling in my heart and the feelings in his heart are just the same in essence, though utterly different in volume. I cannot measure the scope, the depths, the heights of his emotion, but my small heart is filled with the same struggling and mysterious conflict of spiritual and earthly things that filled his that day when the brethren fell on his neck and accompanied him to the ship.

I have noticed that a little candle burning in the humble cottage is just the same in essence as the great beacon light on the seashore that shines thirty miles across the wave. My light compared with Paul's light is the tallow dip compared to the great seashore beacon, but in essence the light is the same. I feel in a measure what he felt. I am doing in a measure what he did, and in my own way I am saying to you what he said eighteen hundred years ago to his people.

You notice that my text is in three verses; each verse contains a different thought, and the thought makes a steady development, and my sermon therefore will have this triune division. The first verse tells of parting; the second tells of purity; the third tells of preaching.

First, the parting. "Behold I now know that you all." Thank the Almighty Master for that word—"you all." He put his arms round the whole company, not omitting a man or a woman there, or a child there, not the old gray-haired and wise men, not the new warm burning convert, not picking and choosing the first or the last, but "you all." I know that you all see his great heart beating and feel the pulsation of his mighty soul as it sends its rhythmic throbbings to the remotest one in that little church in Asia Minor. "Now behold, I know that you all." That is what I want to say to-day. First, you all. All of you, everyone, I am talking to now, I am praying for now, I am pleading for now, I am leaving now, you all every one of you, among whom I have gone preaching the Kingdom of God, shall see my face no more after this hour's work is done. I will go down and out and return never as a pastor of this church or any church, nor do I expect to speak here for a long time in any capacity. Here where I have been a prince, where I have been upon my own throne for nearly six years; here where I have been the happiest man alive; here where I have known celestial joy and unspeakable sorrow; here where I have poured my heart's best blood into my sermons; here where I have preached as I never preached anywhere else; here where the descending heavens have bent above me; here where I have felt Jesus standing beside me; here where the Holy Ghost has guided me

in ministering the sacrament to the thousands; here I am to break all these ties to-day. And they will never be knitted together again in this world. I said the preacher had to be a man of extreme sensitiveness to do his work, for the gospel is a love story. No flinty heart can tell it; no mouth can utter it; no "wet log" can publish it, no "stick-it" minister can declare it, but there is another reason why a time like this comes heavy on him, not only because of his own nature, but because of the nature of his work, for there is no human vocation, no mortal profession so tender as this outside of the sweet ties of the family circle and the dear sanctity of the fireside. It is the closest and most intimate relation. Every time I baptize a child of a family at this altar, I baptize myself also into friendship in that family. They will never forget me; every time I join two of our young folks in marriage I unite myself with that new-born home, and they will never forget me. Every time I stand by the casket with my little book and read the solemn words, and go with them to the graves and look down into the deep place where the loved one's remains are laid, I make a nest for myself in the heart of that family, and how often that has come to me in these six years! How many death beds I have visited and comforted the departing souls and held the cold hand as the spirit flitted out toward the sky; how many mourners I have cheered, how many broken hearts I have refreshed, how many caskets in front of this altar I have looked into! I have seen the silvery sire, and the white-haired mother, lying in the shroud; I have seen the man and woman, husband and wife, in the prime of life; I have seen the brave man and bonny maiden and dear little babes like snowdrops in the white casket; I have laid them away, in our cemeteries, scores and hundreds of them, and you can feel how this has taken me into all these families. Being by nature a man of sympathy, I have been bound to them, and now, as Paul says, I go away from all this forever. It means a great deal to a pastor, and I have to go back to Paul for an expression of it.

You know that the New Testament is the greatest book that ever came or ever will come into the world, and in it we have the greatest man that ever lived writing his first letter to the Thessalonian Church and showing the pastor's relation to his people. Paul was an expert in all the things of the soul; his great, eagle eyes looked into the spiritual matters which concern us; no husks or shells could blind or baffle the eagle vision of that mighty man and he tells what I am trying to stammer forth now, how dear the church is to the pastor;

he says, "You are our glory and our joy." Now I am not saying that; I might perhaps overstate, I might go too far, but this great theologian, this profound scholar, this holy saint of God said that his little church of the Thessalonians was his glory and his joy. I wonder what Paul would have said if he had been pastor of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles. He never saw anything like it. It may be that he never dreamed of anything like it—certainly with the loving eye he never gazed on what I have here, and yet he called that little people, that small flock huddled round him, "my glory and my joy." You will not blame me then if I apply to my big church what he applied to his little church—"My glory and my joy."

The word "glory" as he uses it there means the thing of which he could glory or righteously boast, and have I not been able to do that of this church? O, how many times my heart has danced to hear others praise you and mine eyes have grown moist as I listened to strangers sing your praises in distant lands. I used to say this was one of the two or three great Methodist churches in America. Since I made my recent trip East and talked with those who know all about such matters, I have come back to change my statement and to say that this First Church of Los Angeles is in the estimation of the leaders of Methodism the model church of our denomination in all the world. I have learned, yet I do not dare to state it myself, though I suspected it, that the one or two churches that I thought were ahead of us are not ahead; that while one or two outnumber us, there is nowhere such solidarity, such perfect unity, such spiritual love, such sacrificial giving, such noble endeavor as there is here. You know this is not my church now; this is no more my church than any other church; all the churches are mine now. I am a general superintendent and I have just as much interest in every church in Iowa, in Massachusetts, in the Philippine Islands, in Europe, as I have in this. My relations—my particular relations—to you ended the last day of May. Knowing all this, that they are all mine, that I now am father of them all, just as I am of this, keeping this fact in mind and weighing all my words, trying to do justice to every one, I am here to declare that I recognize this to be the foremost Methodist church on earth. Blessed be the man who comes here to be your pastor. How often I have praised God for you, how often in distant lands, on great platforms before large assemblies, I have gloried in you. How often in meeting aliens under distant skies they have caught my hands and thanked God for you. How often I have torn

open letters and read glowing words concerning you. How often I have been rejoiced to find your work known far and wide, your renunciation and your endeavor for God. You have been my glory and you have been my joy.

Glory, in Paul's phrase, as he used it here, concerning his church, means the thing that he could say outwardly and tell others. Joy means the thing that he felt in himself and never could put into speech. Have you not been my joy?

I have had eight churches—every one of them fine, from a little church in the prairie grass, where I builded the edifice with my own hands, up to this stately temple, every one of them better than I deserve. I have never had the shadow of a trouble, or suspicion of a quarrel, or even a misunderstanding with any member of any church that I have served in thirty long years, and I can go back to them one by one to-day and not only be welcome, but in every family of every church I can draw my chair and sit down to the table and be a welcome guest at the feast, and every man, woman, and child will greet me kindly.

My churches have been on a rising scale, each one better than the last, and this, the final church, the blossom, the consummation, of all. I never would have been general superintendent of our denomination but for you. I do not mean that you planned it, as you did; that you worked for it, as you did; that you sent many prayers, as you did. I do not mean that; that is known; that is well known; but that is not what I mean to say. I never would have been fit for the office which I now hold if it had not been for the spiritual work on my soul that came to me through this church. I believe that God brought me here by that mysterious way that I little understood then, to throw me into the heart of a living, vital, godly people. All the people who come here every winter from various places, say, "You are a different man, Dr. McIntyre, a different man, since you came to Los Angeles; you always could talk, you always could draw crowds of people, but it was poetry and description and humor and pathos and argument and emotion. You could sway and move and melt and draw, but something has happened to you on this coast. Something has come over you, my man." And again they have said to me, "Where did you get this fresh baptism, where were you so brought into the heart of the gospel, where did the Holy Ghost overtake you?" And I tell them all, "Here." Why, do you suppose I can part with such a church as this, that has been my glory and my joy, that has

brought me the greatest honor in Methodism on earth, without some pangs?

Just now, you understand that I am working under heavy restraint, that I dare not trust my feelings lest I be overwhelmed in a flood of emotion, if I dared to tell what I owe to this church. And not to this church only, but to this town. I take this last occasion to bear witness that all the people, from the Mayor down to the news-boys on the street, have been kindly to me. I am debtor to this whole town. I can never pay it, but I am glad to acknowledge it. I cannot account for it. I have ceased to try. I have asked God a dozen times in the last two weeks what it all means, but he does not say anything. Roman Catholics, Jews, colored folks, people I do not even know by name and would not know if they were standing here seem interested in me, praying for my welfare.

Now what do you think of a man who is compelled suddenly to tear up and leave a church and a town like that? Do you think it is an easy thing to do, especially if a man has a preacher's temperament and a preacher's heart? No. Well, that is just what Paul had to do, and just what I have to do; so I say, I have come to the parting, honored far above my deserts, for I want to say to you, with an emphasis that shall carry it into your consciousness that you may hear it; that is, that I am not worthy of the least of all that the church or the people have done for me. I am but a plain man, a common man, an average man, an ordinary man; I bow my head in humility, but I lift it again and add, my lips trembling, "But He who leads me knows my heart. I am God's man; I have been for many years utterly so. I have no will of my own, have not had for a long while, but I have sunk down deep into the life of God in these latter days. And now I say, "O God, I cannot doubt the One who has brought me thus far; lead thou me on." So I break all these tender ties because I must; I am a man under orders. I do not feel the honor so much as I feel the responsibility. I go out to do my best and to stir up our church to save the lost souls of the world.

Secondly, Paul mentioned his own purity. He said, "Having made the parting while our heart-ties are bleeding, while our reluctant fingers are slipping over one another, while the ship waits, and the wind swells the sails, and the sailors are calling me to go away from you forever, I want you to raise your hand and bear record that I am pure from the blood of all men." The emphatic word is "blood." Preaching is a thing of blood. Did you think it was a thing of ora-

tory, or rhetoric, or theology, or entertainment? You have not the point of view at all. If you could get Paul's point of view you would not envy any preacher any honor that could come to him. Preaching is a thing of blood. Paul means to say that if he has not done his whole duty there is blood on him, the blood of lost souls, the blood of damned spirits wailing through eternity. And he lifts his hand to swear and asks them to witness that there is no blood on him—that he is pure.

I am glad he used that word, that he is pure from the blood of all men. Now, that one word blood will mean a great deal, for it will make you understand why the preacher tears and rends his soul to pieces to get people saved. A man said, "Why does Mr. McIntyre half kill himself every Sunday? I see him going home on the car and he can hardly sit up. It seems as if his soul would rend his body. Why don't he take it easier? They would pay him just as much. They would be as well satisfied if they got less." The only trouble I have ever had was to keep them from paying me more. I came back from a vacation and found they had a thousand dollars more stuck onto my salary, and the first thing I had to do was to fight with the official board to cut it off. Some people complain that they are never treated right by their churches. Out of my eight churches, I have had to command five of them to cut my salary down, and fight to have them do it. "They would pay me just as much." They would pay me far more. I am not in this business for pay; I am not seeking money; I told the Lord that in my first charge, and he has seen that I never lacked any money.

You will better understand why the preacher begs and prays and pleads and why he sends for the evangelist and walks the aisles and enters the pews and puts out his hands and with streaming face begs the soul to come to God. He has Paul's notion that it is a question of blood. You who thought it was a question of popularity—you would forgive the poor preacher if you knew it all. If you could get one glimpse of this business as he sees it, you would not wonder that California is full of broken-down preachers who have crushed their physical natures in trying to rescue men. It is a thing of blood as Paul looks at it.

See him as he looks at the folds of his tunic, and says, "Now before I go, lift your hands and swear every one of you that I am clean and pure from the blood of all men," and that is what I want to do to-day. If I have wronged any soul here, I know I have not done it

wittingly, and if I have done it unwittingly I will do anything I can on earth to make it right, for I want to be clean from the blood of all souls.

Three weeks ago in Baltimore I passed through the most solemn ordination that can come to any man in the world. In the presence of three or four thousand people I was consecrated to the bishopric of our church; being the seventh in number, I had time to study the whole scene, for they were consecrated one by one, and it was thirty minutes before they came to me (I being next to the last), and as they drew near—the two Bishops and two elders, who should lay their hands on my head and say, “We consecrate this man to the office of Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church”—I said, searching my own inmost secret soul, “Now, McIntyre, if there is any sin in you, there is yet time for an honorable confession. Rise and say before this house that you will not submit to this service; that you will not have it,” and down I went, forgetting the voices of the Bishops, forgetting everything. I looked again down into my soul and I said, “O God, speak and let me hear if I am right with thee”—and long before the Bishops’ hands touched my head, I felt another touch, and before their voices I heard another voice say, “Peace, be still and know that I am God. I have led thee thus far through many sorrows, with many sorrows ahead, but I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” And I looked up and said, “I am ready,” and I want to stand here and say that so far as I know I am pure from the blood of all men. If I owe any man a dollar let him come to me next week and I will pay him, and if I have wronged any man or woman I apologize now in this public way, and if they will come to me later I will do it privately. If I have harmed any child or in any way hindered a soul I beg that soul’s forgiveness and will gladly do anything to make it right, for I desire above all the favor of God. I am going to have that at any price. He has sometimes asked me to pay him the dearest treasure for it, and I have done it, and again I will do it; but I am going to be God’s man and do God’s will while I live. That much is settled forever.

Now, lastly, Paul comes to his preaching. “For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.” The emphatic word is that word “all”—all the counsel of God. The counsel of God is like a bell. You have heard a deep-toned bell ring out its solemn message. Around through every one of those millions of atoms runs that thrilling sound, and that great broad mouth sends on the air its

message of joy or sorrow, but if there is a single crack in that bell, then all the rest of it is dead. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of it may be perfect, but unless it is all there, if there is a crack in that bell, the bell may be as broad in its mouth as this room or the sweep of these galleries, like the great bell in Moscow, as big as a house—but if there is a crack not wider than a hair from your baby's head, every atom in that bell is ruined. When the bell is perfect, all atoms in harmony, uncracked, unbroken, touch it and through every atom runs the solemn tone, "I am a good bell," but if the crack is there it is not all perfect. You strike and the note begins well, runs a distance and then flats, and just so with the gospel. It is a perfect unison, splendid harmony, close symmetry, and magnificent solidarity, but the trouble with the people who preach it in many cases is this that they do not preach *all* the gospel. They begin well and run on till they strike a crack. One of the doctrines is holiness. If it is left out the whole message flats. There is no resonance, no music, no salvation, no angelic echoes, no heavenly symphony—nothing.

Now, Paul asks them to swear that he is clean, because he preached all the counsel of God. I want the three thousand people or more here who have heard me all these years, to bear witness not outwardly but inwardly in your own souls each to yourself, that I have preached the whole gospel of God, all of the gospel—all of the gospel.

It comes in four parts—four corner stones. The kingdom of heaven is like unto a great temple in the earth, and the corner stones are these: Sin, Salvation, Sanctification, Service. I begin each division with a word that commences with "S," so that you may remember it.

Take the first corner stone and look at it. Have I kept clearly before you the horrible fact of *Sin*? Have I minimized it or covered it up or explained it away? Have I called it ignorance or foolishness or blindness, or inability or fate or luck or fortune, or any foolish heathen name? Have I not kept the Bible term, that terrible little word sin—have I not kept that before you plainly? You cannot go anywhere in the Bible till you get first things first, and the first and most important fact is that of sin—sin, that is evil, sin—a leprosy, sin—a fever, sin—epidemic, sin—writhing the soul, polluting the flesh, poisoning the blood, destroying the soul, introduced by Satan, the whole race inoculated, hurrying down toward destruction, to spite God. Afterward he was cast out of heaven. Satan strikes, through the children of earth, the Father heart on high. The horror of sin—

I have kept that before you. I have not covered it up with garlands. I have preached (as Paul preached) all the counsel, but not in the same way as Paul preached it—I could not do that. Paul used a golden dipper with water sparkling and bubbling, and I had to take a common gourd, a different dipper, but the water was the same. We got it out of the same well, the same fountain, the same blessed river of life, and I could give it to the people even as Paul could, as far as the salvation is concerned.

It was like a great violin. It has only four strings—sin, salvation, sanctification, service. When I took it in my clumsy fingers, I could strike only a few notes, only bring to you a suggestion, but Paganini takes the same instrument and sweeps his fingers over the same strings, and wonderful music comes out of the same violin; so Paul's grand, majestic harmony and my little, poor, cheap homilies were played on the same four strings with the same bow, a sinner's heart saved by grace. This I did even as he did, I kept sin before you, not because I loved it, not because I like to paint black pictures—I am a natural optimist—but I had to begin at the beginning and the curse and plague of this earth (which has a thousand names) is really only one thing, sin.

And the next is *Salvation*, the old love story—the sweetest story ever told. I am a lover myself, and have the happiest home in America, the dearest wife that a man ever had, but I never heard one or read one or felt one that came within a million miles of the sweet story of my Lord, who came to save his bride, the church. I have told it to you in a thousand ways. I have swept the earth, sea, and sky for similes, metaphors, and illustrations about my Lord. I've pictured Calvary a hundred times. I've told you of the crucifixion in every manner. I have wept and shouted, I have stood with you while the men took his body down. I have gone with you through the joys of the Easter morn. I have sat with Mary Magdalene at the open grave. I have gathered in the upper room with the apostles. I have stood on Olivet. I have rejoiced as I have told of this salvation.

And then I have told you of the other—*Sanctification*. Many halt before they get to this. They have not declared all of the counsel. Holiness is in the Bible, in the Old and the New. The Bible is a holy book; in fact, the word holy is on the outside of it. It is the holy Bible, and it was sent to make this world holy. Holy men and holy women—that is its essence, and I've taught you that. This is my final word to you, my beloved church, you who were my own

people, you who are dearer to me than the blood drops that rush through this heart of mine, you whom I hope to meet in heaven with the loved ones gone before. My people, my people, I want to meet you all there, and I never can without holiness, for without holiness no man shall see the Lord; without holiness you cannot do much service. Holiness is God's kit of tools. You have seen Niagara where it seems as if everything in this world is going downward, everything is pouring down; the Almighty has gathered in his hand the crystal waters of a thousand lakes and a hundred rivers throughout the north and dashed it over the edge of that mighty precipice and from the Sisters' Island above to the whirlpool below, it is all pouring down, foam, spume, and froth, a million waters roaring on downward, all tending irresistibly downward; but I stood there one day and saw put out from the landing into the thick of that roaring flood a plucky little ship called The Maid o' the Mist, and that small steamboat turned her nose against that stream and sailed right up in the teeth of the roaring waters. I took off my hat and shouted for the glorious little ship, and I said, "How is it that one thing goes up while a thousand go down? One thing goes against a world of descending waters. How is it?" I know and you know, it was the coal in the furnace, touched by the fire releasing the hidden power, but whence came the coal? Scientists tell us it is bottled-up sunshine stored by our Lord in this earth, and it is the sunlight. It is another world, 90,000,000 miles away, that is driving that little thing against that whole rolling torrent that is going the other way; and so our Lord sends Paul out there in that heathen world where everything goes hellward, where it is slavery, and cruelty, where there is drunkenness, immorality, heathenism—one soul going steadily upward by the power of another world forcing him onward. Holiness of God is in his heart. The Bible is stored-up holiness of God making the human heart able to steady itself against the powers of sin.

Service—I have tried to stir you up. Some of you wouldn't be stirred. You say, "Don't rouse me. I want to sleep. I want to be a Christian and give a dollar now and then, but I cannot do any real active work." I fear some of you deserve comparison with the old woman whose epitaph appeared on a New England tombstone:

Here lies an old woman who always was tired,
She lived in a house where no help was hired,
She is now up in heaven, where anthems are ringing,
But having no voice, she will get out of singing;
Don't mourn for her now and don't mourn for her ever,
She has gone to do nothing for ever and ever.

O! that fits some of you—but not many. You have seen and I have seen the four corner stones, and one of the finest and best of them all is service. Service! Why, you crowded me and begged me to find work and kept Mrs. Burch and myself busy finding new plans. You have given money until I have had to say "Stop." At this moment I have \$1,000 waiting for me down in one of the banks for Christian work. I won't accuse many of you of idleness. But the grandest work is ahead of you. I am proud of you, but there are better days coming in this church than you ever saw.

Now, I close. Now I am done. The angel of the backward look and folded wings of ashen gray will close the brazen covers of this book and set it in the archives of the past, and it will never be opened again till the white light of the judgment. When we stand before the Book of God, some pressed flowers will tumble out of the pages and the angel will look at me and say, "What are these?" And I will say, "They are the forget-me-nots of First Church of Los Angeles." Set it away; no more can be written; I cannot change them. I would change them if I could. It is too late, too late.

Now I have two requests to make: First, that you will praise and help my successor as you have praised and helped me. He is coming with a spotless record behind him. He is coming in all the splendor of his power. He is an eloquent preacher and a man you will love. Take him to your heart. Take his family as you took mine. Don't talk about me after he comes. Don't let him know that I was here. He will learn that some day. Don't dare to tell him that McIntyre did this or said that. Take hold of him with a warm grip and say, "Dr. Locke, you are among friends right now." I am somewhere else. I have finished here and I go. When I go, I go. I have never gone back to Saint James Church in Chicago, nor Trinity Church in Denver, nor Grace Church, in Chicago, though they have asked me to come repeatedly. I will not go.

The last request is a very personal one. I shall never have another charge. I am to be a wanderer up and down the earth for the sake of the cause, and not connected particularly with any one place, but I feel that after thirty years' attachment to a church, always having had a church that I could call my own, I cannot go without asking you to remember me in your prayers. Not audibly, but in your secret prayers and in your family circle, for I want to cling to the last one, the one church praying for me. I naturally feel that I love it best. I want to feel that this one church is praying for me

and my welfare. I will be thousands of miles away, sometimes in foreign countries. I will often think of you. I want to feel that many of you remember me in prayer. Now this is my last request—I want to have your prayers.

Now the final words. I have always been rich in the love of the outside people. You have paid your good money in these baskets to support me and my family. Do you think I am deaf, dumb, and blind to this? If you do, you don't know me. If I dared to—if I could trust myself just now, I would say something to these outsiders. It is pathetic to know that there are things left undone. It saddens me to know that there are those at the last minute for whom something could be done and the opportunity not forthcoming.

I want to be remembered as Old Aunt Mary in James Whitcomb Riley's poem:

Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up beside and o'er
The clap-board roof, and her face, Ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see?
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

I want to be remembered as standing in the open door of this church as I say farewell to my congregation—farewell.¹

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE STRUGGLE FOR DELIVERANCE

Rom. 7. 14-25

In considering Paul's interpretation of Christianity we have called attention to the various steps of his argument in the Epistle to the Romans. We have discussed the wonderful chapter in which what is known as Paul's "mysticism" reaches the very heart of the Pauline System of Thought.

In the closing verses of the sixth chapter of the Epistle, Paul sets forth the blessed results of the union of the believer with Christ, and the great principle of God's moral government; verses 22 and 23: "And now, being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit

¹At the close of this address Robert McIntyre received forty-five new members into the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Los Angeles as his last pastoral act.

unto holiness, and the end everlasting life; for the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

He now proceeds to show more fully that Christianity is to produce its fruit unto holiness by the figure of marriage; that the law has dominion over man only while he lives; it can have no power when he is dead. The woman is bound to her husband by law while he lives, but she is released from that law if he shall have died. Therefore, he argues, through the union of the believer with Christ the law ceases to have dominion over him; he is no longer married to it or united to it, but he has become married to another, even Jesus Christ, who has been raised from the dead, and the result is that we should bring forth fruit unto God, and serve in newness of the spirit rather than the oldness of the letter. Rom. 7. 1-6.

From the seventh to the thirteenth verse Paul answers the questions which might arise in view of his previous discussion concerning law and grace, "Is the law sin?" and proceeds to show that the law is not sin, nor the cause of sin, but that "the law is holy, and the commandments holy, and just, and good."

The apostle now turns to the relation of law to life. The passage, 7. 14-25, has been the battle ground of the exegetes ever since Augustine during the Pelagian controversy changed his mind, and took the position that it was the description of a regenerate man. The followers of Calvin have taken this view generally. The Greek fathers held that it refers to an unregenerate man, and Arminian exegetes have uniformly held this opinion. The discussion centers largely around verses 14 and 22: "For we know that the law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold under sin" (Rom. 7. 14); "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man" (Rom. 7. 22). The former, it is claimed, is a state too low to be applied to a person who had entered into the new life in Christ described in the sixth chapter. The latter has been regarded as too high a state to be applied to an unregenerate man. By spiritual is meant here that which is inspired of God, the expression of the Holy Spirit. "It describes the man in his natural state, including not only his material body, but his mental and volitional operations so far as they are limited or dominated by his earthly and temporal concerns." (Parry.) The phrase "sold under sin" is the language of the slave market. Lightfoot says, "Sin is my taskmaster, compelling me to do what I would not do of myself." This view of the state of bondage is shown in the next verse, "For not what I would that do I practice, but what I hate that I do." He is no longer his own master, but under a tyranny which he hates. "Sold so as to be under sin; enslaved to sin as by a regular sale and purchase." (Vaughan.)

The phrase, "sold under sin" must not be considered apart from its context.

Let us follow Paul's further description of his religious condition at the time here indicated. He further asserts his bondage by the statement that in doing what he hates, he pays a tribute to the moral excellence of the law. This shows that his deeds are done in defiance of the beauty of the law. He declares that he is powerless, still in bondage, verse 17: "So

now it is no more I that do it, but evil that dwelleth in me." "It is as if I were two persons, not one; my true, my better self desires what is right, but overmastered by an evil power which, though an alien, has taken up its abode in me and manages me against my will." (Vaughan.)

Sin also controls his will: "For the good which I would do, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I practice." (Verse 19.) "But if what I would not, that I do, it is no more I that do it, but sin which dwelleth in me." (Verse 20.) My will inclines me to do right; I want to do the good thing, but sin so controls me that I am not able to perform the good; when I aspire after the good, and fain would do it, I find the evil is in me, and I am helpless before its power; my inner man, my inner life, aspires after the highest things, but I find that the will warring in my members holds me back.

The twenty-first verse mentions the word law in the broader sense of principle; namely, that this contradiction between "God's law and the law of the mind" is ever present: "I find then the law that to me, who would do good, evil is present." The margin of the Revised Version substitutes "in regard to the law" for "the law." The dominance of this is still present in spite of his good purpose.

The twenty-second verse sets forth the complacency with which Paul regards the law. "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man." Those who apply this verse to the experience of the regenerate regard "the inward man" as meaning the new man, the Christian man, who has experienced the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit.

The inner man is defined in the lexicon as "the mind, soul, as Eph. 3. 16." Abbott says (International Commentary), "The inner man is not the new man, but is the higher moral and rational nature, the reason which by its constitution is in harmony with the divine law, but in the unregenerate is enslaved to the power of sin in the flesh." Beet, "It is the inner and higher element in man which is farthest from the world around." (2 Cor. 4. 16.)

The cry for deliverance in the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses is a strong corroboration of the view here presented, that the reference is not to a man fully regenerated. His agreement with the law and its lofty ideals has not reached the form of full acceptance of Jesus Christ as his personal and complete Saviour. His appeal in the twenty-fourth verse is too strong for that. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." The word rendered "deliver" is a very strong word. It might be represented by "rescue," as from a prison house, or from the dominance of a victorious conqueror.

There is a deliverer and a deliverance. Man is not left to himself, to his ignorance, or blind impulses. There is a power that makes for righteousness, and that power is the Lord Jesus Christ.

This delight of the unregenerate in the law of God after the inward man is confirmed as to its meaning by Beet's extended and apt references to classical authors in his commentary. In this whole passage there is no mention of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit appears only when the cry of

deliverance is answered in Rom. 8. 2: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death."

The purpose of this paper is not critical, but practical. Important points are untouched which need extended elucidation.

We have not raised the question as to the specific reference of the "I's" so frequently repeated. The natural reference seems to be to Paul's state before his conversion.

This view harmonizes with his state as mentioned in Phil. 3. 6: "As touching zeal, persecuting the church; as touching righteousness which is in the law, found blameless." This refers to the time before his conversion on the way to Damascus.

Whatever interpretations have been put upon Romans 7. 14-25, there is in these last verses at the close of the experience here described an agonizing question which has found answer, and the apostle rejoices that through Jesus Christ his rescue has been achieved.

This passage is important as a study in Christian experience, and no one can arise from its prayerful consideration without the desire to live the higher Christian life; the life of holiness.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS

"THE great and terrible wilderness wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions and thirsty ground, where there was no water," was the way in which Moses characterized the Desert of the Exodus. It had evidently not changed, centuries later, when Jeremiah called it "a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought and deep darkness, a land that none passed through, and where no man dwelt" (2. 6). After the lapse of three millenniads, it is still the same old wilderness, with its labyrinth of narrow wadies, precipitous cliffs, rough and rugged lime-stone hills, banded with occasional other strata, hot in summer, cold in winter, desolate at all seasons. According to the latest travelers through this barren waste, there is in this entire region, through which Moses led the Hebrews, but one running stream of living water. No wonder, therefore, that it is practically uninhabited, and the few who manage to exist within its limits "are very small, very spare, and sadly shriveled up—poor over-roasted snipe, mere cinders of men." Indeed, "the wearying monotony of senseless rounded hills and unmeaning valleys make this southern desert of Syria one of the most inhospitable of all deserts." Yet dreary and monotonous as it is, it has been the subject of thorough study and careful exploration, age after age, to our own day. Travelers, archæologists, Bible students, and men of science have spent many weary months in this inhospitable land and have subjected almost every square mile of it to a minute examination, chiefly because of the role it played in the story of the patriarchs and early Israel.

Professor Robinson and Dr. Eli Smith spent several weeks here in 1839, on their way from Suez to Palestine. The volumes of these men concerning this trip are still well worth reading. Captain Wilson, of the British army, made a survey of the Sinai district, including Jebel Musa and Jebel Serbal, in 1868-69, when 700 miles of marches and an area of more than 4,000 square miles was reconnoitered by him and his assistants, covering the entire territory through which the Hebrews are supposed to have passed on their way to the Promised Land.

As Captain Wilson had confined his explorations almost entirely to Sinai and its immediate surroundings, the Palestine Exploration Fund engaged Professor Palmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, of Cambridge, England, to make careful investigations of the territory north of Mount Sinai. These two gentlemen traveled afoot from Sinai to Ain Hudherah and Nakl, about midway between Suez and Akaba. They proceeded north to Wady el Arish as far as Jebel Aralf, a lofty peak, from the summit of which they had an extensive view. They then went to Ain Kadeis—of which we shall speak later. From Ain Kadeis they followed their way to El Auja, once an important place, but now quite desolate. Passing Esbeita and Khalasa they proceeded in a northeasterly direction through Beersheba and Hebron as far as Jerusalem. The two volumes by Dr. Palmer, entitled *The Desert of the Exodus*—a standard work to this day—are the fruits of this journey.

It was in 1883 that Professor Edward Hull and his son, Dr. E. Gordon Hull, and three other men of science were sent to the Araba—a stretch of land extending from the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Akaba—in order to examine the geology, meteorology, and botany of that region. Captain Kitchener, now the most famous general in the British Empire, and Mr. George Armstrong accompanied these scientific men in order to make a survey of the Araba. In addition to the scientific data collected on this trip, there was also made “a complete triangulation of the district lying between the mountains of Sinai and the Wady Araba, bounded on the west by the table-land of Tih, and on the east by the mountains of Edon and Moab.”

The last survey, and the one deserving our special attention, was that in 1913-14, by Captain Newcombe and Lieutenant Greig, both officers of the British army, and now in the active service. Their work was confined to the Negeb, immediately west of the Araba, or that region south of a line drawn from Rafah on the Mediterranean to Beersheba, thence south to the north end of the Gulf of Akaba. This completed the survey of the entire Peninsula of Sinai. The Bible student owes a great debt to the Palestine Exploration Fund for this scientific information, and were it not for this society it is probable that the British government would not have lent so willing a hand to the enterprise and consented to send its experienced engineers and surveyors to these desolate wastes, and yet, no doubt, Great Britain rejoices to-day that it possesses such accurate knowledge of this portion of the Turkish Empire. Two archaeologists were sent to join Captain Newcombe and Lieutenant Greig, so that there could be not only a scientific survey, but also the latest archaeological

data for the benefit of the future historian and explorer. Though the British officers and their subordinates spent less than four months in the field, the area surveyed and minutely explored by them was more than 4,500 square miles. Owing to conditions arising from the horrible war now in progress, the maps and much data submitted by them to the society have been withheld, temporarily, from the public. Were it not for that fact, a much more valuable and elaborate work might have been given us by the Palestine Exploration Fund, than that published by Woolley and Lawrence, entitled, *The Wilderness of Zion* (Archæological Report), 1915.

This volume, a quarto of 154 pages, is, nevertheless, very interesting, profusely illustrated, having no fewer than thirty-seven pages of plates, from photographs taken by the authors on the spot. There are also many plans of churches, forts, and various other buildings, a large number of cuts of different objects, two maps: one of the region around Ain Kadeis and the other showing the route and localities described. There are, besides, a goodly number of inscriptions in Nabatean, Greek, and Arabic, some of them new, but none of paramount importance.

This awful desert, explored by Woolley and Lawrence, is described vividly and at length, and, no doubt, accurately. If not accurately, let us hope that Mr. Lawrence's critics will be less drastic, and may deal more leniently with him than he has with his predecessors. The volume would have been quite as valuable if some of its sarcastic criticisms had been omitted.

Rocks and stones so abundant in this desert are fully discussed. Of these there are limestone, diorite, flint, and sandstone. There is a noticeable absence of verdure and trees, though there is plenty of broom, some juniper, and tamarisk—all stunted and dwarfed—used chiefly for fuel. The hills are high and the wadies narrow. The broader valleys "are drowned from bank to bank under the great billows of moving sand-dunes, and overgrown with colocynth, which emphasizes their incurable desolation." There are rains, violent and incessant in winter, which wash everything before them. Thus the alluvial deposits of one rain are driven away by a succeeding flood, or dried up by the subsequent intense heat. No wonder the poor Bedouin, inured though he be to hardships, becomes discouraged, folds up his tent in despair, and seeks a more genial clime.

The climate is thoroughly bad. Professor Palmer, Holland, and others have maintained that climatic conditions have changed in this wilderness. Mr. Lawrence, on the other hand, basing his opinion upon archæological reasons, contends that there has been no change. There is a remarkable scarcity of monuments. Even those of the stone age are conspicuous by their absence, a positive proof that man, even in the rudest ages, could not well have subsisted here. There is a great lack of flint instruments. Woolley and Lawrence found but four or five specimens on the entire trip up and down el Tih. What former travelers had regarded as flint implements are not the work of man, but of nature; of such there is enough "to sink a battleship."

Though few monuments of the stone age are found here, stone ruins of the Byzantine period abound. There are hundreds of ruined buildings, cairns, ring-graves, rectangular graves, as well as the more pretentious sepulchral chambers or tombs. There are round and rectangular shelter places, constructed for the protection of man and beast from the furious winds and storms. We also find smaller piles and ruder heaps, some of great antiquity, others the work of yesterday. The ring-graves at Kos-salma, ranging from two to five yards in diameter, take us back to the first half of the second millennium before Christ. And yet, though these are undoubtedly old, there are graves of precisely the same pattern which, if the broken pottery in and around them be any criterion, cannot antedate the Byzantine period, and, indeed, some of them are even much later. This is not strange, for in "the unchangeable East" the Arabs of to-day make graves precisely the same as those made by their predecessors in the days of Moses, David, and Mohammed. This unchangeableness is still more evident in connection with the so-called "Dead Man's Pile." It has been a custom from time immemorial, and is still, to pile up stones upon the spot where the body of a murdered person is found.

There was a time when the Nabateans ruled this desert and had their commercial routes from Petra to the coast. It is, however, astonishing how little they have left in buildings or inscriptions to preserve their memory.

The golden age of the Desert of el Tih must be sought neither in gray antiquity, nor yet in modern times, but rather in the Greek or Byzantine period. It was then that the emperors had to protect the routes from Syria and Mesopotamia to Egypt and southern Arabia. Forts had to be erected, and garrisons maintained at suitable distances, as well for military as commercial purposes. Auja, Abda, and Kurnub were walled castles with garrisons of regular troops, and there were forts at Alla and Khalasa. The church, too, helped to populate the desert. The soldiers of the cross and those of the emperor kept in close touch. Church and monastery nestled close to the fort and military post. Though prelates lived in elegant palaces in the larger and gayer cities, "piety fled to the wilderness." It was then that the desert was transformed into a garden, and very naturally, for "monks, soldiers, and merchants must all eat." The soil, arid as it was, had to be cultivated. Springs of water were few and far between; recourse, therefore, had to be had to irrigation and other devices. Fields were cleared of their stones. With these terraces were built on the slopes so as to preserve every particle of soil and loose dirt. Not only were the winter rains stored up in their natural channels in the narrow gulches by dams and barrages, but numberless cisterns and huge reservoirs were constructed on every hand. It was thus that the desert was changed into fertile fields and fruitful gardens, with rich vegetable growth, their palms, their olives and vines. Some of the towns, as Esbeita, had not a solitary natural spring, but were entirely dependent upon the water rained from heaven and stored away.

The traveler through this region is at once impressed by these ruins and remains of a splendid system of irrigation and cultivation, which,

being of Byzantine origin, and under direct Byzantine control, prospered greatly for a time, but, alas! had to be abandoned when the emperors were forced to take away their soldiers from these desert garrisons for wars in more fertile regions of the empire, as was Heraclius for his campaign in Persia. It was not long after this that the Arabs took possession of these old Byzantine towns and settlements in North Sinai. From that time desolation has reigned supreme, and yet, in spite of this desolation, merchants and travelers had to pass from north to south and *vice versa*. Of the several routes, the more common, perhaps, is that called Darb el Shur from Akaba. There is another way from Akaba, through Wady Araba, by the way of Ain Ghadian and Ain Gharandel to Ain Weiba, whence one may go directly north toward the Dead Sea, or northwest over Darb el Sultana to Beersheba.

There is a great absence of tells south of Beersheba, though very common in the other three directions. From Beersheba to the Red Sea "the little post of Wady Guderat is the only true tell" that Woolley and Lawrence could find. This is a very conclusive proof that the desert of el Tih was practically uninhabited before the Byzantine period.

No name in the Negeb is more familiar to the Bible student than that of Kadesh Barnea, usually identified with Ain Kadeis. Strange that a place so prominent in the days of Moses should be all but unknown to the modern Arab. Though Rowland discovered Ain Kadeis in 1842 and Palmer found it in 1871, it was only in 1882, when Dr. H. C. Trumbull visited the same spot, that general attention was called to the place as the supposed ancient Kadesh Barnea. Dr. Trumbull wrote a big book entitled Kadesh Barnea, in which he took it for granted that Ain Kadeis and Kadesh Barnea were one and the same place. His description of the locality is too highly colored, or that of Mr. Lawrence not nearly enough so. The former describes Ain Kadeis as a veritable oasis, with verdure and flowers, fitting birds and humming bees, without even the suggestion of a wilderness—in short a real paradise—while the latter characterizes the same spot as "a most unmitigated desert." Mr. Lawrence is probably correct when he says: "Our opinion is that only in the Kossalma district [few miles farther north of Ain Kadeis] are to be found enough water and green stuffs to maintain so large a tribe for so long, and that, therefore, the Wilderness of Zin and Kadesh Barnea must be the country of Ain el Guderat, Kossalma, Muweilleh, and Ain Kadeis." At any rate this district is very central and a convenient starting point for any direction. Here, too, are a deeper soil, larger fields, taller trees, better and more abundant water. Such conditions would naturally impress any passing through the desert, as it did the Byzantine people, Moses, and even earlier sojourners. No wonder, therefore, that Ain el Guderat has its tell with remains from the Arab, Byzantine, Roman, Syrian, and even old Semitic periods. Along with ruined aqueducts and reservoirs of the Greek period there are fragments of Syrian and ancient Semitic wares of the second millennium before our era. It may be incidentally stated that this lone tell of the wilderness is two hundred feet long, one hundred and fifty wide, and from twelve to fifteen high.

Let us emphasize the fact that were it not for the Byzantine emperors, the Desert of the Exodus might have never been anything but the desolation which it is to-day. It was their soldiers and pious people, "in search of solitude and uncontaminable space for hermitages," that, for a season, reclaimed this barren waste, or rather made it a fit place for human habitation. The principal Byzantine towns are Esbeita, Mishrafa, Abda, Beersheba, Khalasa, Saadi, Raheiba, El Auja, and Akaba.

There is such a sameness of construction and plan in all these places, that the description of one, that is, of Esbeita, may serve for all. This town, 1,800x1,400 feet, is twenty-eight miles south of Beersheba. It had no regular walls, except as the back walls of buildings and gardens, closely joined together, served as such. There were buildings, large and small, public and private. There were three churches, each with a spacious adjoining house—evidently the homes of priests and monks. The private houses had either one or two stories. Everything was built of stone—floors, roofs (arched), partitions, cupboards, and presses. No mean skill was shown in the stone-work; jambs, lintels, and columns were often richly carved and ornamented. Of course the grotesque and rude are also in evidence. The same skill extended to the tombs and sepulchers, though, strange to say, no inscriptions were found on these. It is needless to add that cisterns and reservoirs were found in abundance.

The churches of Esbeita, as of other towns, were all built according to one plan. There were three aisles separated by arcades and ending in semicircular apses on the east. The central aisle was always the largest. The church and the adjoining buildings had a good-sized court, with its walks and cloisters, also a tower and the inevitable cistern, sometimes more than one. Besides the ornamented stone work, there were other decorations. There is in the ruins of one of these churches a large mural painting, *The Transfiguration*. The elements, of course, have played havoc with this painting, as with all similar decorations, and yet with little imagination one may recognize the following figures: *The Master*, Peter, James, and John, with, perhaps, Moses and Elijah.

We shall conclude this article with just a word concerning Abda, the Nabatean Eboda, which deserves especial attention on account of the remains of a large pillared temple, over which was built a Byzantine monastery. The stones used in the two buildings differ in style and kind, those of the older structure being in every way superior and displaying a higher grade of workmanship. It should also be stated that many of the cut stones of the Nabatean temple were used in the walls of the Byzantine monastery.

Another Nabatean ruin is the large rectangular rock-tomb, with more than a score of niches, a little south of Abda.

Since writing the above the papers tell us that Palestine has become one immense camp, that the Turks and Germans have built a railroad through this wilderness; one report goes so far as to say that this railroad has four tracks all the way to the borders of Egypt. This is probably nothing more than a newspaper report.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The International Standard Bible Encyclopædia. Professor JAMES ORR, M.A., D.D., General Editor; Bishop JOHN L. NUELSEN, D.D., LL.D., and President EDGAR Y. MULLINS, D.D., LL.D., Assistant Editors; Rev. MORRIS O. EVANS, D.D., Ph.D., Managing Editor. Five volumes, royal 8vo, pp. 3,541. Chicago: Howard-Severance Co., 1915.

THE past twenty-five years have been unusually productive in helps for Bible study—helps of all sizes from the simple pamphlet of few pages to the bulky volumes of several thousand; helps from the pens of every shade of critics; the ultra-rationalistic, the ultra-conservative, and still in greater numbers from the saner progressive conservatives. This is a clear index to the spirit of the age in which we live, for in spite of our commercialism and apparent indifference to religion and higher matters there is still a vast army of Bible students intent upon the true interpretation of the will of God as revealed in his Holy Word and Jesus Christ. Account for it as we may, there never has been an age when not only Christ and the apostles, but also Moses and the prophets have been studied more thoroughly and by a larger number of earnest, intelligent persons than the present. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible held the field for half a century or longer, and filled its mission well; for it was the work of scholarly men of deep religious convictions. But, owing to the fact that many and important discoveries have been made in Bible lands, and that a revolution has taken place in every field of learning, and that the Book has been attacked by remorseless criticism, the time had come for a re-statement of many subjects. So this great and favorite standard work had to give place to a more modern presentation of the same old truths. The same is true of McClintock and Strong's Encyclopædia, which contained much which was not germane to Bible study. The two largest and best known works of our century in the English language, intended to replace Dr. William Smith's monumental volumes, were published about the same time—the first years of this century—in Great Britain. They are *The Encyclopædia Biblica*, edited by the late Professor Cheyne, of Oxford, and a *Dictionary of the Bible*, edited by Dr. James Hastings, of Scotland. Each of these is in four volumes—though the latter has a supplementary volume. There have appeared also several smaller Bible dictionaries, or biblical encyclopædias. Of these we may mention one by Professor John D. Davis, of Princeton, another by Professor W. W. Davies, of the Ohio Wesleyan, a third by Dr. C. R. Barnes, of New York, and still another by Professor Zenos, of Chicago. These, of course, do not profess to compete with the larger works above mentioned. The *International Standard Bible Encyclopædia*, just from the press, is, however, a competitor, both in magnitude and in the number, length, erudition, and excellency of its articles. The quality of paper, the workmanship, and general make-up of this American encyclopædia are superior to its two British

competitors. The same is true of the illustrations. The maps, sixteen in number, are models of clearness and accuracy; these are made so much the more convenient by the long list of place names, with key numerals and letters, enabling the reader to locate any place without any difficulty. The indices at the end of the fifth volume are quite unique and will prove of great convenience. There is a general index, with the names of all the articles, then one with the names of the writers of the longer articles, an index of all the Scripture texts to which references have been made, another of every Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek word occurring in the articles, and finally a complete list of the illustrations and half-tones. The question naturally arises, why another work of this kind, when there are already so many of similar character? The answer lies on the surface. It will be admitted at once that thorough and scholarly as the articles in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* may be, they are, nevertheless, as far as biblical criticism is concerned, almost without exception, too radical, absolutely at variance with the teachings and creeds of the great majority of evangelical Christians. Many of the articles are ultra-rationalistic, though learned, and containing much wheat, yet full of tares and chaff, mere guesses without the shadow of foundation. So much of the imaginary and subjective is given us as solid truth and indisputable facts. While many of these guesses are harmless, as for example, the thousand and one references to Jerameel, many more have in them the most insidious attacks upon the very citadel of our common faith. In proof of this assertion, the reader has only to turn to the articles on the Patriarchs, the story of early Israel, to say nothing of the long paper on Jesus Christ. In short, in spite of its many excellences, a poisonous air pervades the entire work, such air as makes it dangerous to the untrained critic. We should be sorry to have it placed in the hands of the average layman, or for that matter, in those of our theological students and younger ministers.

It offers so much poison in disguise,
Which scarce from medicine you can recognize.

If we turn to Hastings's Bible Dictionary, we find it much more conservative and reverent in its criticism. It is generally free of ultra-rationalistic hypotheses of the more advanced destructive critics. And yet the articles on Genesis, Deuteronomy, and the Hexateuch are based upon the unproved theories of Wellhausen. And this in spite of the fact that many of his conclusions have never been scientifically demonstrated, nay, more, that some of them are demonstrably incorrect. The writers of these articles do not seem to know the counter arguments by such men as Green and Orr, or if they do, they purposely ignore them. It would certainly have been fairer, if such counter arguments had been, at least, noticed. The greatest objection to the Wellhausen theory, adopted in Hastings, is that it first formulated its own theory of evolution of the history of mankind and its religion, and then made everything in the Old Testament conform to it. Wellhausen published his theories nearly fifty years ago, or some time before the discovery of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, the Code

of Hammurabi, and before but little had been known from the monuments about writing and ancient civilizations. The past twenty-five years have made wonderful progress, not only in archaeology, but also in the textual criticism of the Old Testament. If properly quoted, Wellhausen himself has acknowledged the force of some of the later attacks upon his hypothesis. Indeed, there are signs on every hand that much of the Graf-Wellhausen theory must be abandoned. "The new Babylonian school in Germany (that of Winckler) assails it in its foundation. Recently the successor of Kuenen in Leyden, Professor B. D. Eerdmans, formerly a supporter, has broken with the theory in its entirety and subjects the documentary hypothesis to a damaging criticism." Besides, the great majority of pastors and Bible teachers the world over find that these unproved speculations and hypotheses still to be demonstrated are mental pabulum, which the average congregation cannot relish and consequently refuse to take and feed upon. We may never return to the so-called traditional views of fifty years ago, but the evangelical church of the future will demand something less subjective and more positive than the critics of the Wellhausen school have to offer. From what has been said, it will be seen that neither of the great works published in Great Britain, and well known in the United States, is such as may be safely recommended to those uninitiated into the mysteries of biblical criticism. Besides, as has been well said, any dictionary which emphasizes theory rather than or at the expense of fact is destined soon to pass away. For these reasons the International Standard Bible Encyclopedia appears at a time when just such a work is needed. It is written from the conservative standpoint by men of undoubted scholarship and unquestioned piety and devotion to the truth. It is a work which the intelligent layman no less than the learned clergyman may safely welcome. The writers of the several articles have, for the most part, looked at the questions in biblical criticism from every angle, and have not attempted to dodge, conceal, or ignore the arguments of the more radical school. On the other hand, abundant room has been given for the fullest presentation of the subjects from both sides. Take as an illustration the article on Biblical Criticism. Professor Orr discusses this important question from the conservative standpoint, and Professor Easton presents the liberal side. If we examine the article on Genesis, by Wilhelm Moeller, of Halle, Prussia, we find that it is written with all the thoroughness of the German theologian, by a man perfectly acquainted with the immense literature on the subject. Though written in Halle, where Wellhausen was once a professor of theology, and where he thought out his theories, Moeller rejects Wellhausenism *in toto*. Professor Robinson, of McCormick Theological Seminary, a well-known scholar and traveler in Bible lands, has written the papers on Deuteronomy and Isaiah, and concludes that there is no sufficient reason for giving up the Mosaic origin of the former, and also maintains that the latter is essentially the work of Isaiah, the son of Amoz, and not a compilation from various authors and ages. Mr. Harold M. Wiener, a Jewish barrister of London, England, an expert in Hebrew literature and biblical criticism, has written the articles: Hexateuch, Levites, and Priests,

Pentateuch and others, and has produced crushing arguments against the Graf-Wellhausen hypothesis, as well as against the less liberal critics of the Robertson Smith and Driver school. It would be difficult to find any one better qualified to enter the field against the giants above mentioned. Then there is a number of articles by Professor Orr, the editor-in-chief. He is at his best in those on Jesus Christ, Criticism of the Bible, and Immortality. The article on Jesus Christ is in very marked contrast with that by Schmiedel in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. The fairness of this new encyclopædia is further seen in the papers on Baptism and the Lord's Supper. There are three papers on the first, one by a Baptist, another by a Presbyterian, and a third by a Lutheran. But space forbids us to enter at greater length into the merits of other articles. This new work will, no doubt, be welcomed by the average evangelical pastor everywhere, as well as by a host of earnest lay Bible students, not only because it is less technical and far clearer without being any less scholarly, but also because it is far more temperate without being a whit less critical. The time has passed when Moses and the patriarchs are to be regarded as merely ideal personages, tribal gods or astral myths. The more advanced and flippant critic is losing caste in the church and a soberer type of criticism is steadily replacing the wild guesses of Cheyne and his school. The church is not willing to give up its belief in the supernatural and the miraculous, in revelation and the inspiration of the Bible. We shall never again return to many of the old beliefs of the past, much less shall we accept the ultra-radical views of rationalism. The tendency now is greater than it has been for many years to return to a saner biblical criticism. Not many of our American theological professors and biblical scholars reject the view that Moses may have given us at least the substance of the Pentateuch, much less that he never existed at all. Too many of our German scholars have denied the supernatural in religion and history, and have tried to reduce Christianity, at least in its essence, to the level of other religions. It is this "spirit which eviscerates Christianity of most of the vital truths, which the church, resting upon the Scriptures, has always regarded as its essence. With such a spirit and with the treatment of biblical subjects resulting from it, the present encyclopædia disclaims sympathy." Though welcoming all the new light and solid reasoning which help men to understand the Word of God better, it has no place for the unproved speculations of the ultra-critical school. This new encyclopædia absolutely and effectually demonstrates one thing: all the biblical scholars in America and Europe do not accept the teachings of Wellhausen, Cheyne, and their schools. On the other hand, there is a great host of eminent scholars and thinkers who reject their claims. Yea, the great army of church members in all English-speaking countries are exceedingly loyal to the ancient faith. To these the terms Revelation, Inspiration, Sin, Atonement, Deity of Jesus Christ are not empty phrases and meaningless words, but terms fraught with meaning. If we examine the list of contributors we see at a glance that the encyclopædia is not only international, but also undenominational. Of the more than two hundred contributors, one half are from the United States, about sixty

from Great Britain and its colonies, and the remainder from Germany, Africa, and Asia. The editor-in-chief is a Presbyterian, the managing editor a Congregationalist; of the two assistant editors, one is a Methodist and the other a Baptist. Among the contributors, in addition to the denominations just mentioned, there are also Anglicans, Lutherans, Jews, and others. Of the Methodists we may notice the following: President Breslich, Professors C. M. Cobern, W. W. Davies, F. C. Elselen, J. A. Faulkner, G. G. Findlay, A. S. Geden, D. A. Hayes, L. H. Hough, A. C. Knudson, L. B. Longacre, H. L. Luering, R. B. Miller, H. F. Rall, R. W. Rogers, C. F. Sitterly, W. N. Stearns, C. M. Stuart, W. F. Tillett, J. R. Van Pelt, R. H. Walker, Dr. C. E. Schenk, Dr. H. H. Meyer, and Bishop F. J. McConnell. This list of Methodists is certainly a representative one. They are all well known in their several specialties. One has only to read the articles from their pens to be convinced of their scholarly character and religious value. While most of these are conservative, not one can be classed with the ultra-liberal wing of biblical critics. It would be impossible to find a better list of writers on archaeology and recent discoveries in Bible lands. We mention only a few of the more prominent: Professor Edgar Banks, Professor A. T. Clay, Colonel C. R. Conder, Professor Flinders Petrie, Dr. C. Pinches, Sir William M. Ramsay, Professor A. H. Sayce, and Professor Arthur Ungnad. All the above are everywhere known and have rendered valuable services in their various fields. Among other distinguished writers we notice: Professors W. J. Beecher, T. W. Davies, J. D. Davis, J. Iverach, C. Orelli, James Robertson, J. Stalker, H. C. Strack, B. B. Warfield, F. G. Wright, and Bishop Moule, of Durham. We predict a wide circulation for this excellent aid to Bible study, and it will, no doubt, find a prominent place in thousands of pastors' libraries, as well as in those of reverent students of God's Word, who have not enjoyed the advantages of special training in our theological seminaries, but are longing for a more perfect understanding of the Book.

Works of Martin Luther, with Introduction and Notes. Volume II. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman Company. 1915. Pp. 476. \$2.

A PROTESTANT friend of this reviewer, who had come to take almost the Roman Catholic view of Luther, once communicated to him in Latin the passage so well known to Luther's calumniators about the rights of a married woman in certain abnormal conditions, with the imputation that after such a passage one could say nothing more for the reformer. It occurred in the first edition of the great treatise, *Praeludium de captivate Babylonica* (1520), but was omitted by Luther in later editions, either because time had made him more conservative or for fear of misunderstanding. But that omission could not go to his credit. Whatever he had once said or done is entered on the books of his opponents for their ever-present judgment day. Well, thanks to the noble candor of that scholarly band of translators (for this volume Professor C. M.

Jacobs, of Mount Airy, Philadelphia; Schindel, Steinhäuser and Steimle, of Allentown; and Lambert, of South Bethlehem) gathered around Mount Airy Theological Seminary, who are putting out this admirable edition, even this passage is translated. And when read in full in connection with the whole treatise it is even more innocent than when we read the Latin extract, whose chief fault seemed to be a too frank attitude in loyalty to the original divine institution of marriage due to an error of judgment. In fact the bad things in Luther, so relentlessly exploited by his enemies, are like the fantastic fearsome shapes you see in going through the woods at night, they disappear in daylight. This does not mean that there are not offensive things in Luther—that goes without saying in a man of his brutal frankness—whose coarseness and extravagance he got from good Catholic teachers, but it means that the more light you throw on those passages the more natural, the less offensive they generally appear. For this reason the numerous popular pamphlets and books gotten out by Roman Catholic publishers on Luther and the Reformation are worthless, for although they tell some truth they tell more things that are not true, and the truth is told in such a way that it also becomes error. Not only so, they take undue advantage of the ignorant. Not one Protestant in half a million is able to evaluate scientifically passages from Luther thrown up to him by Roman Catholic and Anglican controversialists. These Protestants have not the works of Luther to study the whole context, and even if they had they have not the knowledge to fill in the historic background on which alone a correct estimate can be made. For this reason most Protestants are entirely at the mercy of the Roman polemic. And remember this, that this polemic is also often taken over without sufficient testing by free-thinking college professors and secular historians, generally building on Janassen, with the critical reviews of whom by German Protestant scholars they do not seem to be familiar. The extravagance and intolerance of Luther are just as much an offense to these professors as to Catholics, and his stalwart faith is an additional stumbling block. This volume contains the treatises on the Sacrament and Brotherhoods, 1519 (Luther knew nothing, of course, of our modern secret fraternities, but if he had known it is evident from many passages in this book that his attitude toward them would have been that of the strict orthodox Lutherans of the last two centuries), on the Ban, to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation, concerning the Babylonian Captivity of the Church, Christian Liberty, Explanation of the Ten Commandments, Creed, and Lord's Prayer (all 1520), the Eight Wittenberg Sermons, and that Doctrines of Men are to be Rejected (both 1522). These are accurately translated in full with admirable introductions and notes, well printed, with full indexes to subjects and Scripture passages. The publisher has done his part of the work on a par with the scholarly zeal of the translators, and the whole set is a worthy introduction to the world-wide celebrations of Luther and the Reformation to come in 1917, which cannot be understood unless one immerses himself in Luther's own writings, especially the more famous and characteristic ones which have been selected, with others only a little less im-

portant, for this edition. To have those three celebrated sledge-hammer treatises of 1520 translated in full with the fine apparatus offered by these Lutheran scholars is, indeed, something to be devoutly thankful for. Read for yourself, dear friend, and find out what kind of a man Luther was, and whether the Reformation was really necessary, for in them you feel the very pulse beats of the writer who did not know how to write except with naked frankness, and who relentlessly uncovers the Catholic world in which he was born on both its practical and theological sides in these writings. You know the legend of Antaeus, the giant of Libya, who threw all wrestlers because every time he touched the earth he received new strength from his mother, the earth (Gê). This reviewer has read every word of this book, and he can testify to the strength that comes from a touch with the native vigor of this unspoiled son of the soil, who, unlike Antaeus, gives life rather than death to his wrestlers. The Catholics have English translations of the voluminous anti-Luther books of Janssen and Grisar. We have nothing of the kind of the German replies or of the larger German Köstlin. In that lack, the words of Luther himself in this excellent edition are the very best substitute.

Outlines of Biblical Theology. Volume II. Theology Proper. By Rev.

T. J. SCOTT, D.D., ex-principal of Theological Seminary, Bareilly, India; author of *Science of Logic in Hindustani and English*, *Missionary Life among the Villages of India*, translator of Whedon's *Commentary on the New Testament into Hindustani*, fellow of the University Allahabad, Lucknow. Methodist Publishing House, 1912, with portrait, xxix, 489, \$1. For sale by Methodist Book Concern, New York, and Author at Ocean Grove, N. J.

IN 1854 a young man converted the year before was walking in the field near his house in Jefferson County, O., when he heard a voice, which said, "Go." He looked up and replied audibly, "I will go, Lord." It was a crisis, for he felt ready ever after to enter the first open door in foreign lands. In two years he had finished a classical course in what was then Richmond College, Jefferson County, O., and then went to Ohio Wesleyan University, where he graduated in 1860. He entered Pittsburgh Conference, was stationed at Cadiz, O., and in 1862, on the recommendation of Secretary (later Bishop) Harris, sailed from Boston for India on the ship Guiding Star (name of good omen). He was engaged in evangelistic and school work in Buadon District, Rohilkhand, 1863-69, presiding elder of Bareilly District 1869ff, founded with others the Bareilly Theological Seminary in 1872, and was connected with it mainly as teacher and principal until 1904. He retired from mission work in 1906. Dr. Scott's life has been a most busy one, having to his credit as editor or translator or author during his teaching in Bareilly about twenty volumes, large or small, besides contributing to various theological reviews, not to speak of many and intense missionary labors. From his Scotch-Irish

ancestors and from his father (a minister, the Rev. Andrew Scott, of Pittsburgh Conference) he inherited a love of theology and of sturdy thinking on theological questions, and we have the fine fruit of this thinking in the book before us. This is not a work in Biblical Theology, properly so called, but in Systematic Theology. The former discipline is connected with the development and exposition of the theological ideas of the biblical writers, and not with theology as truth. This is a regular text book in divinity. But as such it is a strong and interesting book, an honor to our missionaries in India and to our whole Church, a vigorous, earnest, independent unfolding of religious truth by a man who has been accustomed for a long life to the serious study of theology—a custom which we fear is less with us than with our fathers. This reviewer finds much to admire and assent to in Dr. Scott's exposition, though of course with occasional dissent. Especially is this last true of his doctrine of the Trinity. He is a Patripassian Monarchian or Sabellian—one divine Person manifesting himself under the three forms of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. (See Faulkner, *Crises in the Early Church*, ch. 5.) When it is remembered that Person does not mean individual, but subsistence, that Christ stood over against the Father and prayed to him as to a separate being, that Christ sent the Holy Spirit, whose office it is forever to testify of that same Christ, that Christ himself has a consciousness of an existence as a Person with and in God from eternity, and that not one of these facts could be true on the Sabellian Monarchian theory, it will be seen that that theory is wrecked on the testimony of the Gospels. The only theory which explains and harmonizes the New Testament revelation of the Father, Son, and Spirit is the Christian historic doctrine of the Trinity, when understood rationally. The only alternative to that is dynamistic Monarchianism, revived and reshaped by the modern "liberal," namely, that Christ was a man in whom God lived and influenced in a pre-eminent degree, just as he did Wesley, only more. This new Unitarianism is wrecked on the New Testament witnesses, who find in Christ their Lord and God, and on Christian experience, which finds in Christ its Saviour from sin and its indwelling Presence. By a slip the author speaks (p. 124) of "the common orthodox view of one will and consciousness" in Christ. As to the will see any encyclopædia or church history or history of doctrine, say under Monothelitism. As to one consciousness we think there has been no positive deliverance in the same sense. Why should not Christ have as many consciousnesses as he had states of feeling or thinking? But that he had two wills is on the whole surface of the Gospels. The assertion of the one will by the Monothelites was really a denial of the incarnation in the interest of an unreal semidocetic Christ. Canon Farrar is spoken of (p. 468) as carrying the "thought of restoration to its utmost limit," whereas he did not carry it as far as the Universalists, as he allowed the possibility of everlasting punishment. It is to be hoped that the able author, after his long and distinguished services in India, will find many buyers to this fine and thought-provoking product of his brooding for over half a century on the fascinating problems of theology.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The English Essay and Essayists. By HUGH WALKER, M.A., LL.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 343. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

THIS is one volume in "The Channels of English Literature," others in the series being *The English Epic*, *The English Drama*, *English Lyric Poetry*, *English Philosophers*, *English Historians*, *The English Novel*, and *English Elegiac, Didactic, and Religious Poetry*: an important, comprehensive, and ably written series by selected and competent scholars. This volume, by Professor Walker of Saint David's College, Lampeter, seems adequate in knowledge, careful and judicious in critical discrimination and estimate. After a definition of what constitutes an essay, Dr. Walker says that the name and the thing were introduced into England by Bacon, in "1597, when he published the little book containing ten pieces of the most concentrated literary pemmican ever presented." This book describes and discusses essays and essayists from Bacon in the sixteenth century down to men of yesterday, naming Andrew Lang and Lafcadio Hearn and George Glissing and Francis Thompson as foremost in this century, mentioning also Richard Middleton and John M. Synge. An excellent index adds to the value of this book, which contains many rich and exquisite, weighty and splendid extracts from the best essays of three centuries. A sample of Ben Jonson's quality is in his beautiful note headed *Beneficia*: "Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favoring and fill our sails; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they knew it not. It is true, some men may receive a courtesy and not know it; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of disease by accidents; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water, another whipped out of a fever; but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win the cause, but he means it not *me* as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwrecked, was the wreck a benefit therefore? No, the doing of courtesies aright, is the mixing of the respects for his own sake, and for mine. He that doth them merely for his own sake, is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them." Here are samples of John Selden: "The main argument why they would have two sermons a day is, because they have two meals a day; the soul must be fed as well as the body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two noses because I have two eyes, or two mouths because I have two ears. What have meals and sermons to do one with another?" "Religion is like the fashion, one man wears his doublet slashed, another faced, another plain; but every man has a doublet: so every man has his religion. We differ about trimming." Selden has the power of conveying suggestion in a few words: "The King himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords sate with him, and then he understood

men." Selden means that possibly, if he had continued to sit in the hall and had still understood men, there might have been no Civil War. He has also a marked gift for felicitous illustration: "'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works; though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle, I know there is both light and heat. But yet put out the candle, and they are both gone, one remains not without the other: So 'tis betwixt faith and works; nay, in a right conception *Fides est opus*, if I believe a thing because I am commanded, that is *opus*." If Selden had written more in the vernacular he would have been unsurpassed in the union of instruction and entertainment. Selden describes a tedious speaker as "one that touched neither heaven nor earth in his discourse"; he should touch both. Our author exhibits Dekker's eloquence, strength, and earnestness in *The Seven Deadly Sins of London* (1606). The apostrophe to London is particularly fine: "O London, thou art great in glory, and envied for thy greatness: thy Towers, thy Temples, and thy Pinnacles stand upon thy head like borders of fine gold, thy waters like fringes of silver hang at the hems of thy garments. Thou art the goodliest of thy neighbors, but the proudest; the wealthiest, but the most wanton. Thou hast all things in thee to make thee fairest, and all things in thee to make thee foulest: for thou art attir'd like a bride, drawing all that look upon thee to be in love with thee, but there is much harlot in thine eyes. Thou sittest in thy gates heated with wines, and in thy chambers with lust. What miseries have of late overtaken thee? Yet (like a fool that laughs when he is putting on fetters) thou hast been merry in height of thy misfortunes." Dr. Walker says that Sir Thomas Overbury, the author of *A Fair and Happy Milk-maid*, certainly had a heart and deserved no mean place among English essayists: "In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. . . . She dares go alone, and unfold sheep i' th' nights, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none." An imitator of Overbury was Earle, who is at his best in his exquisite character of a child. It is comparable with Overbury's milk-maid, and has the ring of perfect sincerity: "The child is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath much means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on the beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle

him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar, to a draught of worm wood. . . . The elder he grows he is a stair lower from God. He is the Christian's example and the old man's relapse: The one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burthen, and exchanged but one heaven for another." Felltham was an imitator of Bacon, and thus he paraphrases Bacon: "It was the fool that said, There is no God; for certainly no wise man ever thought it, and, yet, the fool had so much wit as not to prate on't: It was but in his heart he said it. Impudence was not so great, nor inward conviction so strong, as that he could with confidence declare it with his tongue. Nor did he seriously think it in his heart: so that it proceeded no farther than a bare and lazy wish, because he would be glad it were so. But, doubtless, he could no more believe there was no soul in this vast world than that there was no spirit to actuate his body." William Drummond's favorite conception was the oneness of the universe, and the oneness of the soul with that from which it comes. It is this which inspires him to his highest flight of eloquence in *A Cypress Grove*: "If on the great theater of this earth amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then undoubtedly thou hadst reason to repine at so severe and partial a law: But since it is a necessity, from which never any age by-past hath been exempted, and unto which they which be, and so many as are to come, are thrall'd (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nought-availing stubbornness, oppose so inevitable and necessary a condition? This is the highway of mortality, and our general home: Behold what millions have trod it before thee, what multitudes shall after thee, with them that at that same instant run. In so universal a calamity (if death be one) private complaints cannot be heard: With so many royal palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twineth forth, and again uprolleth our life) and hold still time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee? Thy death is a pace in the order of this *all*, a part of the life of this world; for while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. But that, perhaps, which anguisheth thee most, is to have this glorious pageant of the world removed from thee in the spring and most delicious season of thy life; for though to die be usual, to die young may appear extraordinary. If the present fruition of these things be unprofitable and vain, what can a long continuance of them be? If God had made life happier, he had also made it longer. Stranger and new halcyon, why wouldst thou longer nestle amidst these unconstant and stormy waves? Hast thou not already suffered enough of this world, but thou must yet endure more? To live long, is it not to be long troubled? But number thy years, which are now——, and thou shalt find that whereas ten have outlived thee, thousands have not attained this age. One year is sufficient to behold all the magnificence of nature, nay, even one day and night; for more is

but the same brought again. This sun, that moon, these stars, the varying dance of the spring, summer, autumn, winter, is that very same which the Golden Age did see. They which have the longest time lent them to live in, have almost no part of it at all, measuring it either by the space of time which is past, when they were not, or by that which is to come. Why shouldst thou then care, whether thy days be many or few, which, when prolonged to the uttermost, prove, paralleled with eternity, as a tear is to the ocean? To die young is to do that soon, and in some fewer days, which once thou must do; it is but the giving over of a game, that after never so many hazards must be lost." Of samples from Sir Thomas Browne we quote only this: "Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider no hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return into their chaos again. . . . It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain." Here is what Cowley, the essayist, wrote of himself: "I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper." This is the temperament of the born essayist; and it is because they display it with an easy grace that Cowley's essays preserve a perennial charm. As an essayist his position is sure. From Charles Lamb is quoted the familiar passage in his essay on New Year's Eve, an essay which lifts the curtain that shrouds the innermost thoughts and fears of all. It is beautiful, melancholy, profoundly human, and absolutely sincere: "I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shorest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as

they say, into the grave. Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me." We have this extract from De Quincey's *Dream-Fugue*: "Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar shore. The morning twilight even then was breaking; and, by the dusky revelations which it spread, I saw a girl, adorned with a garland of white roses about her head for some great festival, running along the solitary strand in extremity of haste. Her running was the running of panic; and often she looked back as to some dreadful enemy in the rear. But when I leaped ashore, and followed in her steps to warn her of a peril in front, alas! from me she fled as from another peril, and vainly I shouted to her of quicksands that lay ahead. Faster and faster she ran; round a promontory of rocks she wheeled out of sight; in an instant I also wheeled round it, but only to see the treacherous sands gathering above her head. Already her person was buried; only the fair young head and the diadem of white roses around it were still visible to the pitying heavens; and, last of all, was visible one white marble arm. I saw by the early twilight this fair young head, as it was sinking down to darkness—saw this marble arm, as it rose above her head and her treacherous grave, tossing, faltering, rising, clutching, as at some false deceiving hand stretched out from the clouds—saw this marble arm uttering her dying hope, and then uttering her dying despair. The head, the diadem, the arm—these all had sunk; at last over these also the cruel quicksand had closed; and no memorial of the fair young girl remained on earth, except my own solitary tears, and the funeral bells from the desert seas that, rising again more softly, sang a requiem over the grave of the buried child, and over her blighted dawn." Coleridge tells the story of Sir Alexander Ball, Nelson's friend and captain, in illustration of the Power of Law. Ball had been appointed captain of a man-of-war with a mutinous crew, and had restored order, not by exceptional severity, but by the promulgation of rules as to offenses and their punishment as near as possible to those of the ordinary law, and with precautions against hasty or arbitrary action; upon which Coleridge says: "Strength may be met with strength; the power of inflicting pain may be baffled by the pride of endurance; the eye of rage may be answered with the stare of defiance, or the downcast look of dark and determined resolve; and with all this there is an outward and determined object to which the mind can attach its passions and purposes, and bury its own disquietudes in the full occupation of the senses. But who dares struggle with an invisible combatant like law? with an enemy which exists and makes us know its existence—but where it is, we ask in vain. No space contains it; time promises no control over it; it has no ear for threats; it has no substance that my hands can grasp, or my weapons find vulnerable; it commands and cannot be commanded; it acts and is insusceptible of my reaction; the more I strive to subdue it, and the more I think of it, the more do I find it to possess a reality

out of myself, and not to be a phantom of my own imagination; that all, but the most abandoned men, acknowledge its authority, and that the whole strength and majesty of my country are pledged to support it; and yet that for me its power is the same with that of my own permanent self, and that all the choice which is permitted to me consists in having it for my guardian angel, or my avenging fiend! This is the Spirit of Law! the lute of Amphion! the harp of Orpheus! This is the true necessity, which compels man into the social state, now and always, by a still-beginning, never-ceasing force of moral cohesion." Carlyle insisted that external circumstances never can ruin a man, that the spiritual is greater than the material, good stronger than evil. A kindred doctrine drawn from the same source is that of the supreme importance of the silent forces, which he sets forth in this passage: "Truly it is a mortifying thing for your Conqueror to reflect, how perishable is the metal which he hammers with such violence: how the kind earth will soon shroud-up his bloody footprints; and all that he achieved and skillfully piled together will be but like his own 'canvas city' of a camp—this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished, 'a few earth-pits and heaps of straw!' For here, as always, it continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest has in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind, that not by material, but by moral power, are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage-wagons, attend its movements: in what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating, which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority; for kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will rule not over, but in, all heads, and with these its solitary combinations of ideas, as with magic formulas, bend the world to its will! The time may come, when Napoleon himself may be better known for his laws than for his battles; and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute." Dr. Walker thinks George Gissing the most charming of recent essayists and quotes from his praise of silence: "Every morning when I awake, I thank heaven for silence. This is my orison. I remember the London days when sleep was broken by clash and clang, by roar and shriek, and when my first sense on returning to consciousness was hatred of the life about me. Noises of wood and metal, clattering of wheels, banging of implements, jangling of bells—all such things are bad enough, but worse still is the clamorous human voice. Nothing on earth is more irritating to me than a bellow or scream of idiot mirth, nothing more hateful than a shout or yell of brutal anger. Were it possible, I would never again hear the utterance of a human tongue, save from those few who are dear to me. Here, wake at what hour I may, early or late, I lie amid gracious stillness. Perchance a horse's hoof rings rhythmically upon the road; perhaps a dog barks from a neighboring farm; it may be that there comes the far, soft murmur of a train from the other side of Exe; but these are almost the only sounds that could force themselves

upon my ear. A voice, at any time of the day, is the rarest thing. But there is the rustle of branches in the morning breeze; there is the music of a sunny shower against the window; there is the matin song of birds. Several times lately I have lain wakeful when there sounded the first note of the earliest lark; it makes me almost glad of my restless nights. The only trouble that touches me in these moments is the thought of my long life wasted amid the senseless noises of man's world. Year after year this spot has known the same tranquillity; with ever so little of good fortune, with ever so little wisdom, beyond what was granted me, I might have blessed my manhood with calm, might have made for myself in later life a long retrospect of bowered peace. As it is, I enjoy with something of sadness, remembering that this melodious silence is but the prelude of that deeper stillness which waits to enfold us all." The author calls Francis Thompson the most eloquent of recent essayists, and quotes this on "Sadness": "I know her, and praise knowing. Foolishly we shun this shunless sadness; fondly we deem of her as but huntress of men, who is tender and the bringer of tenderness to those she visits with her fearful favors. A world without joy were more tolerable than a world without sorrow. Without sadness where were brotherliness? For in joy is no brotherliness, but only a boon-companionship. She is the Spartan sauce which gives gusto to the remainder-viands of life, the broken meats of love." "That's what all the blessed evil's for," says Browning. Thompson holds that Asceticism is wise and indeed necessary. Wise asceticism is that which will secure health in the deepest sense, the health of both body and soul, the health which is holiness. And such asceticism will vary with time and circumstance. "The dastardly and selfish body of to-day needs asceticism—never more." It is said that Francis Thompson always inscribed a cross on the top of the page before he wrote on it his essay or poem. From Huxley we have his strong plea for the study of the Bible: "Throughout the history of the Western world, the Scriptures, Jewish and Christian, have been the great instigators of revolt against the worst forms of clerical and political despotism. The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and of the oppressed; down to modern times, no State has had a constitution in which the interests of the people are so largely taken into account, in which the duties, so much more than the privileges, of rulers are insisted upon, as that drawn up for Israel in Deuteronomy and Leviticus; nowhere is the fundamental truth that the welfare of the State, in the long run, depends on the uprightness of the citizen so strongly laid down. Assuredly, the Bible talks no trash about the rights of man; but it insists on the equality of duties, on the liberty to bring about that righteousness which is somewhat different from the struggle for 'rights'; on the fraternity of taking thought for one's neighbor as for one's self." Speaking of "the great saying of Micah"—"And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—Huxley asks: "What extent of knowledge, what acuteness of scientific insight, can touch this, if any one possessed of knowledge, or acuteness, could be absurd enough to make the attempt? Will the progress of research prove that justice is worthless

and mercy hateful; will it ever soften the bitter contrast between our actions and our aspirations; or show us the bounds of the universe, and bid us say, Go to, now we comprehend the infinite?"

Adventures in Contentment. By DAVID GRAYSON. 12mo, pp. 232. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. Price, cloth, illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY, \$1.25.

A FRIEND to whose suggestions we always pay attention writes: "Have you gotten into David Grayson's *Adventures in Contentment*, *The Friendly Road*, *Adventures in Friendship*, and *Hempfield*? I have surrendered to Grayson." Who is David Grayson, pray? A farmer, sir. From the age of seventeen, when he began to pay his own way, he was in the breathless rush of city life, under the merciless lash of competition and ambition, running hard in the race for success. Hear his story: "One day—it was in April, I remember, and the soft maples in the city park were just beginning to blossom—I stopped suddenly. I did not intend to stop. I intended to go on toward success: but fate stopped me. It was as if I had been thrown violently from a moving planet: all the universe streamed past me. I lay prostrate with fever and close to death for weeks and watched the world go by: the dust, the noise, the haste. I watched dimly my friends racing past me, panting as they ran. Some of them paused an instant to comfort me where I lay, but I could see that their minds were still upon the running and I was glad when they went away. I cannot tell with what weariness their haste oppressed me. Thus I lay, and presently I began to hunger and thirst. Desire rose within me: the indescribable longing of the convalescent. So I lay, questioning wearily what it was that I required. One morning I awakened with a strange, new joy in my soul. It came to me at that moment with indescribable poignancy, the thought of walking barefoot in cool, fresh plow furrows as I had once done when a boy. So vividly the memory came to me—the high airy world as it was at that moment, and the boy walking free in the furrows—that the tears filled my eyes, the first I had shed in many years. Then I thought of sitting in quiet thickets in old fence corners, the wood behind me rising still, cool, mysterious, and the fields in front stretching away in illimitable pleasantness. I thought of the good smell of cows at milking; of the sights and sounds, the heat and sweat of the hay fields; of a certain brook I knew when a boy that flowed among alders and wild parsnips, where I waded with a three-foot rod for trout. I thought of all these things as a man thinks of his first love. O, I craved the soil. I hungered and thirsted for the earth. I was greedy for growing things." David Grayson and his sister, Harriet, took a farm; lived a free, peaceful, wholesome, healthy, contented life there: David plowed and sowed and reaped, Harriet cooked and scrubbed. After eight years there came from that farm this book, *Adventures in Contentment*. Three others have followed. It seems his admirers have formed a Graysonian Club. They describe themselves thus: "To be a Graysonian

is to be fond of the open air, to love the stretching road, the sun on the shoulder-blades, the golden riot of the autumn leaves; to slip away from everything and go a-wayfaring with joy for a comrade." To be contented with one's lot, to be rich in friends, and to step with a light foot on the friendly road of life, such is the Graysonian philosophy. It is a cheery, home-spun message, bringing us close to the simpler joys of living. Here is one sample of this book. "A Boy and a Preacher" tells how a shy country boy loved a preacher, but never told him so. What a pity! The story runs like this: "There was something in that preacher, gaunt and worn, though he appeared; a spark somewhere, mostly smothered by the dreariness of his surroundings, and yet blazing up at times to some warmth. As I remember it they sent to our church preachers worn out in other fields. Such a succession of them I remember, each with some peculiarity, some pathos. They were of the old sort, indoctrinated Calvinists, and they harrowed well our barren field with the teeth of their hard creed. Some thundered the law, some pleaded love; but of all of them I remember best the one who thought himself the greatest failure. He had once had a family, but one by one they had died. Finally, before he came to our village, his wife, too, had gone. And he was out of health, and discouraged. How I see him, a trifle bent, walking in the country roads: not knowing of a boy who loved him! O gray preacher, may I now make amends? Will you forgive me? I was a boy and did not know; a boy whose emotions were hidden under mountains of reserve: who could have stood up to be shot more easily than he could have said: 'I love you!' In that country church one tow-headed boy sitting in a front row dreaming dreams was thrilled to the depths of his being by that tall preacher. Somewhere that preacher had a spark within him. It was a spark of poetry: strange flower in such a husk. In times of emotion it bloomed. By some instinct the preacher chose his readings mostly from the Old Testament—those splendid, marching passages, full of Oriental imagery. As he read there would creep into his voice a certain resonance that lifted him and his calling suddenly above his gray surroundings. How vividly I recall his reading of the twenty-third psalm. I suppose I had heard the passage many times before, but upon this certain morning—shall I ever forget? The windows were open, for it was May, and a boy could look out on the hillside and see with longing eyes the inviting grass and trees. A soft wind blew in across the church; it was full of the very essence of spring. I smell it yet. On the pulpit stood a bunch of crocuses crowded into a vase; some Mary's offering. An old man named Johnson who sat near us was already beginning to breathe heavily, preparatory to sinking into his regular Sunday snore. Then those words from the preacher, bringing me suddenly—how shall I express it?—out of some formless void, to intense consciousness—a miracle of creation: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Well, I saw the way to the place of death that morning; far more vividly I saw it than any natural scene I know; and myself walking therein. I shall know it again when I come to pass that way; the tall, dark, rocky

cliffs, the shadowy path within, the overhanging dark branches, even the whitened dead bones by the way—and as one of the vivid phantasms of boyhood—cloaked figures I saw, lurking mysteriously in deep recesses, fearsome for their very silence. And yet I with magic rod and staff walking within—boldly, fearing no evil, full of faith, hope, courage, love, invoking images of terror but for the joy of braving them. Ah, tow-headed boy, shall I tread as lightly that dread pathway when I come to it? Shall I, like you, fear no evil? So that great morning went away. I heard nothing of singing or sermon and came not to myself until my mother, touching my arm, asked me if I had been asleep! And I smiled and thought how little grown people knew—and I looked up at the sad sick face of the old preacher with a new interest and friendliness. I followed my mother when she went to speak to him, and *when he did not see, I touched his coat*. After that how I watched when he came to the reading. And one great Sunday, he chose a chapter from Ecclesiastes, the one that begins sonorously: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' Surely that gaunt preacher had the true fire in his gray soul. How his voice dwelt and quivered and softened upon the words! 'While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain—' Thus he brought in the universe to that small church and filled the heart of a boy. 'In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.' Do not think that I understood the meaning of those passages—I am not vain enough to think I know even now—but the *sound* of them, the roll of them, the beautiful words, and above all, the pictures! Those daughters of music, how I lived for days imagining them! They were of the trees and the hills, and they were very beautiful but elusive; one saw them as he heard singing afar off, sweet strains fading often into silences. Daughters of music! Daughters of music! And why should they be brought low? Doors shut in the streets—how I *saw* them—a long, long street, silent, full of sunshine, and the doors shut, and no sound anywhere but the low sound of the grinding: and the mill with the wheels drowsily turning and no one there at all save one boy with fluttering heart, tiptoeing in the sunlit doorway. And the voice of the bird. Not the song but the *voice*. Yes, a bird had a voice. I had known it always, and yet somehow I had not dared to say it. I felt that they would look at me with that questioning, incredulous look which I dreaded beyond belief. They might laugh! But here it was in the Book—the voice of a bird. How my appreciation of that Book increased and what a new confidence it gave me in my own images! I went about for days, listening, listening, listening—and interpreting. So the words of the preacher and the fire in them: 'And when they shall be afraid of that which is high and fears shall be in the way—' I knew the fear of that which is high: I had dreamed of it commonly. And I knew also the Fear that stood in

the way: him I had seen in a myriad of forms, looming black by darkness in every lane I trod; and yet with what defiance I met and slew him! And then, more thrilling than all else, the words of the preacher: 'Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.' Such pictures: that silver cord, that golden bowl! And why and wherefore? A thousand ways I turned them in my mind—and always with the sound of the preacher's voice in my ears—the resonance of the words conveying an indescribable fire of inspiration. Vaguely and yet with certainty I knew the preacher spoke out of some unfathomable emotion which I did not understand—which I did not care to understand. Since then I have thought what those words must have meant to him! Ah, that tall lank preacher, who thought himself a failure: how long I shall remember him and the words he read and the mournful yet resonant cadences of his voice—and the barren church, and the stony religion! Heaven he gave me, unknowing, while he preached an ineffectual hell." One day David Grayson saw a man painting letters on a roadside boulder, and gradually drew from him his story: "You see, sir," he said, "when a man has got the best thing in the world, and finds it's free, he naturally wants to let other people know about it. You see, Mister, I was a wild sort when I was young. The drink, and worse. I hear folks say sometimes that if they'd known what was right they'd have done it. But I think that conscience never stops ringing little bells in the back of a man's head; and that if he doesn't do what is right, it's because he *wants* to do what is wrong. I went through all that, Mister, and plenty more besides. I got pretty nearly as low as a man ever gets. O, I was down and out: no home, no family, not a friend that wanted to see me. If you never got down that low, Mister, you don't know what it is. You are just as much dead as if you were in your grave. I'm telling you. I thought there was no help for me, and I don't know's I wanted to be helped. I said to myself, 'You're just naturally born weak and it isn't your fault.' It makes a lot of men easier in their minds to lay up their troubles to the way they are born. I made all sorts of excuses for myself, but all the time I knew I was wrong; a man can't fool himself. So it went along for years. I got married and we had a little girl. I thought *that* was going to help me. I thought the world and all of that little girl—" He paused. "Well, *she died*. Then I broke my wife's heart and went on down to hell. When a man lets go that way he kills everything he loves and everything that loves him. He's on the road to despair, that man. I'm telling you. One day, ten years ago this fall, I was going along the main street in Quinceyville. I was near the end of my rope. Not even money enough to buy drink with, and yet I was then more'n half drunk. I happened to look up on the end of that stone wall near the bridge—were you ever there, Mister?—and I saw the words 'God is Love' painted there. It somehow hit me hard. I couldn't anyways get it out of my mind. 'God is Love.' Well, says I to myself, if God is Love, he's the only one that is Love for a chap like me. And there's no one else big enough to save me—I says. So I stopped right there in the street, and you may believe it or explain

it anyhow you like, Mister, but it seemed to me a kind of light came all around me, and I said, solemn-like, 'I will try God.' And I did try him, and I found that the words on the wall were true. They were true back there and they've been true ever since. When I began to be decent again and got back my health and my job, I figured that I owed a lot to God. I wa'n't no orator, and no writer and I had no money to give, 'but,' says I to myself, 'I'm a painter. I'll help God with paint.' So here I am a-travelling up and down the roads and mostly painting 'God is Love,' but sometimes 'Repent ye' and 'Hell yawns.' I don't know much about religion—but I do know that his Word is like a fire, and that a man can live by it, and if once a man has it he has everything else he wants. The trouble with people who are unhappy, Mister, is that they won't try God." Near the foot of the hill there is a little bridge. It is a pleasant, quiet spot. My companion stopped and put down his bag. "What do you think," said he, "I should paint here?" "Well," I said, "you know better than I do. What would *you* paint?" He looked around at me and then smiled. "When in doubt," he said, "I always paint 'God is Love.' I'm sure of that. Of course 'Hell yawns' and 'Repent ye' have to be painted—near towns—but I much rather paint 'God is Love.'" I left him kneeling there on the bridge, the bit of carpet under his knees, his two little cans at his side. Half way up the hill I turned to look back. He lifted his hand with the paint brush in it, and I waved mine in return. I have never seen him since, though it will be a long, long time before the sign of him disappears from our roadsides.

Escape and Other Essays. By A. C. BENSON. 12mo, pp. 302. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

TENNYSON'S-BROOK BENSON, at the age of fifty-four, still goes on forever in volume after volume written in his easy, fluent style, like a smooth, limpid, purling stream. A clean and delicate fragrance floats over these pages, the effluence of a sensitive and cultivated nature, the musings of a scholarly and well-bred man. Fifteen essays here on such subjects as "Literature and Life," "The New Poets," "Charm," "Sunsets," "Villages," "Dreams," "School Days," and "Authorship." From what the author tells us in one of the essays, we infer that he spent special pains upon, and sets special store by the allegorical essay entitled "Herb Moly and Heartsease." After six pages of allegory, he drops allegories and tries to be plain and simple. But, as he says, the idea in this essay "is deep and dim"; and the result is not plainness, but rather the vague suggestiveness which largely characterizes Benson's writings. Listen to him: "I will say first that when I was at college as a young man, I seemed to myself to be *forever looking for something which I could not find*. It was not always so; there were plenty of contented hours, when one played a game, or sat over the fire afterwards talking about it, or talking about other people—I do not often remember talking about anything else, except on set occasions—or later in the evening some one

played a piano not very well, or we sang songs, not very tunelessly; or one sat down to work, and got interested, if not in the work itself, at least in doing it well and completely. I was a sober citizen enough, with plenty of faults and failings; and this is not a tract to convert the wicked, who indeed are providing plenty of materials to effect their own conversion in ways very various and all very uncomfortable! I should like it rather to be read by well-meaning people, who share perhaps the same experience as myself, the experience, as I have said, of *searching for something which I could not find*. Sometimes in those days, I will make bold to confess, I read a book, or heard an address or sermon, or talked to some interesting and attractive person, and felt suddenly that I was *on the track of it*; was it something I wanted, or was it something I had lost? I could not tell! But I knew that *if I could find it, I should never be in any doubt again how to act or what to choose*. It was not a set of rules I wanted—there were rules enough and to spare, some of them made for us, and many which we made for ourselves. We mapped out every part of life which was left unmapped by the dons, and we knew exactly what was correct and what was not; and O, how dull much of it was! But I *wanted a motive of some sort, an aim*; I wanted to know *what I was out for*, as we now say. I did not see what the point of much of my work was, or know what my profession was to be; I did not see why I did, for social reasons, so many things which did not interest me, or why I pretended to think them interesting. I would sit, one of half-a-dozen men telling stories about other people. A—— had had a row with B——, he would not go properly into training, he was too good to be turned out of the team—it was amusing enough, but it certainly was *not what I was looking for*. Then one made friends; it dawned upon one suddenly what a charming person C—— was, so original and amusing, so observant; it became a thrilling thing to meet him; one asked him to tea, one talked and told him everything. A week later, one seemed to have got to the end of it; the path came to a stop: there was not much in it, after all, and presently he was rather stale: he looked gloomily at one when one met him, but one was off on another chase; this idealizing of people was rather a mistake; the pleasure was in the exploration, and there was very little to explore; it was better to have a comfortable set of friends with no nonsense; and yet that was dull too. That was certainly *not the thing one was in search of*. What was it then? One saw it like a cloud-shadow racing over the hill, like a bird upon the wing. The perfect friend could not help one, for his perfections waned and faded. Yet there was certainly something there, singing like a bird in the wood; only when one reached the tree, the bird was gone, and another song was in the air. It seemed then at first sight as if one was in search of an emotion of some kind, and not only a solitary emotion, like that which touched the spirit at the sudden falling of the ripe rose-petals from their stem, or at the sight of the far-off plain, with all its woods and waters framed between the outrunning hills, or at the sound of organ-music stealing out of the soaring climbing woodwork with all its golden pipes, on setting foot in the dim and fragrant church; they were all sweet enough, but the mind

turned to some kindred soul at hand with whom it could all be shared; and the recognition of some other presence, visibly beckoning through gesture and form and smiling wide-opened eyes, that seemed the best that could be attained, that nearness and rapture of welcome; and then the moment passed, and that too ebbed away. It was *something more than that!* because in bleak solitary pondering moments, there stood up, like a massive buttressed crag, a Duty, not born of whispered secrets or of relations, however delicate and awestruck, with other hearts, but a stern uncompromising thing, that seemed a relation with something quite apart from man, a Power swift and vehement and often terrible, to whom one owed an *unmistakable fealty* in thought and act. *Righteousness!* That old-fashioned thing on which the Jews, one was taught, set much store, which one had misconceived as something born of piety and ceremony, and which now revealed itself as a force uncompromisingly there, which it was impossible to overlook or to disobey; if one did disobey it, something hurt and wounded cried out faintly in the soul; and so it dawned upon one that this was a force, not only not developed out of piety and worship, but of which all piety and worship were but the frail vesture, which half veiled and half hampered the massive stride and stroke. It did not attract or woo; it rather demanded and frightened; but it became clear enough that *any inner peace was impossible without it*; and little by little one learned to recognize that there was no trace of it in many conventional customs and precepts; those could be slighted and disregarded; but there were still things which the spirit did truly recognize as vices and sins, abominable and defiling, with which no trafficking was possible. This then was clear; that if one was to find the peace one desired, then these were two certain elements; a *concurrence* with a few *great and irresistible prohibitions and positive laws* of conduct; and next to that, a sense of *brotherhood and fellowship* with those who seemed to be making their way harmoniously and finely towards the same goal as oneself. To understand and love these spirits, to be understood and loved by them, *that was a vital necessity*. But this must be added; that the Sense of Duty of which I speak, which rose sturdily and fiercely above the shifting forms of life, like a peak above the forest, did not appear *at once* either desirable or even beautiful. It blocked the view and the way; it forbade one to stray or loiter; but the obedience one reluctantly gave to it came simply from a realization of its strength and of its presence. It stood for an order of some kind, which interfered at many points with one's hopes and desires, but with which one was compelled to make terms, because it could and did strike, pitilessly, if one neglected and transgressed its monitions; and thus the quest became an attempt to find *what stood behind it*, and to discover if there was any *Personality* behind it, with which one could link oneself, so as to be *conscious* of its intention or its *goodwill*. Was it a Power that could *love* and *be loved*? Or was it only mechanical and soulless, a condition of life, which one might dread and even abhor, but which could not be trifled with or appealed to. Because that seemed the *secret of all the happiness of life*—the meeting, with a sense of intimate security, something warm and breathing, *that had*

need of me as I of it, that could smile and clasp, foster and pity, admire and adore, and in the embrace of which one could feel one's hope and joy grow and stir by contact and trust. That was what one found in the hearts about one's path; and our wonder was, did some similar chance of embracing, clasping, trusting, and loving that vaster Power await one in the dim spaces beyond the fields and homes of earth? I believed that it was so, but saw, as in a faint vision, that many harsh events, sorry mischances, blows and wounds and miseries, hated and dreaded and endured, lay between me and that larger Heart. But I perceived at last that the adventure did indeed lie there; that I should often feel repulsed, untended and unheeded, shaken out of ease and complacency, but *assuredly folded to that greater Heart at last.*" Instead of quoting from the closing essay, "Behold this Dreamer Cometh," we take Shaemas O'Sheel's poem on the "Power of a Dream," and change it to fit the Christian's Wide-awake Dream, the vision of the Christ:

He whom this dream hath possessed *knoweth no more of doubting,*
For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing of words he scorns;
Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly shouting,
And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a million morns.

He whom this dream hath possessed *knoweth no more of roaming;*
All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight he knows,
But wherever his feet are set, his soul is forever homing,
And going, he comes, and coming he heareth a call and goes.

He whom this dream hath possessed *knoweth no more of sorrow,*
At death and the dropping of leaves and the fading of suns he smiles,
For this dream remembers no past and scorns the desire of a morrow,
And this dream in a sea of doom sets surely the ultimate isles.

He whom this dream hath possessed treads the impalpable marches,
From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a laughing star,
And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a flashing and golden car.

A Pilgrim of the Infinite. By WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY. 16mo, pp. 84.
New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern.

THERE are two different editions of this book, one in cloth, selling at fifty cents. The other, bound in soft leather, is called The Friendship Edition, because it contains the author's picture, and also a foreword intended for his friends. The price of this edition is one dollar. This is the author's foreword: "A Pilgrim of the Infinite is in reality my personal Confession of Faith on the subject of personal survival beyond death. I would like to have it so regarded by my friends. When I go out of this world, this declaration of belief will be the legacy of my soul to them. It does not aim to be an academic or formal argument, but to create a cumulative, and, if possible to the author's ability, a convincing impression; a substantial and sufficient foundation for faith." Under this simple and sincere statement is the

author's autograph. This edition makes a choice and elegant holiday or birthday gift, and is unsurpassed as an uplifting Easter message, especially to the bereaved and the afflicted, for whom it is full of strong consolation. The dedication is "To the radiant memory of Richard Watson Gilder, a Poet of the Soul, a Pilgrim of the Infinite." Prefixed to the book are lines from Browning's "Cleon":

I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state revealed to us . . .
Unlimited in capability for joy,
As this is in desire for joy,—
To seek which the joy-hunger forces us:
That, stung by the straitness of our life, made strait
On purpose to make prized the life more large—
We burst there as the worm into the fly,
Who, while a worm still, wants his wings.

Also, there are these lines from Browning's "Christmas Eve":

Earth breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven, with its new day
Of endless life, when He who trod,
Very man and very God,
This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
Shall come again, no more to be
Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, All in all,
King of kings and Lord of lords,
As His servant John received the words,
"I died, and live for evermore."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

A History of Babylonia and Assyria. By ROBERT WILLIAM ROGERS, Ph.D. (Leipzig), LL.D., F.R.G.S., Litt.D., University of Dublin, Professor in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J. Sixth Edition in Two Volumes, Revised, largely rewritten, and illustrated. 8vo, pp. xxvi, 542; 609. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, \$10, net, prepaid.

GREAT as Professor Rogers is as a teacher of Hebrew and the Old Testament, his forte is Assyriology, and he is one of the foremost authorities in this department. After fifteen years, during which the first and successive editions of his two volumes have stood the test of criticism and compliment, we now have a new edition which has grown from eight hundred to twelve hundred pages. This is the work of an original investigator in a field which is exclusively occupied by specialists. Professor Johnson, of Bowdoin College, in his recent exquisite translation of "The Divine Comedy," states in the preface that a translator of this immortal poem "must receive his first impulse from within, and must con-

tinue to the end in a kind of solitude, looking to a reward that is ideal. His object is to attain, without sparing himself conscientious endeavor, a faithful result. His courage is his own, and he values above price the personal help which he receives from friends as unpractical as himself." These words are equally applicable to the eminent Assyriologist who has written these two portly volumes. Professor Rogers writes with the becoming modesty so characteristic of all truly great scholars, but we must receive all personal allusions *cum grano salis*. There is a delicious delicacy in what he says concerning the first edition: "The friendly reception of the book far exceeded my utmost hopes, and, I fear, went much beyond the book's deserts. In France and Germany, in England and America, the men whose opinion I valued most highly united in words of generous approbation, and found surprisingly little fault. Still more striking was its extensive use by Assyriologists, and by students of the wider Orient, while the great and very useful army who popularize learning, to the world's advantage, gleaned widely from it. Most of those who took from it made ready acknowledgment of the source, and some even graciously and delicately. Some lifted without stint and spared even the comely device of quotation marks, while others paid the fair compliment of turning its suggestions into convictions of their own, and named no other authority but themselves. I grudge them naught, hoping only that as they read these things again in these new pages they may not accuse me of borrowing from them! for 'the reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most visible scenes in the farce of life.'" This is one of the richest passages in modern literature, both for its genial humor and its charming generosity. It is a rare treat to be in the company of a genuine scholar and to listen to him as he discourses pleasantly and informingly on his favorite theme. With surprising ability Dr. Rogers puts together the fragmentary information obtained from inscriptions and astrological and religious texts, found on stele, vase, obelisk, cylinder, tablet, and brick which have been rescued from the rubbish heaps of lonely steppes and deserts. The author knows how to sift and weigh evidence; he has the characteristic patience and persistence of the skilled man of research; his attention to detail is not at the cost of perspective; and he reaches his conclusions not on the strength of some phantom hypothesis but on the basis of duly verified data. A large portion of Book I is given to a recital of the arduous and heroic services of the early travelers, decipherers, and explorers, beginning with Benjamin of Tudela, who started out on his pilgrimage in 1160 A. D. He follows the successive men whose investigations and observations gradually added to the sum total of important knowledge. In this way we are introduced with eager appreciation to Niebuhr, Grotefend, Burnouf, Rawlinson, Hincks, Otter, Schrader, Rich, Layard, Botta, Loftus, Rassam, Sayce, De Sanley, Halévy, George Smith, Delitzsch, and many others, who in the name of scholarship gave themselves to the cause of truth. It is also worth reading of their difficulties occasioned by the cupidity or fanaticism of the natives. At one point in the narrative we read: "If now we pause for a moment and look back, we cannot fail to be moved by the patience, skill, and learning that had

been employed in the unraveling of these tangled threads of ancient writing. It was a long and hard hill, and many a weary traveler had toiled up its slope." What gives additional value to the findings of these men is not merely a matter of archaeological interest, but the far more important fact that much light has thereby been thrown on the biblical record. We are furthermore better able to understand and appreciate the human aspects of Old Testament history. Here is an interesting sidelight and it is a sample of many others in these two volumes: "The period of the Judges was a rude and barbaric age, but it was an age in which Israel developed some idea of national life and some power of self-government. If the conquests of Tiglathpileser had continued many years longer, he would surely have been led to invade Palestine, and the Hebrews, without a fixed central government, without a kingly leader, without a standing army, would have fallen an easy prey to his disciplined and victorious troops. But the period of Assyrian weakness which followed his reign gave the needed breathing spell in the west, and the kingdom of Saul and David was established. Herein was established a new center of influence ready to oppose the ambition of Assyrian kings and the commercial cupidity of Assyrian traders." It is information of just this kind, from the contemporary history of the Old Testament, which we need to enable us to follow more intelligently the movements and monitions of the divine Spirit, who has never ceased to bear witness to every age and land. The chapters on the "Lands and Peoples" of "Babylonia and Assyria" are of exceptional value. What have been for so long mere names in the biblical record can now be clothed in flesh and blood with the aid of the decipherments. We also learn considerable about the Hittites, the Egyptians, and other peoples who came in contact and collision with the Israelites, and we thus get a better perspective of the *welt-politik* of those ancient empires and nations. How indispensable such a knowledge is, has been vividly impressed upon us by Principal George Adam Smith in his recently published *Atlas of the Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, more particularly by the ten maps in Part I. In view of the fact that a large part of Old Testament history was molded by Assyrian influence, for the worse and not for the better, although good came out of the evil, the following about Tiglathpileser IV is worth quoting: "He had come to the throne out of a rebellion. He found himself in possession of a small kingdom with tribute-paying dependencies, many in a state of unrest or of open rebellion. He made this small kingdom a unit, freeing it entirely from all semblance of rebellion or insurrection. He reconquered the tribute-paying countries, and then, by a master stroke of policy, but weakly attempted in certain places before, he made them integral parts of an empire. He made Assyria a world power, knitting province to province by unparalleled colonizing, and transforming local into imperial sentiment." The next great personage who is dealt with is Sennacherib, and the chapter devoted to his reign is of the greatest value in understanding the prophecies of Isaiah, the greatest seer and statesman of Judah. The chapter on "The Fall of Assyria" makes valuable side reading in the study of Zephaniah the prophet. Book IV, on the "Chaldean Em-

pire," is relatively a small section of these two volumes, but its value must not be measured by size. It is of large significance in the study of the latest period of Old Testament history. Nebuchadrezzar is another of the outstanding characters who receive honorable mention in these pages: "He accomplished by force of arms the complete pacification of the long-troubled Syrophœnician states—a pacification that long continued even though his hand was removed. He carried war into the land of Egypt, and that when the land was not weak, as it once had been, but immediately after a great increase of strength. He began the work of consolidating a vast new empire and carried it to brilliant success by sheer force of despotic power. There were no civil wars and no further rebellion, because none dared raise a head or hand against a personal power like his." The closing pages deal with the victorious march of Cyrus, who conquered everything before him. One of the finest pieces of writing in these volumes is the eulogy and elegy over Babylon, which cannot be quoted for want of space. We must not fail to mention the very large number of half-tone illustrations which enhance the value of this work. Looked at from every point of view, Professor Rogers has produced what will hold the field for a long time. He has done for Babylonia and Assyria what Breasted did for Egypt. It is unfortunate that the price of the volumes is so prohibitive, but whoever has the courage to pay it will fully get his money's worth.

The Life of Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D. By DONALD MACMILLAN. 8vo, pp. xl + 518. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, \$3.00 net.

THERE are some men who ripen slowly and who come to their own in spite of difficulties. Other men come to the front early in life and hold their position with growing influence for many years. Professor Flint was of this latter class. After serving as a minister in two parishes in the Established Church of Scotland, he was elected to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Saint Andrews at the age of thirty years, over T. H. Green, later of Oxford fame. Twelve years subsequently he was called to the Chair of Divinity in Edinburgh University, where he remained for twenty-seven years, when he resigned in 1913. The high regard in which he was held by his colleagues was finely expressed by Professor Butcher, who wrote to him at the time of his resignation: "You are the most distinguished member of our body, to put the fact bluntly, and your withdrawal from the Chair will be felt all over Scotland and outside this country." Robert Flint was a prodigious student, an encyclopedic scholar, a profound thinker, and an inspiring teacher. His vast stores of accurate learning were secured by severe self-discipline. His students always referred to him with enthusiasm. He was their ideal, and their connection with him formed an epoch in their lives. He is best known by his volumes on Theism, Anti-Theistic Theories, Agnosticism, Socialism, and Philosophy of History. The last was a subject which he made specially his own, and which was the best of all

his constructive contributions. Concerning his qualifications, his biographer says: "Flint undoubtedly was the most learned man of his day in Scotland. He was fully equipped intellectually, he had a strong brain, was an acute reasoner, a clear thinker, and the master of a lucid style; he was also a profoundly religious man and had that purity of heart which sees God. Further, he was open-minded, candid, singularly void of prejudices, and eager to welcome truth from any quarter. If he found any fact fully accredited, any discovery in the realm of nature, any new light on the revealed records, he welcomed them all and said that they were so many new arguments, not only for a belief in the existence of God, but also for entertaining a wider conception of him." The value of these writings is carefully appraised by Professor Wenley, of the University of Michigan, who has written a brilliant chapter on His Philosophical Teaching. Dr. James Lindsay has a chapter on His Contributions to Theism, and Flint's successor, Professor W. P. Patterson, writes on his Doctrinal System. This biography is of importance because it offers a valuable expression of the progress of theological thought in modern times. Flint had the unusual faculty of conveying his inspirations to his students and of holding before them high ideals of ministerial efficiency. In one of his opening addresses to the students he said: "Humanly speaking, the progress of Christianity, with all that it involves, is largely dependent on the qualifications of its teachers. And never was that more true than now; never in any previous generation was the call more urgent for a fully cultured and thoroughly spiritualized manhood in the ministers of religion, the need greater that they should have vigorous, disciplined, and instructed minds well-grounded in the knowledge of Christian truth, than in the present when even a high education is so very common among the laity, and its combination with skepticism and worldliness is so far from uncommon." Remember that Flint was a powerful preacher and always commanded large congregations not only when he was in the pastorate, but also wherever he was known to speak. Then read what he says about a popular preacher so called: "Congregations not unfrequently choose the worst preachers on their lists, quite convinced that they are the best. Glittering superficiality is often more esteemed than solid worth. Even almost absolute unintelligibility is at times attractive and admired. Once, happening to be in Glasgow one wet Sunday forenoon, I went into the nearest church. There was a crowd of carriages at the door, there was a crowded congregation within, and the sermon was given by the minister himself. It was listened to seemingly with rapt attention and interest. But I not only confess that I understood virtually nothing at all of that sermon, but I am convinced that, whatever they might suppose, the preacher and all his hearers were in the same position, since there was, in fact, nearly nothing intelligible in it. There was there success in verbal articulation and modulation of voice, wonderful success in the use or abuse of the dictionary, and remarkable success in attracting a mass of wealthy people who, doubtless, supposed themselves to be intelligent; but, notwithstanding all such success, it was assuredly far worse than worthless. It was mischievous." It is worthy

of note that Flint carefully prepared for his prayers, not only when he was a pastor, but also when he became a professor. The effect of this is seen in the following testimonial from one of his students, who points out the true secret of his greatness: "The most striking thing of all in each day's work—the most impressive act of all—was the prayer with which he began the day's work. There we were—130 of us or so, finding our several ways like the members of a great herd to our accustomed places, and having found them chatting away about all sorts of things in church and state—sharpening pencils, preparing notebooks; a hum, a buzz, a rustle over all. And then the retiring-room door opened; a little spare alert figure hastened to the platform with exactly that shy sideways-looking expression in the Sir George Reid portrait, so sideways-looking and uncertain in his walk as to give one at times the impression of lameness. The next moment we were on our feet with heads bent, minds waiting, ears straining, listening to the few short sentences of agonized and agonizing pleading with which he cast himself and us all on the mercy of God in Christ. Pardon for our sins, strength for our need, the strength needful for this day and its duties; just a few short sentences, but they seemed to rise out of definite depths of helplessness and of trust, the cry of a strong man in his utter weakness and absolute dependence upon God. It was an instruction to us that we should prepare the devotional part of our Sunday service before we took up the preparation of our sermon; we know that this was his own custom for each day's lecture. And as we ponder his precept, and recall his example and think of our foolishness in the neglect of both, we get very near the secret, the greatest of all the secrets, perhaps, of our failure on the Sabbath day. His prayer was a wrestling with God and a prevailing; the hard won victory of faith over a stubborn willfulness and out of the midst of a great weakness." It is not surprising that such a man, whose piety was as profound as his intellectual grasp, was a true friend and always came to the rescue of those in need. It is delightful to read the account of his defense of Professor Hastie, who, next to him, was the most learned man in the Church of Scotland at the time. Read the chapter on Flint and His Friends, and you will get a good idea of the character of this noble man. This record of one of the foremost Christian philosophers and theologians of the church, who was also a devout Christian, should be widely read.

J. Brierley: His Life and Work. By H. JEFFS. 12mo, pp. 268. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, with portrait, \$1.25.

BRIERLEY was a gifted man, his career in the ministry thwarted by ill health which dogged him for years and finally compelled him to relinquish the work he loved. At the age of forty-three he had to quit the pulpit and pastorate. His public work seemed ended. But he did not give up hope. After a year of rest his returning mental vigor craved occupation. If not with tongue, perhaps with pen, he might continue his

service for Christ and for mankind. He began to write for *The Christian World*, and thus entered on twenty-five years of brilliant, helpful, and stimulating service, becoming really a personal force in the intellectual and religious life of Great Britain and of regions far beyond. The book before us shows that noble and inspiring spectacle—a good man, a devoted minister struggling against adversity, refusing to accept defeat, keeping the springs of his life always sweet, intent on using every ounce of his strength and every golden moment of his time in the service of the adorable divine Master whom he loved with all his heart. Jonathan Brierley was one of five boys, whose father, a dealer in wool, was a Methodist class leader in his home church and a local preacher on the circuit plan, a great reader with a good library, in which the boy Jonathan was fond of browsing. Young Jonathan had his father's religious passion and was made a local preacher very early. Later he attended a Congregational training school, entered the ministry of that church, and had three pastorates, the first in a Devon village of three thousand souls, seven miles from a railroad, where he preached five years; the second in north London, four years; the third in south London. So intense was his ministering that from the first his frail physique could hardly stand his vehement outpourings in the pulpit; and his pastoral zeal was equally unsparing. The many extracts from his diary given in this book show the intense devotion and concentration of his whole ministry, and also his great and holy delight in it. The reading of those extracts will do any minister good. As minister, Mr. Brierley was a firm follower of Richard Baxter in his belief that the "faithful pastor," by his intensive dealing with persons, is many times more effective than the mere preacher, whatever crowds he draws, who deals only with people in the mass. His *Journal and Visitation Book* show how diligently he used all available means of getting into personal touch with his people. After his retirement from the ministry, while nursing himself back to comparative health, in one of his earliest *Christian World* articles, he heavily emphasizes the value of pastoral visitation, and advises ministers to get and read Baxter's *Reformed Pastor*. He says: "Baxter's work in Kidderminster may be recognized as a scientific experiment in the field of human nature, and one the results of which have established for all time the validity of certain processes with reference to it. Bring into operation on any scale, large or small, the same causes, and similar results may confidently be expected to follow. Let it not hence be supposed that I am expecting the Christian pastor in this business of visitation to be on every occasion tackling his auditors in cottage or workshop with theological problems or specific religious discourse. Let that come as it is needed. The essential point is in his being there—his higher humanity, his Christian consciousness, his nature in all that it is worth, in immediate vital contact with his fellow man. Let the contact be established through sympathy, and the process of raising and redeeming has commenced. I am bold to affirm that the method of individualizing more upon souls in the business of visitation, is to one who knows how to turn his opportunities to account in itself a preparation of unsurpassed value

to the preacher and the theologian. The Christian minister is a professor of the science of human nature, and how can he gain his efficiency apart from a continual diagnosis of individual cases? The poet, the dramatist, and the novelist, who are workers in the same field, know the value of the method. Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens were students of books; but they would never have achieved their successes had they shut themselves up in their libraries and sought all their information there; they could not afford to confine themselves to second-hand studies, they must get face to face with the actual living fact, and bring to bear upon it—there before them—all the faculty of insight they possessed. If any man needs further convincing on this point let him put the matter to a practical test. Taking the method as it relates to public preaching, let him prepare two discourses on successive weeks on these two different systems and compare their effectiveness. For one, let him draw his inspiration simply from theological, literary, and philosophical sources. The effect will hardly be electrical. For the other let him, in the earlier part of the week, prepare by a course of visitation, let him open his ear and heart to the pathetic story of human life as it is offered to him by one struggler after another in the great battlefield. Let him be a good listener and a keen observer, getting the *entrée* to human interiors by the 'open sesame' of a genuine sympathy. Let him, from this observatory, note the boundless variety of human experience and of human feeling. Then, for the discourse he is about to deliver, let him begin to gather up the results of his observations, and he will be overwhelmed with the richness of the field that has opened up. Every visit has furnished pictures for the imagination. Every life he has touched reveals itself as a poem, one an epic, another an ideal, a third a tragedy. Let him weave all or some of this into the structure of his thought. Let the discourse he is to deliver throb with this 'still sad music of humanity.' With rapid touches of the true artist let the audience be made to see what he has seen, and to feel what he has felt, and there will be, I venture to predict, no sleepy person in his congregation. Such a preacher will never run dry, for the field he works in is inexhaustible." Before me is the Visitation Book kept by Mr. Brierley from the beginning of his pastorate. He makes such notes as these: Young people's party at Mrs. ———. Not introduced to me by name. Note: always in future, if possible, get introduction by name in order to know people. Visited Mr. ———, carpenter, young, married, one child. Just begun business. Ill with rheumatic fever. Active at Ragged School. Bottom of Wells Street, left side going down. At chapel sits before Mr. ———. Visited Miss ———, aged. Laid up with cold. Row of small cottages off Baptist chapel. Last door but one, going down street. Other people who come to church in same row. Miss ——— formerly member of Baptist Church. Sits in second pew right-hand aisle going in. Visited Mrs. ———, widow. Sons in Australia. Poor. Confined at present to room. Next door to Belle Arms. Visited Mrs. ———. Husband just died. Cottage in Castle Street. Children do not come to school. Such entries show that the pastor practiced what he preached, and preached to people whom he took care to know.

Even in broken health Brierley's optimism never flickered. It was always in full flame. One day a Free Church minister and novelist gave utterance to a pessimistic plaint in "J. B.'s" presence. He was almost shocked. "No, no, you've no right to be a pessimist," he said. "I'm the only man here with that right; but I'm an optimist through and through. For the last twenty years I've had 'an inside' that has played all sorts of unconscionable tricks upon me. I never know when I get up in the morning whether I shall not before the end of the day have been sent to bed for a week or a fortnight. But every morning when I get up as I sit on the side of the bed and pull on my breeches I say to myself, 'Brierley, you old rascal, you get infinitely more than your deserts.'" After that occasion, pessimistic utterances were restrained in the presence of "J. B." His optimism when he had so much right to be pessimistic silenced cheap pessimism. In one of his articles in *The Christian World* Brierley cries out: "If we can only get back from the Nicene Creed to the Beatitudes, from theories about the Atonement to the vision of Calvary, and from wrangles about Inspiration to the words of Him who spake as never man spake." Writing of the difference between the truly Christian ideals of the church and the ministry, and the actual modern church and its minister, he pictures a minister facing the ideal and failing to recognize himself in it. "Wherein, after all, lies my resemblance to the Prophet of Nazareth? I am an Englishman, saturated with the spirit of the Western world and of the nineteenth century. I am surrounded and hemmed in with conventionalities of all kinds. I dress conventionally. I and my family keep up a certain social position, and conform to its written and unwritten rules. My round of ecclesiastical engagements is largely a conventional one, for a large part of which I find little enough precedent in the four Gospels. What is there in all this which would lead any of my fellows to discover in my life and work anything approaching to a facsimile of the life of Jesus?" Brierley considers it a false idea of the church and of religion—the idea that a church just exists for preaching and hearing. He says: "Churches, in a multitude of instances, are in an unhealthy condition because they have been trained to hear and criticize instead of to work. Some day we may hear of a Christian community, with the minister at its head, instead of spending the regulation hour and a half of Sunday morning in the stereotyped form of service, devoting it to a great visitation of the neglected parts of the neighborhood, discovering cases of need, both spiritual and temporal, comforting the afflicted and inviting the outsiders to a great gospel service in the evening. Why, when the Master laid such stress on feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, should the modern minister be shut up to a gospel of talk? Let him be free to abate the flood of religious oratory which is now expected of him, and to give himself to the service of man in the thousand ways that are open. Herein he will be able to follow far more closely the footsteps of his Leader, will prolong his life by abating the strain upon one overtaxed part of his nature, and will show the church how to increase a thousand-fold its power for good upon the community and the age." In an article on "Prophetic Power," "J. B." discusses the nature

of inspiration, in preachers and religious teachers. He suggests that the Christian Church might profitably institute a commission of inquiry to collect and sift all the evidence bearing on the possession and exercise of prophetic power, with a view to discovering the laws of its operation. Such an inquiry, he believes, would yield these, among other results: "1. There is a condition of mind of the religious teacher, in which the power he exerts is not that merely of organization or of affirmation, though the effect of these is included in it. 2. The speaker finds in himself an exaltation of inner states in which, while the brain is intensely active, its functions are dominated by another force, which some may call religious feeling, which others, more specifically, affirm to be a deep sense of the Divine presence in the soul. The sense of this presence is an essential condition of persuasive or prophetic power. 3. This power, higher than thought, can only be possessed by men whose minds are deeply and habitually exercised on life's highest themes." Brierley found in the lasting power of Spurgeon a reinforcement of his views on "prophetic power." "It was Spurgeon's spiritual force which drew men. Many who did not accept his opinions on more than one outlying religious question, and on some which he regarded as vital, thankfully reckoned him as their teacher because of this. Multitudes of educated Christian men loved Charles Spurgeon, spite of intellectual differences, for that reason. From the days when Samuel Rutherford so preached his Master as to compel the Duke of Argyll to cry out, 'O, man, keep on in that strain!' no one, we can safely say, has set forth the claims of Christ to men's love and service with such inimitable sweetness, with such melting pathos, with such eloquence of the inmost soul as Charles Spurgeon. It may be that the dark background of his theology, to which the mood of this age could not by any effort accommodate itself, threw into greater relief this side of his teaching." That same year "J. B." wrote on "Yorkshire Methodism," which had shown a numerical decline. He recalled some notable Yorkshire figures of the Evangelical Revival, and led up to William Bramwell, of a later generation. There is the familiar belief in an ultra-human power operative in men in close communion with God, combined with the belief that that power, if understood, is not so much supernatural as in the line of the divinely natural. He says: "Bramwell might be described as one of the elect few of humanity who have been permitted to penetrate into the innermost secret of the spiritual life. What other men sought by busying themselves among their fellows, he, unless his biography is all a romance, obtained by communing with the Invisible. It was with him a familiar experience to spend long hours upon his knees, hours which he counted among the most productive of an extraordinarily busy life. His prayers seemed to work miracles. If people could get him to pray for them, they went away assured that the way would be opened, though a mountain or a sea stood in front. In his presence men were conscious of a subtle spiritual influence which they could not analyze, but which filled and lifted the soul. Wherever he went, great revivals broke out. In the fulness of his power he predicted he was about to die, and the prediction was fulfilled. *Some day science will come to recognize that,*

in the phenomena which such lives present, lies more of the secret of the universe than anything which geology or biology can furnish. The latter may reveal to us what man has grown from. The former are full of hints as to what he may grow to. The force that shatters men's oppositions and changes their lives comes from a sphere behind and above that where learning and oratory, wealth and position, produce their effects. It is a possession for those only who know how to hide themselves in the secret place of the Most High." In 1893 appeared *Studies of the Soul*, the most successful of all his books. It has run into eight English editions, and has had a large circulation in translations into German, Swedish, and other languages. To "J. B." the soul was the personality of the man, the means of spiritual communication alike with his fellow men and with God. It was the battleground of the forces of light and darkness. It could be fed or starved, grown or stunted. "To a generation which does not read the world's deepest books it is difficult to give an idea of what the human soul has really grown to in those who have given it a chance. The literature of this subject is the lives of the great saints, and among them perhaps especially the great mystics. Here we learn the possibilities of a grown-up soul; the annihilation in it of the lower desires, and the full set of its determination upon the highest things; its power of vision, by which it has an apprehension of God which nothing can shake, and a sense of the spiritual world that makes it grandly indifferent to the conditions of the earthly lot; its power of influence, such that through commonest words and acts thrill mysterious forces that shake and inspire the hearts of men; and its power of enjoyment, drawn from sources which the world cannot dry up, and which reaches at times an intensity that transcends the limits of expression. Unless that world's best men and women have been its greatest liars, these experiences have, in differing degrees, been common to them all." Everything, he argues, turns on the question of personality. "The personal is the one thing that interests. Doctrine and dogma, whether theologic, social or economic, left to its naked self, will molder on the back shelves of libraries. To be powerful it must be incarnated. Create a living character which holds the doctrines and he will preach them to millions. The Baptist creed of *Pilgrim's Progress* can hardly be called attractive to the mass. As talked by Christian and Hopeful it is the property of the world. Scotch Presbyterianism 'in the abstract' is held commonly by outsiders to be a dry subject. Translated into the life of a Jeannie Deans, or into the characters and opinions of the worthies of Drumtochty, its flavor is appreciated by every palate. Art tells the same story. The pictures that live are those where the colors have been mixed with the artists' own life-blood. Surely the reason of all this is plain, and it is dead against the materialists. Into whatever region of thought we stray—whether theology, philosophy, history, literature, or art—we find the universe spelling out one word as its final message; that word is personality. The personal life is the ultimate life, the personal interest the ultimate interest. The line which is writ everywhere on this side of the grave, we may well believe is the line beyond it, and becomes thus

the charter of our personal existence after death." To an inquirer concerning the future life Brierley wrote: "As to future life and recognition there, let me say that what seems to you difficult to believe is to me not nearly so difficult as the things that have actually happened. Imagine a thinker unacquainted with our world being asked to believe that such a race as ours would be evolved out of matter. I think he would regard it as incredible, and yet here we are. When I think of the million improbabilities *à priori* against my being alive as I now am upon the earth this other question of continuing such a life seems quite a minor difficulty. We live in a universe of incredibles—all of which have come true." In *The Christian World* of February 5, 1915, appeared an essay on "Life's Loose Ends." It was destined to be the last he was himself to see in print. He begins: "Benjamin Constant relates that he met once with a Piedmontese who gave him his confession of faith. He believed that the world was made by a God who had died before his work was completed. Only in this way could he account for the bewildering contradictions which he found everywhere; on the one side the evident marks of law, order, and beneficent design; on the other hand, the confusions, the evils, the ragged edges of things. Everywhere an aim at perfection which had stopped short, a purpose uncompleted, if not frustrated. So our Piedmontese; who certainly, amid the medley of cosmic theories with which philosophy has presented us, has the merit of offering one as quaint as it is original. His solution is the last we should think of accepting, but he unquestionably had an eye for certain aspects of things which call for a solution." "J. B." treats the apparent incompleteness of things as God's challenge to man to continue his work and fill out the plan which he has sketched. He wrote with feeling when he said: "There is a personal side to this topic which might well have occupied all our thought, but which we can now only briefly touch upon. How often do we seem, in our private fortunes, to be brought to a loose end? Some source of supply has been stopped; some door of career has been suddenly slammed in our face. The well-defined track we have followed has all at once disappeared—we are faced with the wilderness, wherein we must strike a road of our own. Most of us who have lived any time in the world have had a touch of that experience. It is one of the greatest tests of character. We have been good enough for routine; what good are we for this crisis of the unexpected? It is here that strong men prove their strength. How often has that moment proved the starting point of mightiest things! It was so with Wesley when he found himself in hopeless conflict with the Anglican authorities, and he must choose some other way. And with General Booth, his true successor, when on that fateful morning he left the New Connexion Conference, his terms rejected, his career as one of its ministers closed, and himself in face of a new, untried world. Spurgeon had his moment when by the strangest of accidents he missed his collegiate training. But these men 'made good,' as the Americans say, of their loose end. And their example shows us how a loose end in life, encountered with courage and faith, may become to us our divine moment; may prove the turning point to our true vocation. Assuredly no

man, whether he be great or small, should be afraid of his loose ends. They are life's great possibles; they call upon what is in us. The gulf that yawns in front reveals your leaping power. The seeming ruin may be the beginning of your better fortunes. The world is full of hopes for the man who has hope for himself. The way to master the world's loose ends is to have no loose ends in ourselves. Things may snap at the circumference, but there will be no catastrophe if there is soundness at the center. A man may find his world tumbling around him, as when Robertson of Brighton saw the dogmatic structure of his earlier creed crumbling to ruin. He found himself with nothing to believe in but God and duty. But in that wild hour those central anchors held; held till a clearer, fuller, saner gospel faith was born in him, a faith which proved good for thousands of other storm-tossed souls. The thing is to hold on and never to give up. Believe, in the tempest's fiercest hour, that the world you are in is water-tight, and is not going to founder. You are in a world of loose ends, and the handling of them calls for every atom of strength and courage that is in you. But the farthest ends of them are not loose. They are gripped by a hand that is Love and Omnipotence." At the time of his death he had just completed an essay on "Religion and Buildings," in which there is a note of reminiscence. He says: "In our own early religious life we used to attend a Monday evening prayer meeting, held in a humble room over some stables in an inn yard. It was a stuffy, ill-ventilated, malodorous meeting place, amid the most incongruous surroundings. But never since have we experienced a greater power of religious emotion, of the pure spirit of fellowship, of prayer, faith, and rapturous devotion than in that crowded, ill-smelling room. When the surroundings are humblest the spirit mounts highest. It is the continuous complaint of the Fathers that when the church came out of the back streets and from its humble conventicles to sumptuous buildings and worldly recognition, its early spirit declined, its purity was soiled." Here is Brierley on one need of the present age: "The supreme want of our time is a spiritual teaching, which, addressed with fearless impartiality to our upper, our middle, and our working classes, shall, with irrefutable argument and irresistible appeal, urge them to inner improvement as the indispensable accompaniment of any external advance. This teaching must be adapted to the new thought conditions. It must, above all, be a teaching that shall capture the imagination of the young. One of the leading features of it should be the creation in their minds of an intense sense of social obligation. They should be taught to realize, as their great initial lesson, their debt to life. The doctrine to be taught, we say, is a doctrine of indebtedness. There is a huge account against us, which, if we possess a spark of honor, we shall want, as far as we can, to repay. We are where we are and what we are because of boundless benefactions bestowed upon us by invisible helpers. It would be the death blow of cynicism and of pessimism, if people, instead of accepting what they possess to-day as a thing of course, would take the trouble to trace the process by which it has come to be theirs. We should see then, if we never saw it before, that a cross is signed upon all things."

